




Lux Haresnulla tibi (Warwici villa, tenebris,
 Ante tuas Cunas, obsita) Prima fuit.
 Arma, Viros, Veneres, Patriam modulamine dixti;
 Te Patriæ resonant. Arma, Viri, Veneres.

THE FAIR

THE FAIR

 O you those *Noblest of Gentlemen*, of these *Renowned Kingdomes of Great Britaine*: who in these declining times, haue yet in your braue bosomes the sparkes of that sprightly fire, of your courageous *Ancestors*; and to this houre retaine the seedes of their magnanimitie and Greatnesse, who out of the vertue of your mindes, loue and cherish neglected *Poesie*, the delight of *Blessed soules*, and the language of *Angels*. To you are these my Poems dedicated,

By your truly affectioned
Seruant,

MICHAELL DRAYTON.



THE VISION OF

BEN. IONSON, ON THE
MUSES OF HIS FRIEND

M. DRAYTON.

IT hath beene question'd, MICHAEL, if I bee
A Friend at all; or, if at all, to thee:
Because, who make the question, haue not scene
Those ambling visits, passe in verse, betweene
Thy *Muse*, and mine, as they expect. 'Tis true:
You haue not writ to me, nor I to you;
And, though I now begin, 'tis not to rub
Hanch against Hanch, or raise a riming *Club*
About the towne: this reck'ning I will pay,
Without conferring symboles. This's my day.

It was no Dreame! I was awake, and saw!
Lend me thy voyce, O FAME, that I may draw
Wonder to truth! and haue my Vision hoord,
Hot from thy trumpet, round, about the world.

I saw a Beauty from the Sea to rise,
That all Earth look'd on; and that earth, all Eyes!
It cast a beame as when the chear-full Sun
Is fayre got vp, and day some houres begun!
And fill'd an Orbe as circular, as heauen!
The Orbe was cut forth into Regions seauen.
And those so sweet, and well proportion'd parts,
As it had beene the circle of the Arts!
When, by thy bright *Ideas* standing by,
I found it pure, and perfect *Poësy*,
There read I, streight, thy learned *Legends* three,
Heard the soft ayres, between our Swaynes & thee,
Which made me thinke, the old *Theocritus*,
Or Rurall *Virgil* come, to pipe to vs!

But then, thy'epissolar *Heroick* Songs,
Their loues, their quarrels, ieaiousies, and wrongs,
Did all so strike me, as I cry'd, who can
With vs be call'd, the *Naso*, but this man?
And looking vp, I saw *Mineruas* fowle,
Pearch'd ouer head, the wise *Athenian* Owle:
I thought thee then our *Orpheus*, that wouldst try
Like him, to make the ayre, one volary:
And I had stil'd thee, *Orpheus*, but before
My lippes could forme the voyce, I heard that Rore,
And Rouze, the Marching of a mighty force,
Drums against Drums, the neighing of the Horse,
The Fights, the Cryes, and wondring at the Iarres
I saw, and read, it was thy *Barons Warres*!
O, how in those, dost thou instruct these times,
That Rebels actions, are but valiant crimes!
And aried, though with shoute, and noyse, confesse
A wild, and an authoriz'd wickednesse!
Sayst thou so, *Lucan*? But thou scornst to stay
Vnder one title. Thou hast made thy way
And flight about the Ile, well neare, by this,
In thy admired *Periégesis*,
Or vniuersall circumduction
Of all that reade thy *Poly-Olbyon*.
That reade it? that are rauish'd! such was I
With euery song, I sweare, and so would dye:
But that I heare, againe, thy Drum to beate
A better cause, and strike the brauest heate
That euer yet did fire the *English* blood!
Our right in *France*! if ritely vnderstood.
There, thou art *Homer*! Pray thee, vse the stile
Thou hast deseru'd: And let me reade the while
Thy Catalogue of Ships, exceeding his,
Thy list of aydes, and force, for so it is:

The Poets act! and for his Country's sake
Braue are the Musters, that the Muse will make.
And when he ships them where to vse their Armes,
How do his trumpets breath! What loud alarmes!
Looke, how we read the Spartans were inflam'd
With bold *Tyrtæus* verse, when thou art nam'd,
So shall our *English* Youth vrge on, and cry
An *Agincourt*, an *Agincourt*, or dye.
This booke! it is a *Catechisme* to fight,
And will be bought of euery Lord, and Knight,
That can but reade; who cannot, may in prose
Get broken peeces, and fight well by those.
The miseries of *Margaret* the Queene
Of tender eyes will more be wept, then scene:
I feele it by mine owne, that ouer flow,
And stop my sight, in euery line I goe.
But then refreshed, with thy *Fayerie Court*,
I looke on *Cynthia*, and *Sirenas* sport,
As, on two flowry Carpets, that did rise,
And with their grasseie greene restor'd mine eyes.
Yet giue mee leaue, to wonder at the birth
Of thy strange *Moon-Calfe*, both thy straine of mirth,
And Golsip-got acquaintance, as, to vs
Thou hadst brought *Lapland*, or old *Cobalus*,
Empusa, *Lamia*, or some Monster, more
Then *Affricke* knew, or the full *Grecian* store!
I gratulate it to thee, and thy *Ends*,
To all thy vertuous, and well chosen Friends,
Onely my losse is, that I am not there:
And, till I worthy am to wish I were,
I call the world, that enuies mee, to see
If I can be a Friend, and Friend to thee.



VPON
THE BATTAILE
OF *AGINCOURT*, VVRIT-
TEN BY HIS DEARE FRIEND
MICHAELL DRAYTON
Esquire.

H*Ad Henryes name beene onely met in Prose,
Recorded by the humble wit of those,
Who write of lesse then Kings: who victory,
As calmly mention, as a Pedigree,
The French, alike with vs, might view his name
His actions too, and not confesse a shame:
Nay, grow at length, so boldly troublesome,
As, to dispute if they were ouercome.
But thou hast wakte their feares: thy fiercer hand
Hath made their shame as lasting, as their land.
By thee againe they are compeld to knowe
How much of Fate is in an English foe.
They bleede afresh by thee, and thinke the harme
Such; they could rather wish, t'were Henryes arme:
Who thanks thy painfull quill; and holds it more
To be thy Subiect now, then King before.
By thee he conquers yet; when eu'ry word
Yeelds him a fuller honour, then his sword.
Strengthens his action against time: by thee,
Hee victory, and France, doth hold in fee.
So well obseru'd he is, that eu'ry thing
Speakes him not onely English, but a King.*

*And France, in this, may boast her fortunate
That shee was worthy of so braue a hate.
Her suffering is her gayne. How well we see
The Battaile labourd worthy him, and thee,
Where, wee may Death discover with delight,
And entertaine a pleasure from a fight.
Where wee may see how well it doth become
The brau'ry of a Prince to overcome.
What Power is a Poet : that can add
A life to Kings, more glorious, then they had.
For what of Henry, is vsung by thee,
Henry doth want of his Eternity.*

I. Vaughan.

TO

TO
MY VVORTHY FRIEND
Mr. MICHAELL DRAYTON vpon
these his Poems.

SONNET.

VV*Hat lofty Trophyes of eternall Fame,
England may vaunt thou do'st erect to her,
Yet forced to confesse, (yea blush for shame,)
That she no Honour doth on thee confer
How it would become her, would she learne to knowe
Once to requite thy Heauen-borne Art and Zeale,
Or at the least her selfe but thankfull shoue
Her ancient Glories that do'st still reueale:
Sing thou of Loue, thy straines (like powerfull Charmes)
Enrage the bosome with an amorous fire,
And when againe thou lik'st to sing of Armes
The Coward thou with Courage do'st inspire:
But when thou com'st to touch our Sinfull Times,
Then Heauen far more then Earth speakes in thy Rimes.*

Iohn Reynolds.



THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.



Eas'd was the Thunder, of those Drummes
which wak'd,
Th'affrighted *French* their miseries to view,
At EDWARDS name, which to that houre
still quak'd,

Their * *Salique Tables* to the ground that threw,
Yet were the *English* courages not slak'd,
But the same Bowes, and the same Blades they drew,
With the same Armes, those weapons to aduance,
Which lately lopt the *Flower de liz* of *France*.

HENRY the fift, that man made out of fire,
Th'Imperiall Wreath plac'd on his Princely browe;
His Lyons courage stands not to enquire
Which way olde HENRY came by it; or howe
At *Pomfret* Castell RICHARD should expire:
What's that to him? he hath the Garland now;
Let * *BVLLINGBROOK* beware how he it wan,
For * *MVNMOUTh* meanes to keepe it, if he can.

That glorious day, which his great Father got,
Vpon the PERCYES; calling to their ayde
The valiant DOUGLAS, that Herculian Scot,
VVhen for his Crowne at *Shrewsbury* they playde,
Had quite dishartned eu'ry other plot,
And all those Tempests quietly had layde,
That not a cloud did to this Prince appeare,
No former King had seene a skye so cleere.

B

The law *Salique* was, that
women should
not inherite;
which law,
Edward the
third, by his
right to the
Crown by
his mother,
cancelled with
his sword: for
so much as
at that time
made way to
his clayme,
though in
France that
law bee in-
uioable.

* *Henry* the 4.
so named of a
Town in *Lin-
colne* Shiere,
where he was
borne.

* *Henry* the
fift borne at
Munmouth in
Wales.
Douglas in
that battaile
slew three in
the Kings
coat Armour.

Yet

*Wickliffe a
learned Di-
uine, and the
greatest Pro-
testant of
those times,*

Yet the rich Clergy felt a fearefull Rent,
In the full Bosome of their Church (whilst she
A Monarchesse, immeasurably spent,
Lesse then she was, and thought she might not be :)
By WICKCLIF and his followers ; to preuent
The growth of whose opinions, and to free
That foule Asperſion, which on her they layde,
She her strongest witts must stirre vp to her ayde.

*A Parliament
at Leicester.*

When presently a Parliament is calld
To sett things steddly, that stood not so right,
But that thereby the poore might be intral'd,
Should they be vrg'd by those that were of might,
That in his Empire, equitie enstauld,
It should continue in that perfect plight ;
Wherefore to *Leſter*, he th' Assembly drawes,
There to Inact those necessary Lawes.

In which one Bill (mongst many) there was red,
Against the generall, and superfluous waste
Of temporall Lands, (the Laity that had fed)
Vpon the Houses of Religion caste,
Which for defence might stand the Realme in sted,
VWhere it most needed were it rightly plac't ;
VWhich made those Church-men generally to feare,
For all this calme, some tempest might be neare.

And being right skilfull, quickly they forſawe,
No shallow braines this bus'nesse went about :
Therefore with cunning they must cure this ſlawe ;
For of the King they greatly stood in doubt,
Lest him to them, their opposites should drawe,
Some thing must be thrust in, to thrust that out :
And to this end they wisely must prouide,
One, this great Engine, Clearly that could guide.

*Henry Chick-
ley ſucceeding
Arundell (late
deceased) in
that See.*

CHICKLEY, that ſate on *Canterburies* See,
A man well spoken, grauely stout, and wiſe,
The most select, (then thought of that could be,)
To act what all the Prelacie diuiſe ;
(For well they knew, that in this bus'nesse, he
Would to the vtmost ſtaine his faculties ;)

*So they ter-
med it as not
worthy of a
better ſtile.*

Him liſt they vp, with their maine strength, to proue
By ſome cleane ſlight this * Lybell to remoue,

His

His braine in labour, gladly foorth would bring
Somewhat, that at this needfull time might fit,
The spirightly humor of this youthfull King,
If his inuention could but light of it,
His working soule proiecteth many a thing,
Vntill at length out of the strength of wit,
He found a warre with *France*, must be the way
To dath this Bill, else threatning their decay.

Whilst vacant mindes sate in their breasts at ease,
And the remembrance of their Conquests past,
Vpon their fanfies doth so strongly sease,
As in their teeth, their Cowardise it cast
Rehearsing to them those victorious daies,
The deeds of which, beyond their names should last,
That after ages, reading what was theirs,
Shall hardly thinke, those men had any Heires.

And to this point, premeditating well,
A speech, (which chanc'd, the very pinne to cleaue)
Aym'd, whatsoeuer the successe befell
That it no roomth should for a second leaue,
More of this Title then in hand to tell,
If so his skill him did not much deceaue,
And gainst the King in publike should appeare;
Thus frames his speech to the Assembly there.

Pardon my boldnesse, my Liedge Soueraigne Lord,
Nor your Dread presence let my speech offend,
Your milde attention, fauourably affoord,
Which, such cleere vigour to my spirit shall lend,
That it shall set an edge vpon your Sword,
To my demand, and make you to attend,
Asking you, why, men train'd to Armes you keepe,
Your right in *France* yet suffering still to sleepe.

The Archbi-
shop of Can-
terburies Ora-
tion, to the
King & Par-
liament at
Lecester, in
the Eleuen
following
Stanzas.

Can such a Prince be in an Iland pent,
And poorely thus shutt vp within a Sea.
When as your right includes that large extent,
To th'either *Alpes* your Empire forth to lay,
Can he be *English* borne, and is not bent
To follow you, appoint you but the way,
Weele wade if we want ships, the waues or climme,
In one hand hold our swords, with th'other swim.

The Crowne
of France de-
scended vpon
Edward the
third, from I-
sabel his Mo-
ther, Dangh-
ter and surui-
uing heyre, to
King Phillippe
of France na-
med the fayre.

What time controules, your braue great Grandfires claim,
To th' Realme of France, from PHILIP nam'd the faire,
Which to King EDVVARD by his mother came,
Queene ISABEL; that PHILIPS onely heire,
Which this short intermission doth not maime,
But if it did, as he, so yours repaire;
That where his Right in bloud preuailed not,
In sight of hell, yet by his Sword he got.

What set that Conqueror, by their *Salique Lawes*,
Those poore decrees their Parliaments could make,
He entred on the iustnesse of his Cause,
To make good, what he dar'd to vndertake,
And once in Action, he stood not to pause,
But in vpon them like a Tempest brake,
And downe their buildings with such fury bare,
That they from mists dissolued were to ayre.

As those braue EDVVARDS, Father, and the Sonne,
At Conquer'd Cressy, with successefull lucke,
Where first all France (as at one game) they wonne,
Neuer two Warriours, such a Battaille strucke,
That when the bloody dismall fight was done,
Here in one heape, there in another Rucke
Princes and Peasants lay together mixt,
The English Swords, no difference knew betwixt.

James, Daul-
phine of Vien-
noies.

The Dukes of
Lorraine, and
Burbon.

The Earles of
Aumerle, Sa-
uoye, Mount-
billiard, Flaun-
ders, Neuers &
Harecourt.

King Iohn of
France and
Philip his Son
taken by the
Blacke Prince
at the Battaille
of Poyteers,
brought Pri-
soners to Eng-
land.

* Iohn of Cleu-
mont.

* Peter of
Burbon.

There LEWES King of Beame was ouerthrowne,
With valient CHARLES, of France the younger Brother,
* A Daulphine, and two Dukes, in pieces hewen;
To them sixe Earles lay slaine by one another;
There the grand Prior of France, fetcht his last groane,
Two Archbishops the boystrous Croud doth smother,
There fiftene thousand of their Gentry dy'de
With each two Souldiers, slaughtered by his side.

Nor the BLACKE PRINCE, at Poyteers battaille fought;
Short of his Father, and himselfe before,
Her King and Prince, that prisoners hither brought
From forty thousand weltring in their gore,
That in the Worlds opinion it was thought,
France from that instant could subsist no more,
The * Marshall, and the * Constable, there slaine
Vnder the Standard, in that Battaille ra'ne.

Nor

Nor is this clayme for women to succcede,
 (Gainst which they would your right to *France* debarre)
 Nothing to new, that it so much should neede
 Such opposition, as though fetcht from farre,
 By *PERIN* this is prou'd, as by a deede,
 By *CHELDRICK*, by a fatall warre,
 By *BLYTHILD* dar'd his title to aduance,
 By daughter to *CLOTHAR*, first so nam'd of *France*.

Examples of
 such as haue
 aduanc'd the-
 selues to the
 Crowne of
France, a-
 gainst the
 strict letter
 of the lawe
 Salique, in
 the two fol-
 lowing Stan-
 zacs.

HUGH *CAPET*, who from *CHARLES* of *Lorayne* tooke
 The Crowne of *France*, that he in peace might raigne,
 As heire to *LINGARD* to her title stooke,
 Who was the daughter of King *CHARLEMAINE*,
 So holy *LEWES* poring on his booke,
 Whom that *HUGH* *CAPET* made his heire againe,
 From *ERMINGARD* his Grandame, claim'd the Crowne,
 Duke *CHARLES* his daughter, wrongfully put downe.

Nor thinke my Leege a fitter time then this,
 You could haue found your Title to aduance,
 At the full height when now the faction is,
 Betwix *BURGOYNE*, and the house of *ORLEANCE*,
 For purpose you not possibly can misse,
 At my Lord so luckily doth chance,
 That whilst these two in opposition stand,
 You may haue time, your Army there to land.

And if my fancy doe not ouerpresse,
 My visuall fence, methinkes in euery eye
 Heretofore, as of our good successe
 In *France* hereafter seemes to Prophecie;
 Thinke not my Soueraigne, my Alegeance lesse
 Quere me; my Lords nor doe you misaply
 My words: thus long vpon this subiect spent,
 Who humbly here submit to your assent.

This spech of his, that powerfull Engine prou'd,
 Then e'r our Fathers got, which rais'd vs hier,
 Our Clergies feare that quietly remou'd,
 And into *France* transferd our Hostile fier,
 Made the English through the world belou'd,
 That durst to those so mighty things aspire,
 And gaue so cleere a luster to our fame,
 That neighbouring Nations trembled at our name.

When through the house, this rumor scarcely ran,
 That warre with *France* propounded was againe,
 In all th' Assembly there was not a man,
 But put the proiect on with might and maine,
 So great applause it generally wan,
 That else no bus'nesse they would entertaine,
 As though their honour vtterly were lost,
 If this designe should any way be crost.

So much mens mindes, now vpon *France* where set
 That euery one doth with himselfe forecast,
 What might fall out this enterprize to let,
 As what againe might giue it wings of hast,
 And for they knew, the *French* did still abet
 The *Scot* against vs, (which we vsde to tast)
 It question'd was if it were fit or no,
 To Conquer them, ere we to *France* should goe.

Ralph Neuill
 then Warden
 of the *Mar-*
ches betwixt
England and
Scotland,
 An old adage,
 He that will
France winne:
 must with
Scotland first
 beginne

Which *RALPH* then Earle of *Westmorland* propos'd,
 Quoth he, with *Scotland* let vs first begin,
 By which we are vpon the North inclos'd,
 And lockt with vs, one Continent within,
 Then first let *Scotland* be by vs dispos'd,
 And with more ease, yee spations *France* may winne,
 Else of our selues, ere we our Ships can cleere,
 To land in *France*; they will inuade vs here.

The Duke of
Excester the
 Kings owne
 winkle,

Not so braue *NEVILL*, *EXCESTER* replies,
 For that of one two labours were to make,
 For *Scotland* wholly vpon *France* relies;
 First, Conquer *France*, and *Scotland* yee may take,
 Tis the *French* pay, the *Scot* to them that tyes,
 That stopt, asunder quickly yee shall shake
 The *French* and *Scots*; to *France* then first say I,
 First, first, to *France*, then all the Commons cry.

The first
 breach with
France.

And instantly an *Embassy* is sent,
 To *CHARLES* of *France*, to will him to restore
 Those Territories, of whose large extent,
 The *English* Kings were owners of before;
 Which if he did not, and incontinent,
 The King would set those *English* on his Shore,
 That in despite of him, and all his might,
 Should leaue there liues their, or redeeme his right.

First,

First *Normandy*, in his demand he makes,
 With *Aquitane*, a Dutchyn no lesse great,
Anjou, and *Mayne*, with *Gascoyne* which he takes,
 Cleerely his owne, as any English feat :
 With these proud *France*, he first of all awakes,
 For their deliuey, giuing power to treat ;
 For well he knew, if *CHARLES* should these restore,
 No King of *France* was euer left so poore.

The Count-
 ries deman-
 ded by the
 King of Eng-
 land.

The *King*, and *Daulphin*, to his proud demand,
 That he might see they no such matter ment,
 As a thing fitter for his youthfull hand ;
 A Tunne of *Paris* Tennis Balls him sent,
 Better him selfe to make him vnderstand,
 Denying his ridiculous intent :
 And that was all the answer he could get,
 Which more, the King doth to this Conquest whet.

The *King* and
Daulphine of
France, deri-
 ding the King
 of England.

That answering the Ambassadour, quoth he,
 Thanks for my Balls, to *CHARLES* your Soueraigne giue,
 And thus assure him, and his sonne from me,
 Ile send him Balls and Rackets if I liue,
 That they such Racket shall in *Paris* see,
 When ouer lyne with Bandies I shall driue,
 As that before the Set be fully done,
France may (perhaps) into the Hazard runne.

Henry the first
 answered for
 the Tennis
 Balls.

The language
 of Tennis.

So little doth luxurious *France* fore-see
 By her disdain, what shee vpon her drew :
 In her most brauery seeming then to be,
 The punishment that shortly should ensue,
 Which so incens'd the English King, that he
 For full reuenge into that fury grew :
 That those three horrors, Famine, Sword, and Fire,
 Could not suffice to satisfie his ire.

In all mens mouthes now was no word but warre,
 As though no thing had any other name ;
 And folke would aske of them ari'd from farre,
 What forces were preparing whence they came ?
 'Gainst any bus'nesse 'twas a lawfull barre
 To say for *France* they were ; and 'twas a shame
 For any man to take in hand to doe
 Ought, but something that did belong thereto.

* Blades accounted of the best temper.

Olde Armour are drest vp, and new are made;
Iacks are in working, and strong shirts of Male,
Hescowers an * olde Fox, he a * Bilbowe blade
Now Shields and Targets onely are for sale;
Who works for warre, now thrueth by his Trade,
The browne Bill, and the Battell-Axe preuaile:
The curious Fletcher fits his well-strung Bowe,
And his barb'd Arrow which he sets to shoue.

Tents and Pauillions in the fields are pitcht,
(E'r full wrought vp their Roomthynesse to try)
Windowes, and Towers, with Ensignes are inricht,
With ruffling Banners, that doe braue the sky,
Wherewith the wearied Labourer bewitcht
To see them thus hang wauing in his eye:
His toylsome burthen from his back doth throwe,
And bids them worke that will, to *France* hee'll goe.

* Armed at all points,

* Armings for the thigh and legge.

* Armings for the arme and shoulder.

Rich Saddles for the Light-horse and the Bard
For to be brau'st there's not a man but plyes,
Plumes, Bandroules, and Caparizons prepar'd;
Whether of two, and men at Armes diuise
The * Greaves, or * Guyfes were the surer guard,
The * Vambrasse, or the Pouldron, they should prize;
And where a stand of Pykes plac't close, or large,
Which way to take aduantage in the Charge.

One traynes his Horse, another trayles his Pyke,
He with his Pole-Axe, practiseth the fight,
The Bowe-man (which no Country hath the like)
With his sheafe Arrow, proueth by his might,
How many score off, he his Foe can strike,
Yet not to draw about his bosomes hight:
The Trumpers sound the Charge and the Retreat,
The bellowing Drumme, the Martch againe doth beat.

Cannons vpon their Caridge mounted are,
Whose Battery *France* must feeble vpon her Walls,
The Engineer providing the Petar,
To breake the strong Percullice, and the Balls,
Of Wild-fire deuise'd to throw from farre,
To burne to ground their Pallaces and Halls:
Some studying are, the scale which they had got,
Thereby to take the Leuell of their Shot.

Great Ordnance then but newly in vfe.

The

The man in yeares preacht to his youthfull sonne
 Prest to this Warre, as they sate by the fire,
 What deedes in *France* were by his Father done,
 To this attempt to worke him to aspire,
 And told him, there how he an Ensigne wonne,
 Which many a yeare was hung vp in the Quire :
 And in the Battell, where he made his way,
 How many French men he struck downe that day.

The good old man, with teares of ioy would tell,
 In *Cressy* field what prizes EDVVARD play'd,
 As what at *Poyteers* the BLACK PRINCE befell,
 How like a Lyon, he about him layd :
 In deedes of Armes how AVVDLEY did excell,
 For their olde finnes, how they the French men payd :
 How brauely BASSET did behaue him there :
 How OXFORD charg'd the Van, WARVVICK the Reare.

And Boy, quoth he, I haue heard thy Grandfire say,
 That once he did an English Archer see,
 Who shooting at a French twelue score away,
 Quite through the body, stuck him to a Tree ;
 Vpon their strengths a King his Crowne might lay :
 Such were the men of that braue age, quoth he,
 When with his Axe he at his Foe let driue,
 Murrian and scalpe downe to the teeth could riuie:

The scarlet Iudge might now set vp his Mule,
 With neighing Steeds the Streetes so pestred are ;
 For where he wont in *westminster* to rule,
 On his Tribunall sate the man of VVarre,
 The Lawyer to his Chamber dorth recule,
 For he hath now no bus'nesse at the Barre :
 But to make VVills and Testaments for those
 That were for *France*, their substance to dispose.

By this, the Counsell of this VVarre had met,
 And had at large of eu'ry thing discust ;
 And the graue Clergie had with them beene set :
 To warrant what they vndertooke was iust,
 And as for monies that to be no let,
 They bad the King for that to them to trust :
 The Church to pawne, would see her Challice layde,
 E'r shee would leaue one Pyoner vnpayde.

From

Hadste the circuit of the Island, from the Spanisht to the German Ocean.

Edward the third.

The Sea betwixt France and England, so called.

A Catalogue of the Ships in 12 Stanzas.

The names of the Kings 7. Ships of War.

An Indian Bird so great, that she is able to carry an Elephant.

From *Milford Hauen*, to the mouth of *Tweed*,
Ships of all burthen to *Southampton* brought,
For there the King the Rendeuous decreed
To beare aboard his most victorious fraught :
The place from whence he with the greatest speed
Might land in *France*, (of any that was thought)
And with successe vpon that lucky shore,
Where his great Grandfire landed had before.

But, for he found those vessels were to fewe,
That into *France* his Army should conuay :
He sent to *Belgia*, whose great store he knewe,
Might now at neede supply him cuery way.
His bounty ample, as the windes that blewe,
Such Barks for *Portage* out of eu'ry bay
In *Holland*, *Zealand*, and in *Flanders*, brings;
As spred the wide * fleecue with their canuase wings.

But first seauen Ships from *Rocheſter* are sent,
The narrow Seas, of all the French to sweepe :
All men of Warre with scripts of Mart that went,
And had command, the Coast of *France* to keepe :
The comming of a Nauie to preuent,
And view what strength, was in the Bay of *Deepe* :
And if they found it like to come abroad,
To doe their best to fire it in the Road.

The *Bonauenture*, *George*, and the *Expence*,
Three as tall Ships, as e'r did Cable teue,
The *Henry Royall*, at her parting thence,
Like the huge *Ruck* from *Gillingham* that flewe :
The *Antilop*, the *Elephant*, *Defence*,
Bottoms as good as euer spred a clue :
All hauing charge, their voyage hauing bin,
Before *Southampton* to take Souldiers in.

Twelue Merchants Ships, of mighty burthen all,
New off the Stocks, that had beene rig'd for *Stoad*,
Riding in *Thames* by *Lymehouse* and *Blackwall*
That ready were their Merchandize to load,
Straitly comma'ded by the Admirall,
At the same Port to settle their abroad :
And each of these a Pinnis at command,
To put her fraught conueniently to land.

Eight goodly Ships, so *Bristow* ready made,
Which to the King they bountifully lent,
With Spanish Wines which they for Ballast lade,
In happy speed of his braue Voyage ment,
Hoping his Conquest should enlarge their Trade,
And there-withall a rich and spacious Tent :

And as this Fleet the Seuerne Seas doth Rem,
Five more from *Padstowe* came along with them.

The *Hare of Loo*, a right good Ship well knowne,
The yeare before that twice the Strayts had past,
Two wealthy Spanish Merchants did her owne,
Who then but lately had repair'd her wast;
For from her Deck a Pyrate she had blowne,
After a long Fight, and him tooke at last :

And from *Mounts Bay* fixe more, that still in fight,
Wayted with her before the *Ile of Wight*.

From *Plymouth* next came in the *Blazing Starre*,
And fiery *Dragon* to take in their fraught;
With other foure, especiall men of Warre,
That in the Bay of *Portugall* had fought;
And though returning from a Voyage farre,
Stem'd that rough Sea, when at the high't it wrought :

With these, of *Dersmouth* seau'n good Ships there were, that is knowne
The golden Cressant in their tops that beare.

So *Lyme*, three Ships into the Nauy sent,
Of which the *Sampson* scarce a mon'th before,
Had sprung a Planke, and her mayne Mast had spent,
With extreame perill that she got to shore;
With them five other out of *Waymouth* went,
Which by *Southampton*, were made vp a score :

With those that rode (at pleasure) in the Bay,
And that at Anchor before *Portsmouth* lay.

Next these, *Newcastle* furnisheth the Fleet
With nine good Hoyes of necessary vse;
The Danish Pyars, valiantly that beet,
Offring to Sack them as they sayl'd for *Sluce*;
Six Hulks from *Hull* at *Humbers* mouth them meet,
Which had them oft accompanied to * *Pruce*.

Five more from * *Yarmouth* falling them among,
That had for Fishing beene prepared long.

The Bay of
Portugall one
of the highest
working Seas
that is knowne

* A Country
lying vpon
the east Sea
bordering vpon
Poland.

* Famous for
Herring fish-
ing.

The

The *Cove* of *Harwich*, neuer put to flight,
 For *Hides*, and *Furres*, late to *Musconia* bound,
 Of the same Port, another nam'd the *Spight*,
 That in her comming lately through the Sound,
 After a two-dayes still-continued fight,
 Had made three *Flemings* runne themselues a ground;
 With three neat *Flee-boats* which with them doe take,
 Six Ships of *Sandwich* vp the Fleet to make.

Ay'es to the
 King by the
 Nobility.

Nine Ships for the Nobility there went,
 Of able men, the enterprize to ayde,
 Which to the King most liberally they lent,
 At their owne charge, and bountifully payde,
 NORTHUMBERLAND, and WESTMERLAND in sent
 Fourescore at Armes a peece, themselues and layde
 At fix score Archers each, as SVFFOLKE shows,
 Twenty tall men at Armes, with forty Bowes.

WARVVICK and STAFFORD leauied at no lesse
 Then noble SVFFOLKE, nor doe offer more
 Of men at Armes, and Archers which they presse,
 Of their owne Tenants, Arm'd with their owne store:
 Their forwardnesse fore shoves their good successe
 In such a Warre, as had not beene before:
 And other Barrons vnder Earles that were,
 Yet dar'd with them an equal charge to beare.

DARCY and CAMOIS, zealous for the King,
 LOVELL, FITZWATER, WILLOUGHBY and ROSSE,
 BERCKLEY, POWVIS, BYRRELL, taft together cling;
 SEYMER, and SAINT IOHN for the bus'nesse cloffe,
 Each twenty Horse, and forty foote doe bring
 More, to nine hundred mounting in the grosse
 In those nine Ships, and fity them bestow'd,
 Which with the other fall into the Road.

From *Holland*, *Zeland*, and from *Flanders* wonne
 By weekly pay, threescore twelue Bottoms came,
 From fifty vpward, to five hundred Tunne;
 For eu'ry vse a Marriner could name,
 Whose glittering Flags against the Radient Sunne,
 Show'd as the Sea had all beene of a flame;
 For Skiffes, Crayes, Scallops, and the like, why these
 From eu'ry small Creeke, cou' red all the Seas.

The

The man whose way from *London* hap'd to lye,
By those he met might guesse the generall force,
Daily encountred as he passed by,
Now with a Troupe of Foote, and then of Horse,
To whom the people still themselves apply,
Bringing them victuals as in meere remorce :
And still the acclamation of the presse,
Saint GEORGE for *England*, to your good successe.

There might a man haue seene in eu'ry Streete,
The Father bidding farewell to his Sonne :
Small Children kneeling at their Fathers feete :
The Wife with her deare Husband ne'r had done :
Brother, his Brother, with adieu to greete :
One Friend to take leaue of another runne :
The Mayden with her best beloud to part,
Gave him her hand, who tooke away her heart.

The nobler Youth the common ranke aboue,
On their couruetting Coursers mounted faire,
One ware his Mistris Garter, one her Gloue ;
And he a lock of his deare Ladies haire ;
And he her Colours, whom he most did loue ;
There was not one but did some Fauour weare :
And each one tooke it, on his happy speede,
To make it famous by some Knightly deede.

The cloudes of dust, that from the wayes arose,
Which in their martch, the tramplung Troupes doe reare ;
VVhen as the Sunne their thicknesse doth oppose
In his descending, shining wondrous cleare,
To the beholder farre off standing, shoves
Like some besieged Towne, that were on fire :
As though fore-telling e'r they should returne,
That many a Citie yet secure must burne.

The well-rig'd Nauie salne into the Road,
For this short Cut with victuall fully stor'd,
The King impatient of their long aboard,
Commends his Army instantly aboard,
Casting to haue each Company bestow'd,
As then the time conuenience could afford ;
The Ships appointed wherein they should goe,
And Boats prepar'd for waftage to and fro.

a A Blazon of the Ensignes of the severall Shires, in 14 Stanzas following.

b Expressing their freedom, as still retaining their ancient liberties, by surprizing the Conqueror like a moving Wood.

c An expressioⁿ of King *Harolds* death, slaine with an Arrow in the head, at the Battaille of *Hastings*, fighting against the Conqueror.

d The first famous Earle of that Countrey

e Expressing the pleasantness of the situation of that County, lying vpon the *French* Sea.

f As lying the fittest to expell or forwarne Inuasion.

g Expressing the delicacy of the *Barb*, their chiefe City.

h The Armes of the ancient Family of *Clare* Earle of *Gloster* borne by the City.

** Stonidge* being the first wonder of *England*, standing in *Wiltshire* :
** An old Embleme of Berck, or Berckshire.*

i A Badge of the ancient Family of the *Staffords* Dukes of that place. *k* *Queene Helen* Founder of the Crosse, wife to *Constantine*, and Daughter to King *Coel*, builder of *Colechester* in *Essex*. *l* *Suffolke* the most Easterly of the *English* Shires. *m* For the braue prospect to the *German* Ocean.

To be imbarqu'd when euery Band comes downe,
Each in their order as they mustred were,
Or by the difference of their ^a Armings knowne,
Or by their Colours ; for in Ensignes there,
Some wore the Armes of their most ancient Towne,
Others againe their owne Diuises beare,
There was not any, but that more or lesse,
Something had got, that something should expresse.

First, in the *b Kentish* Stremer was a Wood,
Out of whose top an arme that held a Sword,
As their right Embleme ; and to make it good,
They aboute other onely had a Word,
Which was ; *Vnconquer'd* ; as that freest had stood.
c Suffex the next that was to come Aboard
Bore a Blacke Lyon Rampant, fore that bled,
With a Field-Arrow darted through the head.

The men of *a Surrey*, Checky Blew and gold,
Which for braue *WARREN* their first Earle they wore,
In many a Field that honour'd was of olde :)
And *Hamshire* next in the same Colours bore,
Three Lions Passant, th' Armes of *BEVIS* bould,
Who through the Workl so famous was of yore ;
A siluer ^c Tower, *Dorsets* Red Banner beares ;
The *Cornishmen* two Wrestlers had for theirs.

The ^f *Devonshire* Band, a Beacon set on fire,
Somerset ^g a Virgine bathing in a Spring,
Their Cities Armes, the men of *Glostershire*,
In Gold three ^h Bloudy Cheuernells doe bring ;
Wiltshire a Crowned ^{*} Piramed ; As nigher
Then any other to march to the King ;
Barkshire ^a ** Stag*, vnder an Oake that stood,
Oxford ^a White Bull wading in a Flood.

The mustred men for ⁱ *Buckingham*, are gone
Vnder the Swan, the Armes of that olde Towne,
The *Londoners*, and *Middlesex* as one,
Are by the Red Crosse, and the Dagger knowne ;
The Men of *k Essex* ouermarch'd by none,
Vnder *Queene Hellens* Image Martching downe ;
^l *Suffolke* a Sunne halfe risen from the brack,
^m *Norffolke* a Triton on a Dolphines backe.

The

The Souldiers sent from *a* *Cambridgshire*, a Bay
Vpon a Mountaine watred with a shower:
Hartford *b* two Harts that in a Riuer play;
Bedfords an Eagle peracht vpon a Tower,
And *c* *Huntington* a People proud as they,
Nor giuing place to any for their power,
A youthfull Hunter, with a Chaplet Crown'd,
In a pyde Lyam leading forth his Hound.

Norhampton *a* with a Castle seated high,
Supported by two Lyons thither came;
The men *of* *c* *Rutland*, to them marching nic,
In their rich Ensigne beare an Ermine Ram,
And *f* *Lester* *shire* that on their strength relye,
A Bull and Mastiue fighting for the game.
Lincolne *e* a Ship most nealy that was lim'd
In all her Sables with Flags and Pennons trim'd.

Stout *b* *Warwickshire*, her ancient badge the Beare,
worster *i* a Peare-Tree laden with the Fruit,
A Golden Fleece and *k* *Hereford* doth weare;
Stafford, *l* a Hermet in his homely sute,
Shropshire *m* a Falcon towring in the Ayre,
And for the Shiere whose surface seemes most brute
Darby, an Eagle sitting on a Roote,
A swathed Infant holding in her foote.

Olde *n* *Nottingham*, an Archer clad in greene,
Vnder a Tree with his drawne Bowe that stood,
Which in a checkquer'd Flagge farre off was seene:
It was the Picture of olde ROBIN HOOD,
And *o* *Lancashire* not as the least I weene,
Thorough three Crownes, three Arrowes smear'd with
Cheshire a Banner, very square and broad,
Wherein a man vpon a Lyon rode.

A flaming Lance, the *p* *Yorkshire* men for them,
As those for *Durham* neere againe at hand,
A Myter crowned with a Diadem:
An Armed man, the men of *q* *Cumberland*.
So *r* *Westmerland* link'd with it in one Stem,
A Ship that wrackt lay fierd vpon the sand:
Northumberland *s* with these com'n as a Brother,
Two Lyons fighting tearing one another.

C 2

of the mountaines in that Shiere, on which many Hawkes were wont to aly. *n* That famous out-law liued much in that Country, and is yet by many places there celebrated. *o* Accounted ruer the best Archers of England. *p* For their agillity with the Speare, and swiftnesse of their Nagges. *q* Being ready still in Armes against the Scots. *r* Expressing the scite thereof iuting out into those dangerous Seas, betwixt England and Ireland. *s* Their terrible conflicts (many times) with the Scots, expressed in the fight betweene the golden and red Lyon.

a Having relation to that famous vniuersitie their Shiere Towne.

b The Armes of the Towne somewhat aluding to the name.

c The Armes of the town of Huntingdon, first so named of a place where Hunters riet.

d The Armes of the town. *e* From the abundance of wooll in that tract.

f A sport more vsed in that Shiere from ancient time, then in any other.

g For the length that it hath vpon the Germane Ocean.

h The Beare and ragged Staffe, the ancient Armes of that Earldome.

i For the abundance of fruit more there then in any other tract.

k The finesse of the wooll of *Lester* is that Shiere.

l Many Hermites liued there in the woods in time past, it being all forrestie.

Thus *m* Expressing the lostinesse

a Milford Haven in Penbrooke-shiere, one of the bruest harbours in the known world, therefore not vnaptly so expressed.

b Partly Dutch, partly English, partly Welch.

c Merlin, of whose birth and knowledge that towne is made famous.

d A Watch Tower of Pharus, having the situation where *Seuerne* beginneth to widden, as when Pirats haue come in to giue warning to the other Maritime Countries.

e For the glory it hath attained, to be the Kings birth-place, and to expresse his principalities.

f The Armes of Brecknock.

g Lying towards the midst of *Wales*, and for abundance of Shee, living on those high Mountaines.

h Expressing the situation of that Shiere, lying on the Maritime part vpon the *Irish* Sea.

i For the abundance of Goates, being on those inaccessible Mountaines.

k The Shiere breeding the best Horses of *Wales*. *l* As opening it selfe to the great North or *Denealedonian* Sea. *m* Expressing the abundance of Corne and grasse, in that little Tract.

Thus as themselves the *English* men had shew'd
Vnder the Ensigne of each seu'rall Shiere,
The Natiue *Welch* who no lesse honour ow'd
To their owne King, nor yet lesse valiant were,
In one strong Reg'ment had themselves bestow'd,
And of the rest, resamed had the Reare :

To their owne Quarter marching as the rest,
As neatly Arm'd, and brauely as the best.

a Pembroke, a Boat wherein a Lady stood,
Rowing her selfe within a quiet Bay ;
Those men of *South-wales* of the^b mixed blood,
Had of the *Welch* the leading of the way :
Caermardin^c in her Colours beare a Rood,
Whereon an olde man lean'd himselfe to stay
At a Starre pointing ; which of great renowne,
Was skilfull *Merlin*, namer of that Towne.

d *Clamorgan* men, a Castell great and hie,
From which, out of the Battlement aboue,
A flame shot vp it selfe into the skye :
The men of *Munmouth* (for the ancient loue
To that deare Country ; neighbouring them so nie)
Next after them in Equipage that moue,
Three Crownes Imperiall which supported were,
With three Arm'd Armes, in their proud Ensigne beare.

The men of *f* *Brecknock* brought a Warlick Tent,
Vpon whose top there sate a watchfull Cock,
Radnor, *g* a mountaine of a high ascent,
Thereon a Shepheard keeping of his Flock,
As *h* *Cardigan* the next to them that went,
Came with a Mermayde sitting on a Rock,
And *i* *Merioneth* beares (as these had done)
Three dancing Goates against the rising Sunne,

Those of *k* *Mountgomery*, beare a prancing Steed,
Denbigh *l* a Neptune with his three-fork'd Mace :
Flintshire *m* a Workmayd in her Summers weed,
With Sheafe and Sickle (with a warlick pace)
Those of *Caernarvon* nor the least in speed,
Though marching last (in the mayne Armies face)
Three golden Eagles in their Ensigne brought,
Vnder which oft braue *OVVEN GYNNETH* fought.

The

The Seas amazed at the fearefull fight,
Of Armes, and Ensignes, that aboard were brought,
Of Streamers, Banners, Pennons, Ensignes pight,
Vpon each Pup and Prowe; and at the fraught,
So full of terror, that it hardly might
Into a naturall course againe be brought,
As the vasse Nauie which at Anchor rides,
Proudly prefumes to shoulder out the Tides.

The Fleet then full, and floating on the Maine,
The numerous Masts, with their braue Topsailes spred,
When as the Winde a little doth them straine,
Seeme like a Forrest bearing her proud head
Against some rough flawe, that forerunneth a raine;
So doe they looke from euery lostie sted,
Which with the Surges tumbled too and fro,
Seeme (euen) to bend, as trees are seene to doe.

A Simile of
the Nauy.

From euery Ship when as the Ordnance rore,
Of their depart, that all might vnderstand,
When as the zealous people from the shore,
Again with fires salute them from the Land,
For so was order left with them before,
To watch the Beacons, with a carefull hand,
Which being once fierd, the people more or lesse,
Should all to Church, and pray for their successe.

The braue so-
lemnity at the
departing of
the Fleet.

They shape their Course into the Mouth of *Seyne*,
That destin'd Flood those Nauies to receiue,
Before whose fraught, her *France* had prostrate laine,
As now she must this, that shall neuer leaue,
Vntill the Engines that it doth containe,
Into the ayre her heightned walls shall heaue;
Whose stubborne Turrets had refus'd to bow,
To that braue Nation that shall shake them now.

The Nauy
Landing in
the mouth
of *Seyne*.

Long Boates with Scouts are put to land before,
Vpon light Nags the Countrey to discry,
(Whilst the braue Army setting is on shore,)
To view what strength the enemy had nie,
Pressing the bosome of large *France* so sore,
That her pale *Genius*, in affright doth flye
To all her Townes and warnes them to awake,
And for her safety vp their Armes to take.

At *Paris*, *Roan*, and *Orleance*, she calls,
 And at their gates with gronings doth complaine :
 Then cries she out, O get vp to your walls :
 The *English* Armies are return'd againe,
 VVhich in two Battailes gaue those fatall falls,
 At *Cressie*, and at *Poyteers*, where lay slaine
 Our conquered Fathers, which with very feare
 Quake in their Graues to feele them landed here.

The King of *France* now hauing vnderstood,
 Of *HENRI*ES entrance, (but too well improv'd,)
 He cleerly saw that deere must be the blood,
 That it must cost, e'r he could be remou'd ;
 He sends to make his other Sea Townes good,
 Neuer before so much it him behou'd ;
 In eu'ry one a Garison to lay,
 Fearing fresh powers from *England* eu'ry day.

The braue en-
 couragement
 of a couragi-
 ous King.

To the high'st earth whilst awfull *HENRY* gets,
 From whence strong *Harflew* he might eas'ly see,
 With sprightly words, and thus their courage whets,
 In yonder walls be Mynes of gold (quoth he)
 He's a poore Slaue, that thinkes of any debts ;
Harflew shall pay for all, it ours shall be :

This ayre of *France* doth like me wondrous well,
 Lets burne our Ships, for here we meane to dwell.

A charitable
 Proclamation
 made by the
 King.

But through his Hoast, he first of all proclaim'd
 In paine of death, no *English* man should take
 From the Religious, aged, or the maym'd,
 Or women that could no resistance make :
 To gaine his owne for that he onely aym'd ;
 Nor would haue such to suffer for his sake :
 Which in the French (when they the same did heare)
 Bred of this braue King, a religious feare.

The Kings
 myne Stan-
 dard (for the
 pnderousnes
 thereof,) euer
 borne vpon a
 Carriage.

His Army rang'd, in order fitting warre,
 Each with some greene thing doth his Murrian crowne,
 VVith his mayne standard fixt vpon the Carre ;
 Comes the great King before th'intrenched Towne,
 VVhilst from the walls the people gazing are,
 In all their sights he sets his Army downe ;
 Nor for their shot he careth not a pin,
 But seekes where he his Battery may begin.

And

And into three, his Army doth diuide,
His strong approaches on three parts to make;
Himselfe on th'one, CLARENCE on th'other side,
To YORKE and SVFFOLKE he the third doth take,
The Mines the Duke of *Glocester* doth guide;
Then caus'd his Ships the Riuer vp to Stake,
That none with Victuall should the Towne relieue,
Should the Sword faile, with Famine them to grieue.

The King :
makes his ap-
proches on
three parts.

From his Pauillion where he sat in State,
Arm'd for the Siedge, and buckling on his Shield,
Braue HENRY sends his Heraule to the Gate,
By Trumpets sound, to summon them to yeeld,
And to accept his Mercy, ere to late,
Or else to say ere he forsooke the field,
Harflew should be but a meere heape of Stones,
Her buildings buried with her Owners bones.

The King
summons
Harflew.

France on this suddaine put into a fright,
With the sad newes of *Harflew* in distresse,
Whose unexpected, miserable plight,
She on the suddaine, knew not to redresse,
But vrg'd to doe the vtmost that shee might,
The peoples feares and clamours to suppress,
Raiseth a power with all the speede she could,
Somewhat thereby, to loose King HENRIES hold.

The *Marshall*, and the *Constable* of *France*,
Leading those Forces leuied for the turne,
By which they thought their Titles to aduance,
And of their Countrey endlesse praise to carue,
But it with them farre otherwise doth chance,
For when they saw the Villages to burne,
And high-towr'd *Harflew* round ingirt with fire.
They with their powers to *Cawdbeck* retire.

Charles de
Alibert, and
John Bowce-
quait.

Like as a Hinde when shee her Calfe doth see,
Lighted by chance into a Lions pawes,
From which should shee aduventure it to free,
Shee must her selfe fill his deuouring lawes,
And yet her younge one, still his prey must be,
(Shee so instructed is by Natures Lawes:)

A Simile of
the French
powers,

With them so fares it, which must needs goe downe
If they would fight; and yet must loose the Towne:

Now

A description
of the siege of
Marflew, in
the 19. follo-
wing Stan-
dards.

Now doe they mount their Ordnance for the day,
Their scaling Ladders rearing to the walls,
Their battering Rammes against the gates they lay
Their brazen slings send in the wilde-fire balls,
Baskets of twigs now carie stones and clay,
And to th'assault who furiously not falls;
The Spade and Pickaxe working are belowe,
VVhich then vnselt, yet gaue the greatest blowe.

Rampiers of earth the painefull Pyoners raise
VVith the walls equall, close vpon the Dike,
To passe by which the Souldier that assaies,
On Planks thrust ouer, one him downe doth strike:
Him with a malle second *English* payes,
A second *French* transpierce'd him with a Pyke:
That from the height of the embattel'd Towers,
Their mixed blood ranne downe the walls in showers.

A *French* man back into the Towne doth fall,
VVith a sheafe Arrow shot into the head;
An *English* man in scaling of the wall,
From the same place is by a stone struck dead,
Tumbling vpon them logs of wood, and all,
That any way for their defence might sted:
The hills at hand re-ecchoing with the din
Of shourts without, and fearefull shriekes within.

VVhen all at once the *English* men assaile,
The *French* within all valiantly defend,
And in a first assault, if any faile,
They by a second striue it to amend:
Out of the Towne come * quarries thick as haile;
As thick againe their Shafts the *English* send:
The bellowing Canon from both sides doth rore,
VVith such a noyse as makes the Thunder pore.

* Crosbowe.
Arrowes.

Now vpon one side you should heare a cry,
And all that Quarter clowded with a smother;
The like from that against it by and by;
As though the one were eccho to the other,
The King and CLARENCE so their turnes can ply:
And valiant GLOSTER shewes himselfe their brother;
VVhose Mynes to the besieg'd more mischief doe,
Then with th'assaults above, the other two.

An

An olde man sitting by the fier side,
Decrepit with extremitie of Age,
Stillling his little Grand-childe when it cride,
Almost distracted with the Batteries rage :
Sometimes doth speake it faire, sometimes doth chide,
As thus he seekes its mourning to assuage,
By chance a Bullet doth the chimney hit,
Which falling in, doth kill both him and it.

Whilst the sad weeping Mother sits her downe,
To giue her little new-borne Babe the Pap :
A lucklesse quarry leueld at the Towne,
Kills the sweet Baby sleeping in her lap,
That with the fright shee falls into a swoone,
From which awak'd, and mad with the mishap ;
As vp a Rampire shreeking she doth clim,
Comes a great Shot, and strikes her lim from lim.

Whilst a sort runne confusedly to quench,
Some Pallace burning, or some fired Street,
Call'd from where they were fighting in the Trench :
They in their way with Balls of Wilde-fire meet,
So plagued are the miserable *French*,
Nor aboue head, but also vnder feet :
For the fierce *English* vowe the Towne to take,
Or of it soone a heape of stones to make.

Hot is the Siege the *English* comming on,
As men so long to be kept out that scorne,
Carelesse of wounds as they were made of stone,
As with their teeth the walls they would haue torne :
Into a Breach who quickly is not gone ;
Is by the next behinde him ouer-borne :
So that they found a place that gaue them way,
They neuer car'd what danger therein lay.

From eu'ry Quarter they their course must plye,
As pleas'd the King them to th'assault to call :
Now on the DVKE of *Yorke* the charge doth lye :
To KENT and CORNVALL then the turne doth fall :
Then HUNTINGDON vp to the walls they crye :
Then SUFFOLKE, and then EXCESTER ; which all
In their meane Souldiers habits vs'd to goe,
Taking such part as those that own'd them doe.

The men of *Harflew* rough excursions make,
 Vpon the *English* watchfull in their Tent,
 Whose courages they to their cost awake,
 With many a wound that often back them sent,
 So proud a Sally that durst vndertake,
 And in the Chase pell mell amongst them went,
 For on the way such ground of them they win,
 That some *French* are shut out, some *English* in.

Nor idely sit our men at Armes the while,
 Foure thousand Horse that eu'ry day goe out ;
 And of the Field are Masters many a mile,
 By putting the Rebellious *French* to rout ;
 No Peasants them with promises beguile :
 Another bus'nesse they were come about ;
 For him they take, his Ransome must redeeme,
 Onely *French* Crownes, the *English* men esteeme.

Whilst *English* HENRY lastly meanes to trye :
 By three vast Mynes, the walls to ouerthrowe.
 The *French* men their approaches that espye,
 By Countermynes doe meete with them belowe,
 And as opposed in the Workes they lye :
 Vp the Besieged the Besiegers blowe,
 That stifled quite, with pow'er as with dust,
 Longer to walls they found it vaine to trust.

Till GAVCOURT then, and TUTTIVILE that were
 The Townes Commanders, (with much perill) finde
 The Resolution that the *English* beare ;
 As how their owne to yeelding were enclinde,
 Summon to parly, off'ring frankly there ;
 If that ayde came not by a day aysignde,
 To giue the Towne vp, might their lyues stand free :
 As for their goods, at HENRY'S will to be.

And hauing wonne their conduct to the King,
 Those hardy Chiefes on whom the charge had layne :
 Thither those well-fed Burgessees doe bring,
 What they had off'red strongly to maintaine
 In such a case, although a dang'rous thing,
 Yet they so long vpon their knees remaine :
 That five dayes respight from his Grant they haue,
 Which was the most, they (for their liues) durst craue.

The time perfix'd comming to expire,
And their reliefe ingloriously delay'd:
Nothing within their fight but sword, and fire;
And bloody Ensignes eu'ry where display'd:
The *English* still within themselves entire,
When all these things they seriously had way'd,
To HENRIES mercy found that they must trust,
For they perceiu'd their owne to be iniust.

The Ports are opened, weapons layd aside,
And from the walls th' Artillery displac'd:
The Armes of *England* are aduanc'd in pride:
The watch Tower, with Saint GEORGES Banner grac'd:
Liue *Englands* HENRY, all the people cride:
Into the Streetes their women runne in hast,
Bearing their little Children, for whose sake
They hop'd the King would the more mercy take.

The gates thus widened with the breath of Warre;
Their ample entrance to the *English* gaue:
There was no dore that then had any barre;
For of their owne not any thing they haue:
When HENRY comes on his Emperiall Carre:
To whom they kneele their liues alone to saue.
Stricken with wonder, when that face they sawe,
Wherein such mercy was, with so much awe.

The King of
England en-
treth *Harlem*
in triumph.

And first themselves the *English* to secure,
Doubting what danger might be yet within;
The strongest Forts, and Citadell make sure,
To shoue that they could keepe as well as win,
And though the spoyle them wondrously allure,
To fall to pillage e'r they will begin,
They shut each passage, by which any power
Might be brought on to hinder, but an hower.

That Conquering King which entering at the gate,
Borne by the presse as in the ayre he swamme,
Vpon the suddaine layes aside his state,
And of a Lyon is become a Lambe:
He is not now what he was but of late:
But on his bare feete to the Church he came:
By his example, as did all the presse,
To giue God thanks, for his first good successe.

King Henry
offereth to de-
cide his right
by single com-
bat.

And sends his Herauld to King CHARLES to say,
That though he thus was fetled on his shore,
Yet he his Armes was ready downe to lay,
His ancient right if so he would restore:
But if the same he wilfully deny,
To stop th'effusion of their Subiects gore,
He frankly offereth in a single fight,
With the young *Daulphine* to decide his right.

Eight dayes at *Hatfield* he doth stay to heare,
What answer back, his Herauld him would bring:
But when he found that he was ne'r the neere,
And that the *Daulphine* meaneth no such thing
As to fight single; nor that any were
To deale for composition from the King:
He casts for *Callice* to make forth his way,
And take such Townes, as in his Iourneyes lay.

But first his bus'nesse he doth so contrive,
To curbe the Townes-men, should they chance to stirre
Of Armes, and Office he doth them depriue,
And to their roomes the English doth preferre:
Out of the Ports all Vagrants he doth drive,
And therein sets his Vnckle EXCESTER:
This done, to march he bids the thundring Drummes,
To scourge proud *France* when now her Cōqueror comes.

The King and *Daulphine* having vnderstood,
How on his way this haughty HENRY was
Ouer the *Seame*, which is a dangerous flood;
Pluckt downe the Bridges that might giue him passe;
And eu'ry thing, if fit for humane food,
Caus'd to be forrag'd; (to a wondrous masse)
And more then this, his Iourneyes to fore-slowe,
He scarce one day vnskirtmistr'd with, doth goe.

But on his march, in midst of all his foes;
He like a Lyon keepe them all at bay;
And when they seeme him strictly to enclose;
Yet through the thick'ft he hewes him out a way:
Nor the proud *Daulphine* dare him to oppose;
Though off'ring oft his Army to fore-lay:
Nor all the power the enuious *French* can make,
Force him one foote, his path (but) to forsake.

And

And each day as his Army doth remoue,
Marching along vpon *Soames* Marthy side,
His men at Armes on their tall Horses prout,
To finde some shallow, ouer where to ryde,
But all in vaine against the Streame they stroue,
Till by the helpe of a laborious guide,
A Ford was found to fet his Army ore
Which neuer had discovered beene before.

A foard found
in the Riuer
of *Soame*

The newes divulg'd that he had waded *Soame*,
And safe to shiore his Caridges had brought,
Into the *Daulphins* bosome strooke so home,
And one the weakenesse of King *CHARLES* so wrought;
That like the troubled Sea, when it doth Foame,
As in a rage, to beate the Rocks to nough;
So doe they storme, and curse on curie they heapt
Gainst those which should the passages haue kept.

And at that time, both resident in *Roan*,
Thither for this assembling all the Peeres,
Whose Counsailes now must vnderprop their Thrones
Against the Foe; which, not a man but feares;
Yet in a moment confident are growne,
When with fresh hopes, each one his fellow cheeres,
That ere the *English* to their *Callis* got,
Some for this spoile should pay a bloody shor.

A Counsell
held at *Roan*
against the
King of *Eng-*
land.

Therefore they both in solemne Counsaile sat,
With *BERRY* and with *BRITAIN* their Alies;
Now speake they of this course, and then of that,
As to insnare him how they might diuise;
Something they fame would doe, but know not what,
At length the Duke *ALANZON* vp doth rise,
And crauing silence of the King and Lords,
Against the *English*, brake into this these words,

HAd this vnbridled youth an Army led,
That any way were worthy of your feare,
Against our Nation, that durst turne the head,
Such as the former *English* forces were,
This care of yours, your Countrey then might sted;
To tell you then, who longer can forbear,
That into question, you our valour bring,
To call a Counsaile for so poore a thing.

A speech of
the Duke
Alanzon, against
the *English*.

A Route of tatter'd Rascalls staru'd so;
 As forced through extremitie of need,
 To rake for scraps on Dunghills as they goe,
 And on the Berries of the Shrubs to feed,
 Besides with fluxes are enfeebled so,
 And other foule diseases that they breed,
 That they, there Armes disabled are to sway,
 But in their march doe leaue them on the way.

And to our people but a handfull are,
 Scarfe thirtie thousand, when to Land they came,
 Of which to *England* dayly some repayc,
 Many from *Harflew* carried sicke and lame,
 Fitter for Spittles, and the Surgions care,
 Then with their Swords on vs to winne them fame,
 Vnshod, and without stockings are the best,
 And those by Winter miserably oppress.

To let them dye vpon their march abroad,
 And Fowles vpon their Carkases to feed,
 The heapes of them vpon the common road
 A great infection likely were to breed,
 For our owne safeties see them then bestow'd,
 And doe for them this charitable deede:
 Vnder our Swords together let them fall,
 And one that day they dye, be buried all.

This bold inuestiue forc'd against the Foe,
 Although it most of the Assembly seaf'd,
 Yet those which better did the *English* know,
 Were but a little with his speeches pleas'd,
 And that the Duke of *BERRY* meant to shoue:
 Which when the murmure somewhat was appeaf'd,
 After a while their listning silence breakes,
 And thus in answere of *ALANZON* speakes.

The Duke of
Berry an-
 swere to
Alanzon.

MY Liedege, quoth he, and you my Lords, and Peeres,
 Whom this great businesse chiefly doth concerne,
 By my experience, now so many yeeres
 To know the *English* I am not to learne;
 Nor I more feeling haue of humane feares,
 Then fitteth Manhood, nor doe hope to earne
 Suffrage from any; but by zeale am wonne,
 To speake my minde here, as the Duke hath done.

Th'euent

Th'euentis of Warre are various(as I know)
And say, the losse vpon the *English* light,
Yet may a dying man giue such a blow,
As much may hinder his proud Conquerours might;
It is enough our puissant power to shoue
To the weake *English*, now vpon their flight,
When want, and winter, strongly spurre them on,
You else but stay them, that would faine be gon.

I like our Forces their first course should hold,
To skirmish with them, vpon euery stay,
But fight by no meanes with them, though they would,
Except they finde them foraging for pray,
So still you haue them shut vp in a Fould,
And still to *Callis* keepe them in their way;
So *FABIVS* wearied *HANIBAL*, so we
May *English* *HENRY*, pleased if you be.

And of the *English* rid your Counrey cleane,
If on their backs, but *Callice* walles they win,
Whose Frontier Townes you easily may maintaine,
With a strong Army still to keepe them in;
Then let our Ships make good the mouth of *Seyne*,
And at your pleasure *Harflew* you may winne,
Ere with Supplys againe they can inuade,
Spent in the Voyage lately hither made.

That day at *Poyteers*, in that bloudy Field,
The sudaine turne in that great Battell then,
Shall euer teach me, whilst I Armes can weeld,
Neuer to trust to multitudes of men;
Twas the first day that ere I wore a Sheeld,
Oh let me neuer see the like agen!

Where their Blacke *EDVVARD* such a Battell wonne
As to behold it might amaze the Sunne.

There did I see our conquered Fathers fall,
Before the *English* on that fatall ground,
When as to ours their number was but small,
And with braue Spirits *France* ne'r did more abound,
Yet oft that Battaille into minde I call,
Whereas of ours, one man seemd all one wound,
I instance this; yet humbly here submit
My selfe to fight, if you shall thinke it fit.

The

Young mens
counsailes oft-
times proue
the vtter sub-
uersion both
of themselves
and others.

The Marshall and the Constable about
To second, what this sager Duke had said :
The youthfull Lords into a cry brake out,
Gainst their opinions, so that ouer-sway'd,
Some seeming of their Loyalties to doubt ;
ALANZON as an Oracle obay'd,
And not a *French* then present, but doth swaere
To kill an *English* if ynow there were.

The *French*
King sendeth
to dare the
King of *Eng-*
land to Bat-
taile.

A Herault posted presently away,
The King of *England* to the field to dare,
To bid him cease his spoyle, nor to delay
Gainst the *French* power his forces but prepare :
For that King CHARLES determin'd to display
His bloody Ensignes, and through *France* declare,
The day, and place, that HENRY should set downe,
In which their Battailes, should dispose the Crowne.

The King of
Englands mo-
dest answer.

This newes to HENRY by the Herault brought,
As one dispasion'd soberly (quoth he)
Had your King pleas'd, we sooner might haue fought ;
For now my Souldiers much enfeebled be :
Nor day, nor place, for Battaile shall be sought
By *English* HENRY : but if he seeke me,
I to my vtmost will my selfe defend,
And to th' Almightyes pleasure leaue the end.

The brute of this intended Battaile spred,
The coldnesse of each sleeping courage warms,
And in the *French* that daring boldnesse bred :
Like casting Bees that they arise in swarmes,
Thinking the *English* downe so farre to tred,
As past that day ne'r more to rise in Armes,
T'extirpe the name, if possible it were,
At least not after to be heard of there.

A Simily of
the rising of
the *French*.

As when you see the enuious Crowe espye,
Something that shee doth naturally detest :
With open throat how shee doth squall and crye ;
And from the next GROUE calleth in the rest,
And they for those beyond them bawling flye,
Till their foule noyse doe all the ayre infect :
Thus *French*, the *French* to this great Battaile call,
Vpon their swords to see the *English* fall.

And

And to the King when seriously one tolde,
With what an Host he should encountred be,
GAM noting well the King did him behold,
In the reporting; Merrily (quoth he)
My Liege I tell you if I may be bold,
We will diuide this Army into three:

*David Gam, a
great Captain
in that Warr.*

One part we'll kill, the second prisoners stay;
And for the third, we'll leaue to runne away.

But for the Foe came hourelly in so fast,
Lest they his Army should disordred take:
The King who wisely doth the worst forecast,
His speedy march doth presently forsake,
Into such forme and his Battalion cast;
That doe their worst they should not easly shake;
For that his scouts which forrag'd had the Coast,
Bad him at hand expect a puissant Host.

On which ere long the *English* Vauward light,
Which YORK, of men the brauest, doth command,
When either of them in the others sight,
He caus'd the Army instantly to stand,
As though preparing for a present Fight,
And rideth forth from his couragious Band,
To view the *French*, whose numbers ouer spread,
The troubled Country on whose earth they tread.

*The Duke of
York.*

Now were both Armies got vpon that ground,
As on a Stage, where they their strengthes must trye,
Whence from the wydth of many a gaping wound,
There's many a soule into the Ayre must flye:
Meane while the *English* that some ease had found;
By the aduantage of a Village nie,
There set them downe the Battell to abide,
When they the place had strongly fortifide.

Made drunke with pride the haughty *French* disdain,
Lesse then their owne, a multitude to view,
Nor aske of God the victory to gaine,
Vpon the *English* wext so poore and fewe,
To stay their slaughter thinking it a paine,
And lastly to that insolence they grewe,
Quoyts, Lots, and Dice for *Englishmen* to cast,
And sweare to pay, the Battaille being past.

*The French
scorning the
English, being
so fewe in re-
spect of their
mightypower.*

For knots of corde to eu'ry Towne they send,
 The Captiu'd *English* that they caught to binde,
 For to perpetuall slau'ry they intend :
 Those that aliuie they on the Field should finde,
 So much as that they fear'd lest they should spend
 300 many *English*, wherefore they asigne
 Some to keepe fast those, fayne that would be gon
 After the Fight, to try their Armes vpon.

One his bright sharpe-eg'd Semiter doth shoue,
 Offering to lay a thousand Crownes (in pride)
 That he two naked *English* at one blowe,
 Bound back to back will at the waists diuide,
 Some bett his sword will do't, some others no,
 After the Battaille, and they'll haue it tride :
 Another waits his Blade about his head,
 And shewes them how their hamstrings he will shread.

They part their prisoners, passing them for debt,
 And in their Ransome ratically accord
 To a Prince of ours, a Page of theirs they set ;
 And a *French* Lucky to an *English* Lord ;
 As for our Gentry them to hyre they'll let,
 And as good cheape as they can them afford,
 Branded for Slaues that if they hapt to stray,
 Knowne by the marke, them any one might slay.

And cast to make a Chariot for the King,
 Painted with Antickes, and ridiculous toyes,
 In which they meane to *Paris* him to bring.
 To make sport to their Madames and their Boyes,
 And will haue Rascalls, Rymes of him to sing,
 Made in his mock'ry ; and in all these ioyes .
 They bid the Bells to ring, and people crie,
 Before the Battaille, *France* and Victorie.

And to the *King* and *Daulphine* sent away
 (Who at that time residing were in *Roane*)
 To be partakers of that glorious day :
 Wherein the *English* should be ouerthrowne,
 Lest that of them ensuing times should say,
 That for their safety they forsooke their owne ;
 When *France* did that braue victory obtaine,
 That shall her lasting monument remaine.

The poore distressed *Englishmen* the whiles,
 Not dar'd by doubt, and lesse appaul'd with dread
 Of their Arm'd Pykes, some sharpening are the pyles,
 The Archer grinding his barb'd Arrow head :
 Their Bills and Blades, some whetting are with Files :
 And some their Armour strongly Riueted :
 Some pointing Stakes to stick into the ground,
 To guard the Bow-men, and their Horse to wound.

The night fore-running this most dreadfull day :
 The *French* that all to iollity encline :
 Some fall to dancing, some againe to play :
 And some are drinking to this great Designe :
 But all in pleasure spend the night away :
 The Tents with lights, the Fields with Boone-fires shine :
 The common Souldiers Free-mens Catches sing :
 With shewtes and laughter all the Campe doth ring.

The Ryot in
 the *French*
 Campe the
 night before
 the Battell.

The wearied *English* watchfull o'r their Foes,
 (The depth of night then drawing on so fast)
 That fayne a little would themselves repose,
 With thanks to God, doe take that small repast
 Which that poore Village willingly bestowes :
 And hauing plac'd their Sentinels at last,
 They fall to Prayer, and in their Cabins blest,
 T'refresh their spirits, then tooke them to their rest.

In his Pauillion Princely HENRY lay'd,
 Whilst all his Army round about him slept :
 His restless head vpon his Helmet stay'd,
 For carefull thoughts his eyes long waking kept :
 Great God (quoth he) withdraw not now thy ayde :
 Nor let my Father HENRIES sinnes be heapt
 On my transgressions, vp the Summe to make,
 For which thou may'st me vtterly forsake.

Pondering in
 his thoughts,
 his Fathers
 comming to
 the Crowne
 by deposing
 the rightfull
 King.

King RICHARDS wrongs, to minde, Lord doe not call,
 Nor how for him my Father did offend,
 From vs alone deriue not thou his fall,
 Whose odious life caus'd his vntimely end,
 That by our Almes be expiated all :
 Let not that sinne on me his Sonne defend,
 When as his body I translated haue,
 And buried in an honourable Graue.

Henry the first
 cauteer the bo-
 dy of King
 Richard to be
 taken vp,
 where it was
 meanelly bu-
 ried at Lang-
 ley, and to be
 layde in West-
 minster by his
 first Wife
 Queene Anne.

These things thus pondring, sorrow-ceasing sleepe,
 From cares to rescue his much troubled minde,
 Vpon his Eye-lids stealingly doria creepe,
 And in soft slumbers euery sense doth binde,
 (As vndisturbed enery one to keepe)
 When as that Angell to whom God assign'd,
 The guiding of the *English*, gliding downe
 The silent Campe doth with fresh courage crowne.

His glittering wings he gloriously displaies,
 Ouer the Hoste as euery way it lyes
 With golden Dreames their travell, and repaies,
 This Herault from the Rector of the skies,
 In Vision warnes them not to vse delays,
 But to the Battell cheerefully to rise,
 And be victorious, for that day at hand,
 He would amongst them for the *English* stand.

The dawne scarfe drewe the curtaines of the East,
 But the late wearied *Englishmen* awake,
 And much refreshed with a little rest
 Themselues soone ready for the Battaile make,
 Not any one but feeleth in his breast,
 That sprightly fire which Courage bids him take,
 For ere the Sunne next rising went to bed,
 The *French* by them in triumph should be led.

And from their Cabins, ere the *French* arose,
 (Drown'd in the pleasure of the passed night,)
 The *English* cast their Battailes to dispose,
 Fit for the ground whereon they were to fight;
 Foorth that braue King couragious HENRY goes,
 An hower before that it was fully light,
 To see if there might any place be found,
 To giue his Hoste aduantage by the ground.

The great
 care of a wife
 and politike
 Capitaine.

Where twas his hap a Quicksett hedge to view,
 Well growne in height; and for his purpose thin,
 Yet by the Ditch vpon whose banke it grew,
 He found it to be difficult to winne,
 Especially if those of his were true,
 Amongst the shrubbs that he should set within,
 By which he knew their strength of Hoise must come,
 If they would euer charge his Vangaurd home.

And

And of three hundred Archers maketh choice,
Some to be taken out of euery Band,
The strongest Bowmen, by the generall voyce,
Such as beside were valient of their hand,
And to be so imployed, as would reioyce,
Appointing them behinde the hedge to stand,
To shrowde themselues from sight, and to be mute,
Vntill a signall freely had them shute.

This Stratagem the overthrow of the French.

The gamesome Larke now got vpon her Wing,
As twere the *English* carely to awake,
And to wide heauen her cheerefull notes doth sing,
As shee for them would intercession make,
Nor all the noyse that from below doth spring,
Her ayrie walke can force her to forsake,
Of some much noted, and of others lesse,
But yet of all presaging good successe.

The lazie *French* their leisure seem to take,
And in their Cabins keepe themselves so long,
Till flocks of Ravens them with noyse awake,
Ouer the Army like a Cloud that hong,
Which greater haste inforceth them to make,
When with their croaking all the Countrey rong,
Which boaded slaughter as the most doe say,
But by the *French* it turned was this way.

That this diuyning Foule well vnderstood,
Vpon that place much gore was to be spill'd,
And as those Birds doe much delight in blood,
With humane flesh would haue their gorges fill'd,
So waited they vpon their Swords for food,
To feast vpon the *English* being kill'd,
Then little thinking that these came in deed
On their owne mangled Carkases to feed.

The French mist-interpret the sight of Ravens howling ouer their owne Campe.

When soone the *French* preparing for the Field,
Their armed troops are setting in array,
Whose wondrous numbers they can hardly weeld,
The place too little wherevpon they lay,
They therefore to necessitie must yeeld,
And into Order put them as they may,
Whose motion sounded like to *Nilus* fall,
That the vaste ayre was deafned therewithall.

The Marshal-
ling of the
French Army,
containing
three stanzas.

The Constable, and Admirall of *France*,
With the grand Marshall, men of great command :
The Dukes of *BURBON*, and of *ORLEANCE*,
Some for their place, some for their birth-right stand,
The *Daulphine* of *AVERNEY* (to aduance
His worth and honour) of a puissant hand :
The Earle of *EVVE* in Warre that had beene bred,
These mighty men the mighty Vauward led.

The mayne brought forward by the Duke of *BARRE*,
NEVERS, and *BEAMONT*, men of speciall name :
ALANZON thought, not equall'd in this Warre,
With them *SALINES*, *ROVS*, and *GRANDPRE* came,
Their long experience, who had fetcht from farre,
Whom this expected Conquest doth enflame,
Consisting most of Crosbowes, and so great,
As *France* her selfe it well might seeme to threat.

The Duke of *BRABANT* of high valour knowne,
The Earles of *MARLE*, and *FACONBRIDGE* the Reare,
To *ARTHVR* Earle of *Richmount's* selfe alone,
They leaue the Right wing to be guided there :
LEVVES of *Burbon*, second yet to none,
Led on the left; with him that mighty Peere
The Earle of *VANDOME*, who of all her men
Large *France* entytled, her great Master thou.

The Marshal-
ling of the
English Army
containing five
stanzas.

The Duke of *YORKE* the *English* Vauward guides,
Of our strong Archers, that consisted most;
Which with our Horse was wing'd on both the sides :
T'affront so great and terrible an Host;
There valiant *FANHOPE*, and there *BEAMONT* rides,
With *WILLOUGHBY* which scowred had the Coast,
That morning early, and had scene at large,
How the Foe came, that then they were to charge.

HENRY himselfe, on the mayne Battell brings,
Nor can these Legions of the *French* affright
This *MARS* of men, this King of earthly Kings :
Who seem'd to be much pleased with the sight,
As one ordayn'd to accomplish mighty things;
Who to the Field came in such brau'ry dight :
As to the *English* boades succesfull luck
Before one stroke, on either side was struck.

In Warlike state the Royall Standard borne
Before him, as in splendrous Armes he roade,
Whilst his couruetting Courser seem'd in scorne
To touch the earth whereon he proudly troade,
Lillyes, and Lyons quarterly adorne;
His Shield, and his Caparison doe load:

The brauery
of King Hen-
ryes owne
Person.

Vpon his Helme a Crowne with Diamonds deckt,
Which through the Field their Radiant fiers reflect.

The Duke of GLOSTER neere to him agen,
Trafisist his Brother in that dreadfull day,
OXFORD and SVFFOLKE both true Marshiall men,
Ready to keepe the Battell in Array,
To EXCESTER there was appointed then
The Reare; on which their second succours lay:
Which were the youth, most of the Noblest blood,
Vnder the Ensignes of their names that stood.

Then of the stakes he doth the care commend,
To certaine troupes that actiue were and strong,
Onely diuidd the Archers to defend,
Pointed with Iron and of fise foote long;
To be remou'd still which way they should bend,
Where'the *French* Horse should thicke'st vpon them throng:
Which when the Host to charge each other went,
Show'd his great wit that first did them inuent.

Both Armies sit, and at the point to fight,
The *French* themselves assuring of the day;
Send to the King of *England* (as in spight)
To know what he would for his Ransome pay,
Who with this answere doth their scorne requite:
I pray thee Herault with the *French* to stay,
And e'r the day be past, I hope to see,
That for their Ransomes they shall send to me.

The scornfull
message of the
French to the
King of *Eng-
land*.
The Kings'
answer to the
French.

The *French* which found how little HENRY makes,
Of their vaine boasts, as set therewith on fire,
Whilst each one to his Ensigne him betakes;
The Constable to raise their spleene the hyer,
Thus speakes: Braue friends now for your Grandfires sakes,
Your Country, Honours, or what may inspire
Your soules with courage, frame vp all your powers,
To make this day victoriously ours.

The Consta-
bles Oration
to the *French*.

For.

Forward stout *French*, your valours and aduance,
 By taking vengeance for our Fathers slaine,
 And strongly fixe the Diadem of *France*,
 Which to this day vnsteady doth remaine :
 Now with your swordstheir Traytours bosomes lance,
 And with their bloods wash out that ancient staine,
 And make our earth drunke with the *English* gore,
 Which hath of ours oft surfired before.

Let not one liue in *England* once to tell,
 What of their King, or of the rest became :
 Nor to the *English*, what in *France* befell :
 But what is bruted by the generall fame :
 But now the Drummes began so lowd to yell,
 As cut off further what he would declame :
 And HENRY seeing them on so fast to make,
 Thus to his Souldiers comfortably spake.

The King of
Engla di Ora-
 tion to the
English

Thinke but vpon the iustnesse of our cause,
 And he's no man their number that will wey ;
 Thus our great Grandfire purchad his applause,
 The more they are, the greater is our prey,
 We'll hand in hand wade into dangers iawes,
 And let report to *England* this Conuey
 That it for me no Ransome e'r shall rayse,
 Either I'll Conquer, or here end my dayes.

It were no glory for vs to subdue
 Them, then our number, were the *French* no more ;
 When in one Battaille twice our Fathers slue,
 Three times so many as themselves before,
 But to doe something that were strange and new :
 Wherefore (I aske you) Came we to this shore ;
 Vpon these *French* our Fathers wan renowne,
 And with their swords we'll hewe yan Forrest downe.

The meanest Souldier if in Fight he take,
 The greatest Prince in yonder Army knowne,
 Without controule shall him his prisoner make,
 And haue his Ransome freely as his owne :
 Now *English* lyes our Honour at the stake,
 And now or neuer be our Valour showne :
 God and our Cause, Saint GEORGE for *England* stands,
 Now Charge them *English*, fortune guide your hands.

When

When hearing one with all the valiant men
At home in *England*, with them present were;
The King makes answer instantly agen,
I would not haue one man more then is here:
If we subdue, lesse should our praise be then:
If ouercome, lesse losse shall *England* beare:

The high va-
lour of the
King of *Eng-
land*.

And to our numbers we should giue that deede,
Which must from Gods owne powerfull hand proceede.

The dreadfull Charge the Drummes & Trumpets sound,
With hearts exalted, though with humbled eyes,
When as the *English* kneeling on the ground,
Extend their hands vp to the glorious skyes;
Then from the earth as though they did rebound,
Actiue as fire immediatly they rise:

And such a shrill showt from their throats they sent,
As made the *French* to stagger as they went.

Wherewith they stopt, when *ERPINGHAM* which led
The Armie, sawe, the showt had made them stand,
Wasting his Warder thrice about his head,
He cast it vp with his auspicious hand,
VWhich was the signall through the *English* spread,
That they should Charge: which as a dread command
Made them rush on, yet with a second rore,
Frighting the *French* worse then they did before.

Sir Thomas
Erpingham
gane the Sig-
nall to the
English.

But when they sawe the Enemie so slowe,
VWhich they expected faster to come on,
Some scattering Shot they sent out as to shoue,
That their approach they onely stood vpon;
VWhich with more seruour made their rage to gloue,
So much disgrace that they had vnder-gone.
Which to amend with Ensignes let at large,
Vpon the *English* furiously they Charge.

At the full Moone looke how th'vnweldy Tide,
Shou'd by some Tempest that from Sea doth rise
At the full height, against the ragged side
Of some rough Cliffe (of a Gigantick size)
Foming with rage impetuously doth ride;
The angry *French* (in no lesse furious wise)
Of men at Armes vpon their ready Horse,
Assayle the *English* to dispierce their force.

A Simily of
the *French*
charging the
English.

The three
hundred Ar-
chers layd in
ambush, disor-
der the *French*
men at Armes
at the first en-
counter.

When as those Archers there in Ambush layde,
Hauing their Broad side as they came along,
With their barb'd Arrowes the *French* Horſes payde:
And in their flanks like cruell Horners ſlong:
They kick and crie, of late that proudly nayde:
And from their ſeats their Armed Riders ſlong:
They ranne together flying from the Dike,
And make their Riders one another ſtrike.

And whiſt the Front of the *French* Vanguard makes,
Vpon the *Engliſh* thinking them to Route,
Their Horſes runne vpon the Armed ſtokes,
And being wounded, turne themſelues about:
The Bit into his teeth the Courſer takes,
And from his Rank flies with his Maſter out,
Who either hurts or is hurt of his owne,
If in the throng not both together throwne.

Tumbling on heapes, ſome of their Horſes caſt
With their foure ſeete all vp into the ayre:
Vnder whose backs their Maſters breath their laſt:
Some breake their Raynes, and thence their Riders beare:
Some with their ſeete ſtick in the Stirrups faſt,
By their fierce Iades, and ſtayed here and there:
Entangled in their Bridles, one back drawes,
And pluckes the Bit out of anothers iawes.

With ſhowers of Shafts yet ſtill the *Engliſh* ply
The *French* ſo faſt, vpon the point of ſight:
With the mayne Barrell yet ſtood HENRY by,
Nor all this while had medled in the Fight,
Vpon the Horſes as in Chace they flye,
Arrowes ſo thick, in ſuch abundance light,
That their broad buttocks men like Butts might ſee,
Whereat for paſtime Bow-men ſhooting be.

Two wings
of *French*
horſe defea-
ted.

When ſoone DE LINNIES and SVRERES haſt,
To ayde their friends put to this ſhamefull ſoyl,
With two light wings of Horſe which had beene plact,
Still to ſupply where any ſhould recoyle:
But yet their Forces they but vainely waſte,
For being light, into the generall ſpoyle,
Great loſſe DE LINNIES ſhortly doth ſustaine,
Yet ſcapes himſelfe, but braue SVRERES ſlaine.

The

The King who sees how well his Vangaurd sped,
Sends his command that instantly it stay,
Desiring YORKE so brauely that had led,
To hold his Souldiers in their first array,
For it the Conflict very much might sted,
Somewhat to fall aside, and giue him way,
Till full vp to him he might bring his power,
And make the Conquest compleate in an hower.

Which YORKE obayes, and vp King HENRY comes,
When for his guidance he had got him roome.
The dreadfull bellowing of whose strait-brac'd Drummes,
To the *French* sounde'd like the dreadfull doome,
And them with such stupidity benummes,
As though the earth had groaned from her wombe,
For the grand slaughter ner began till then,
Couering the earth with multitudes of men.

*The English
vaward and
maine Battaille
charge the
French both
at once.*

Vpon the *French* what *Englishman* not falls,
(By the strong Bowmen beaten from their Steeds)
With Battle-axes, Halberts, Bills, and Maules,
Where, in the slaughter euery one exceeds,
VWhere euery man, his fellow forward calls,
And shows him where some great-borne *Frenchman* bleeds
Whilst Scalps about like broken pot sherds fly,
And kill, kill, kill, the Conquering *English* cry.

Now waxed horror to the very height,
And scarce a man but wet-shod went in gore,
As two together are in deadly fight,
And to death wounded, as one tumbleth ore,
This *Frenchman* falling, with his very weight
Doth kill another stricken downe before,
As he againe so falling, likewise feeles
His last breath hastned by anothers heeles.

And whilst the *English* eagerly pursue
The fearefull *French* before them still that fly,
The points of Bills and Halbers they imbrue
In their sicke Bowels, beaten downe that lye,
No man respects how, or what blood he drew,
Nor can heare those that for their mercie cry.
Eares are damn'd vp with howles and hellish sounds
One fearefull noyse a fearefuller confounds.

Charles de la
Breth Consta-
ble of France.

When the courageous Constable of *France*,
Th'vnlucky Vanguard valiantly that led,
Sawe the day turn'd by this disastrous chance,
And how the *French* before the *English* fled;
O stay (quoth he) your Ensignes yet aduance,
Once more vpon the Enemy make head:
Neuer let *France* say, we were vanquisht so,
With our backs basely turn'd vpon our Foe.

The Admirall.

Whom the CHATTILLYON hapned to accost,
And seeing thus the Constable dismayde:
Shift noble Lord (quoth he) the day is lost,
If the whole world vpon the match were layde,
I cannot thinke but that I lack EDWARDS Ghost
Assists the *English*, and our Horse hath frayde;
If not, some Diuels they haue with them then,
That fight against vs in the shapen of men.

Not I my Lord, the Constable replies:
By my blest soule, the Field I will not quit:
Whilst two braue Battailles are to bring supplies:
Neither of which one stroke haue stricken yet:
Nay (quoth DAMPEIR) I doe not this aduise
More then your selfe, that I doe feare a whir:
Spurre vp my Lord, then side to side with mee,
And that I feare not, you shall quickly see.

They struck their Rowells to the bleeding sides
Of their fierce Steeds into the ayre that sprong:
And as their fury at that instant guides,
They thrust themselues into the murthering throng,
Where such bad fortune those braue Lords betides.

The Admirall
slaine.

The Admirall from off his Horse was slong,
For the sterne *English* downe before them beere,
All that withstand, the Pesant and the Peere.

Which when the noble Constable with griefe,
Doth this great Lord vpon the ground behold;
In his account so absolute a Chiefe,
Whose death through *France* he knew would be condold,
Like a braue Knight to yeeld his friend reliefe,
Doing as much as possibly he could,
Both horse and man is borne into the mayne,
And from his friend not halfe a furlong slayne.

The Constable
slaine.

Now

Now WILLOUGHBY vpon his well-Arm'd Horse,
 Into the midst of this Battalion brought,
 And valiant FANHOPE no whit lesse in force,
 Himselfe hath thither through the Squadrons raught,
 Whereas the *English* without all remorse,
 (Looking like men that deeply were distraught)
 Smoking with swear, besmear'd with dust and blood,
 Cut into Cantels all that them withstood.

Yet whilst thus hotely they hold vp the Chase
 Vpon the *French*, and had so high a hand .
 The Duke of *Burbon* to make good his place,
 Inforc'd his troupes (with much adoe) to stand,
 To whom the Earle of *Suffolke* makes a pace,
 Bringing a fresh, and yet vnfought-with Band:
 Of valiant Bill-men, OXFORD with successe,
 Vp with his Troupes doth with the other presse.

When in comes ORLEANCE, quite thrust off before,
 By those rude crowdes that from the *English* ran,
 Encouraging stout BVRBONS Troupes the more,
 T'affront the Foe that instantly began:
 Faine would the Duke (if possible) restore,
 (Doing as much as could be done by man)
 Their Honour lost, by this their late Defeate,
 And caused onely, by their base Retreate.

Their men at Armes their Lances closely lock
 One in another, and come vp so round,
 That by the strength and horreur of the shock,
 They forc'd the *English* to forsake their ground,
 Shrinking no more then they had beene a Rock,
 Though by the Shafts receiuing many a wound,
 As they would shewe, that they were none of those,
 That turn'd their backs so basely to their Foes.

Panting for breath his Murrian in his hand,
 WOODHOUSE comes in as back the *English* beare,
 My Lords (quoth he) what now inforc'd to stand,
 When smiling Fortune off'reth vs so faire,
 The *French* lye yonder like to wreakes of sand,
 And you by this our glory but impaire:
 Or now, or neuer, your first Fight maintaine,
 CHATILLION and the Constable are staine

The courage
 of Woodhouse
 remarkable.

Hand ouer head pell mell vpon them ronne,
 If you will proue the Masters of the day,
FERRERS and **GREYSTOCK** haue so brauely done,
 That I enuie their glory, and dare say,
 From all the *English*, they the Gole haue woone;
 Either lets share, or they'll beare all away.

This spoke, his Ax about his head he flings,
 And hasts away, as though his heeles had wings.

The Incitation of this youthfull Knight,
 Besides amends for their Retrayte to make,
 Doth re-enforce their courage, with their might
 A second Charge with speed to vndertake,
 Neuer before were they so mad to fight,
 When valiant **FANHOPPE** thus the Lords bespake,
SVFFOLKE and **OXFORD** as braue Earles you be,
 Once more beare vp with **WILLOGBY** and me.

Why now, methink'st I heare braue **FANHOPPE** speake,
 Quoth noble **OXFORD**, thou hast thy desire:
 These words of thine shall yan **Batalion** breake,
 And for my selfe I neuer will retire,
 Vntill our Teene vpon the *French* we wreake:
 Or in this our last enterprife expire:
 This spoke, their Gauntlets each doth other giue,
 And to the Charge as fast as they could driue.

That slaughter seem'd to haue but stay'd for breath,
 To make the horroure to ensue the more:
 With hands besmear'd with blood, when meager **Death**
 Looketh more grisly then he did before:
 So that each body seem'd but as a sheath,
 To put their swords in, to the Hilts in got:
 As though that instant were the end of all,
 To fell the *French*, or by the *French* to fall.

A Simily of
 the apparence
 of the Battell.

Looke how you see a field of standing Corn,
 When some strong winde in Summer haps to blowe,
 At the full height, and ready to be shorne,
 Rising in waues, how it doth come and goe
 Forward and backward, so the crowds are borne,
 Or as the Edie turneth in the flowe:
 And aboue all the Bills and Axes play,
 As doe the **Attom's** in the Sunny ray.

Now

Now with mayne blowes their Armour is vnbraſed,
And as the *French* before the *Engliſh* fled,
With their browne Bills their recreant backs they baſte,
And from their ſhoulders their faint Armes doe ſhred,
One with a gleauē neere cut off by the waſte,
Another runnes to ground with halfe a head:
Another ſtumbling falleth in his flight,
Wanting a legge, and one his face doth light.

The Dukes who found their force thus ouerthrowne,
And thoſe fewe left them ready ſtill to route,
Hauing great ſkill, and no leſſe courage ſhowne,
Yet of their ſafeties much began to doubt,
For hauing fewe about them of their owne,
And by the *Engliſh* ſo impaſd about,
Saw that to ſome one they themſelues muſt yeeld,
Or elſe abide the fury of the field.

They put themſelues on thoſe victorious Lords,
Who led the Vanguard with ſo good ſucceſſe,
Beſpeaking them with honourable words,
Themſelues their priſoners freely and confeſſe,
Who by the ſtrength of their commanding wordes,
Could hardly ſaue them from the ſlaughtering preſſe,
By *SUFFOLKS* ayde till they away were lent,
Who with a Guard conuay'd them to his Tent.

The Duke of
of Burbon and
Orleanſe taken
priſoners.

When as their Soldiers to echew the ſack,
Gainſt their owne Battell bearing in their flight,
By their owne *French* are ſtrongly beaten back:
Leſt they their Ranks, ſhould haue diſordered quite,
So that thoſe men at Armes goe all to wrack,
Twixt their owne friends, and thoſe with whom they fight,
Wherein diſorder and deſtruction ſeem'd
To ſtrive, which ſhould the powerfuller be deem'd.

And whiſt the *DAUPHINE* of *Auerney* cries,
Stay men at Armes, let Fortune doe her worſt,
And let that Villaine from the field that flies
By Babes yet to be borne, be euer curſt:
All vnder heauen that we can hope for, lyes
On this dayes battell, let me be the firſt
That turn'd yee back vp on your deſperate Foes,
To ſaue our Honours, though our lyues we loſe.

Called of
ſome *Guiſcard*
the *Dauphine*
of *Aragon*.

To

To whom comes in the Earle of EVVE, which long
 Had in the Battaille ranged here and there,
 A thousand Bills, a thousand Bowes among,
 And had seene many Spectakles of feare,
 And finding yet the *Daulphins* spirit so strong,
 By that which he had chanst from him to heare,
 Vpon the shoulder claps him, Prince quoth he,
 Since I must fall, o k t me fall with thee.

Scarfe had he spoke, but the *English* them inclose,
 And like to Mastiues fiercely on them flew,
 VVho with like Courage strongly them oppose,
 VVhen the Lord BEAMONT, who their Armings knewe,
 Their present perill to braue SVFFOLKE shewes,
 Quoth hee, Lo where DAVERNEY are and EVVE,
 In this small time, who since the Field begun,
 Haue done as much, as can by men be done.

Now slaughter cease me, if I doe not greeue,
 Two so braue Spirits should be vntimely slaine,
 Lies there no way (my Lord) them to releue,
 And for their Ransomes two such to retaine :
 Quoth SVFFOLKE, come weele hazad their repreeue,
 And share our Fortunes, in they goe amaine,
 And with such danger through the presse they wade,
 As of their liues but small account they made.

The *Daulphin*
 of *Auerney*
 slaine.
 The Earle of
Ewe taken
 prisoner.

Yet ere they through the clustred Crouds could get,
 Oft downe on those, there trod to death that lay,
 The valient DAULPHIN had discharg'd his debt,
 Then whom no man had brauelier seru'd that day.
 The Earle of EVVE, and wondrous hard beset :
 Had left all hope of life to scape away :
 Till noble BEAMONT and braue SVFFOLKE came,
 And as their prisoner seas'd him by his name.

Now the mayne Battaille of the *French* came on,
 The Vauward vanquish't, quite the Field doth flye,
 And other helpes besides this, haue they none :
 But that their hopes doe on their mayne relye,
 And therefore now it standeth them vpon,
 To fight it brauely, or else yeeld, or dye :
 For the fierce *English* Charge to home and fore,
 As in their hands Ioves Thunderbolts they bore.

The Duke of YORKE, who since the fight begun,
Still in the top of all his Troopes was seene,
And things wellneere beyond beleefe had done,
VVhich of his Fortune, made him ouerweene,
Himselfe so farre into the maine doth runne,
So that the *French* which quickly got betweene
Him and his succours, that great Chieftaine slue,
VVho brauely fought whilest any breath he drew.

The Duke of
Yorke slaine.

The newes soone brought to this Couragious King,
Orespied his face with a distempred Fire,
Though making little shew of any thing,
Yet to the full his eyes exprest his Ire,
More then before the *Frenchmen* menacing;
And hee was heard thus softly to respire:
VVell, of thy blood reuenged will I bee,
Or ere one houre be past Ile follow thee.

The King
heareth of the
Duke of *Yorke*
death.

The Kings re-
solution.

VVhen as the frolicke Cavalry of *France*,
That in the head of the maine Battaile came.
Perceiud the King of *England* to aduance,
To Charge in persion; It doth them inflame,
Each one well hoping it might be his chance
To sease vpon him, which was all their ayme,
Then with the brauest of the *English* mett,
Themselues that there before the King had sett.

VVhen the Earle of CORNEVVAL with vnusuall force,
Encounters GRANDPRE (next that came to hand)
In Strength his equall, blow for blow they scorce,
VVeelding their Axes as they had beene wands,
Till the Earle tumb'es GRANDPRE from his Horse
Ouer whom straight the Count SALINES stands,
And lendeth CORNEVVAL such a blow withall,
Ouer the Crupper that he makes him fall.

The bloody
scuffle be-
tweene the
French and
Engl^{ish}, at the
Ioyning of
the two maine
Battailes,
in five Stanzas

CORNEVVAL recouers, for his Armes were good,
And to SALINES maketh vp againe,
Who changde such boysterous buffers, that the blood,
Dorth through the Ioints of their strong Armour straine,
Till Count SALINES sunck downe where he stood,
BLAMOYNT who sees the Count SALINES slaine;
Straight copes with CORNEVVAL beaten out of breath
Till KENT comes in, and rescues him from death.

G

Kent

KENT vpon BLAMOVNT furiously doth flye,
 Who at the Earle with no lesse courage struck,
 And one the other with such knocks they plye,
 That eithers Axe in th'others Helmet stuck;
 Whilst they are wrastling, crossing thigh with thigh;
 Their Axes pykes, which soonest out should pluck:
 They fall to groun like in their Casks to smother,
 With their clutcht Gauntlets cuffing one another.

Called *Clvet*
 of *Brabant*.

Couragious CLVET grieved at the sight
 Of his friend BLAMOVNTs v unexpected fall,
 Makes in to lend him all the ayde he might;
 Whole comming seem'd the stout Lord SCALES to call,
 Betwixt whom then began a mortall fight,
 VWhen instantly fell in Sir PHILLIP HALL,
 Gainst him goes ROVSSY, in then LOVELL ran,
 VWhom next Count MORVYLE chuseth as his man.

Their Curates are vnriuetted with blowes,
 VVith horrid wounds their breasts and faces flasht;
 There drops a cheeke, and there falls off a nose:
 And in ones face his fellowes braines are dasht;
 Yet still the Better with the *English* goes;
 The earth of *France* with her owne blood is washt;
 They fall so fast, she scarce affords them roome,
 That one mans Trunke becomes anothers Toombe.

The Earle of
Suffolke charg-
 geth the Earle
 of *Hunting-*
don With
 breach of pro-
 mise.

VWhen SUFFOLK chargeth HUNTINGDON with sloth,
 Ouer himselfe too wary to haue bin,
 And had neglected his fast plighted troth
 Vpon the Field, the Battaile to begin,
 That where the one was, there they would be both;
 VWhen the stout Earle of HUNTINGDON, to win
 Trust with his friends; doth this himselfe enlarge
 To this great Earle who dares him thus to charge.

My Lord (quoth he) it is not that I feare,
 More then your selfe, that so I haue not gone;
 But that I haue beene forced to be neare
 The King whose person I attend vpon,
 And that I doubt not but to make appeare
 Now, if occasion shall but call me on;
 Looke roundabout my Lord, if you can see,
 Some braue aduenture worthy you and me.

See yā proud Banner, of the Duke of *Barres*,
 Me thinkst it wafts vs, and I heare it say,
 Wher's that couragious *Englishman* that darres,
 Aduenture, but to carry me away,
 This were a thing, now worthy of our warres;
 I't true, quoth *SUFFOLKE*, by this blessed day,
 On, and weele haue it, sayst thou so indeed,
 Quoth *HUNTINGDON*, then Fortune be our speed.

A desperate
 attempt
 by the Earle
 of *Hunting-*
don.

And through the Ranckes then rushing in their pride,
 They make a Lane; about them so they lay,
 Foote goes with foote, and side is ioynde to side,
 They strike downe all that stand within their way,
 And to direct them, haue no other guide,
 But as they see the multitude to sway;
 And as they passe, the *French* as to defie,
 Saint *George* for *England* and the King they cry.

By their examples, each braue *English* blood,
 Vpon the *Frenchmen* for their Ensignes runne,
 Thicke there as trees within a well-growne wood;
 Where great Atchiements instantly were done,
 Against them toughly whilst that Nation stood,
 But o what man his destinie can shunne
 That Noble *SUFFOLKE* there is ouerthrowne,
 When he much valour sundry wayes had showne.

One braue ex-
 ploit beget-
 teth another:

The Earle of
Suffolke slaine

Which the proud *English* further doth prouoke,
 Who to destruction bodily were bent,
 That the maine Battaile instantly they broke,
 Vpon the *French* so furiously they went,
 And not an *English* but doth scorne a stroake,
 If to the ground it not a *Frenchman* sent,
 Who weake with wounds, their weapons from them
 With which the *English* fearefully them slue. (threw,

The *English*
 kill the *French*
 with their
 owne Wea-
 pons.

ALANZON backe vpon the Reareward borne,
 By those vnarm'd that from the *English* fled,
 All further hopes then vterly forlorne,
 His Noble heart in his full Bosome bled;
 What Fate, quoth he, our ouerthrowe hath sworne,
 Must *France* a Prisoner be to *England* led,
 VVell, if she be so, yet Ile let her see,
 She beares my Carkasse with her, and not me.

And puts his Horſe vpon his full Careere,
 When with the courage of a valiant Knight
 (As one that knew not, or forgot to feare)
 He tow'rds King HENRY maketh in the fight,
 And all before him as he downe doth beare,
 Vpon the Duke of GLOCESTER doth light:
 Which on the youthfull Chiuallry doth bring,
 Scarfe two Pykes length that came before the King.

The Duke of
 Gloceſter over-
 throwne by
 the Duke of
 Alanzon.
 Their Staues both ſtrongly riuetted with ſteele,
 At the firſt ſtrooke each other they aſound,
 That as they ſtaggering from each other reele;
 The Duke of GLOSTER falleth to the ground:
 When as ALANZON round about doth wheele,
 Thinking to lend him his laſt deadly wound:
 In comes the King his Brothers life to ſaue,
 And to this braue Duke, a freſh on-ſet gane.

When as themſelues like Thunderbolts they ſhot,
 One at the other, and the Lightning brake
 Out of their Helmes, and againe was not,
 E'r of their ſtrokes, the eare a ſound could take
 Betwixt them two, the Conflict grew ſo hot,
 Which thoſe about them ſo amaz'd doth make,
 That they ſtood ſtill as wondring at the fight,
 And quite forgot that they themſelues muſt fight.

The King of
 England in
 danger to be
 ſlaine, by the
 Duke of Alan-
 zon.
 Vpon the King ALANZON preſt ſo fore,
 That with a ſtroke (as he was wondrous ſtrong)
 He cleſt the Crowne that on his Helme he wore,
 And tore his Plume that to his heeles it hong:
 Then with a ſecond bruſ'd his Helme before,
 That it is forehead pittifully wroong:
 As ſome that ſawe it certainly had thought,
 The King therewith had to the ground beene brought.

Alanzon bea-
 ten downe by
 the King of
 England.
 But HENRY ſoone ALANZONS Ire to quit,
 (As now his valour lay vpon the Rack)
 Vpon the face the Duke ſo ſtrongly hit,
 As in his Saddle layde him on his back,
 And once perceiuing that he had him ſplit,
 Follow'd his blowes, redoubling thwack on thwack:
 Till he had loſt his Stirrups, and his head
 Hung where his Horſe was like the reon to tread.

When

When soone two other seconding their Lord,
His kinde Companions in this glorious prize,
Hoping againe the Duke to haue restor'd,
If to his feet his Armes would let him rise:
On the Kings Helme their height of fury scor'd;
Who like a Dragon fiercely on them flies,
And on his body flew them both, whilst he
Recouering was their ayde againe to be.

The King kil-
leth two Gen-
tlemen that
aduenture to
rescue the
Duke.

The King thus made the Master of the Fight:
The Duke calls to him as he there doth lye:
HENRY I'll pay my Ransome, doe me right:
I am the Duke ALANZON, it is I.
The King to saue him putting all his might,
Yet the rude Souldiers with their shourt and crie,
Quite drown'd his voyce, his Helmet being shut,
And that braue Duke into small peeces cut.

The Duke A-
lanzon slaine.

Report once spred, through the distracted Host,
Of their prime hope, the Duke ALANZON slayne:
That flower of *France*, on whom they trusted most:
They found their valour was but then in vayne:
Like men their hearts that vterly had lost,
Who slowly fled before, now ranne amayne.
Nor could a man be found, but that dispaire
Seeing the Fate both of themselves and theirs.

The Duke NEVERS, now in this sad retreat,
By DAVID GAM and MORISBY persude,
(Who throughly chaf'd, neere melted into sweat,
And with *French* blood their Poleaxes imbrud)
They seafe vpon him following the defeate,
Amongst the faint, and fearefull multitude;
When a contention fell betweene them twaine,
To whom the Duke should rightfully pertaine.

The Duke
Neuers ta-
ken prisoner.

I must confesse thou hadst him first in chafe,
Quoth MORRISBY; but lests him in the throng,
Then put I on; quoth GAM, hast thou the face,
Insulting Knight, to offer me this wrong;
Quoth MORISBY, who shall decide the case,
Let him confesse to whom he doth belong;
Let him (quoth GAM) but ift be not to me,
For any right you haue, he may goe free.

Morisby and
Gam at con-
tention for
the Duke of
Neuers.

*Morrisby a
braue young
Knight.*

With that courageous MORRISBY grew hot,
Were not said he his Ransome worth a pin,
Now by these Armes I weare thou gett'st him not :
Or if thou do'st, thou shalt him hardly win ;

*David Gam
oft mentioned
in this Poem.*

GAM whose *Welch* blood could hardly brooke this blot,
To bend his Axe vpon him doth begin :

He his at him, till the Lord BEAMOYNT came
Their rash attempt, and wisely thus doth blame.

Are not the *French* twice trebl'd to our power,
And fighting still, nay, doubtfull yet the day :
Thinke you not these vs fast enough deuowre :
But that your braues the Army must dismay :
If ought but good befall vs in this howre :
This be you sure your lyues for it must pay :
Then first the end of this dayes Battaile see,
And then decide whose prisoner he shall be.

*The Duke of
Excester com-
meth in with
the Reare.*

Now EXCESTER with his vntaynted Reare
Came on, which long had labour'd to come in :
And with the Kings mayne Battell vp doth beare ;
Who still kept off, till the last houre had bin :
He cryes and clamours eu'ry way doth heare :
But yet he knew not which the day should win :
Nor askes of any what were fit to doe,
But where the *French* were thick'st, he falleth to.

The Earle of *Vandom* certainly that thought,
The *English* fury somewhat had beene stayde :
Weary with slaughter as men ouer-wrought,
Nor had beene spurr'd on by a second ayde :
For his owne safety, then more fiercely fought,
Hoping the tempest somewhat had beene layde :
And he thereby (though suff'ring the defeate,
Might keepe his Reareward whole in his Retreat,

On whom the Duke of EXCESTER then fell,
Reare with the Reare now for their Valours vy,
Ours finde the *French* their lyues will dearly sell ;
And th'*English* meane as dearly them to buy :
The *English* follow, should they runne through hell,
And through the same the *French* must, if they flye,
When too't they goe, deciding it with blowes,
With th'one side now, then with th'other's goes.

But

But the sterne *English* with such luck and might,
(As though the Fates had sworne to take their parts)
Vpon the *French* preuailing in the Fight,
With doubled hands, and with re-doubled harts,
The more in perill still the more in plight,
Gainst them whom Fortune miserably thwarts :
Disabled quite before the too to stand,
But all like grasse before the Mowers hand.

That this *French* Earle is beaten on the Field,
His fighting Souldiers round about him slaine;
And when himselte a Prisoner he would yeeld,
And beg'd for life, it was but all in vaine;
Their Bills the *English* doe so easely weeld
To kill the *French*, as though it were no paine;
For this to them was their auspicious day,
The more the *English* fight, the more they may.

The Earle of
Vandome
slaine.

When now the Marshall BOUCEQUALT, which long
Had through the Battaile waded eu'ry way,
Oft hazarded the murther'd Troupes among,
Encouraging them to abide the day :
Finding the Army that he thought so strong,
Before the *English* faintly to dismay,
Brings on the wings which of the rest remain'd,
With which the Battaile stoutly he maintain'd.

Till olde Sir THOMAS ERPINGHAM at last,
With those three hundred Archers commeth in,
Which layd in ambush not three hours yet past ;
Had the Defeat of the *French* Army bin,
With these that noble Souldier maketh hast,
Lest other from him should the honour win :
Who as before now stretch their well-wax'd strings,
At the *French* Horse then comming in the wings.

Sir Thomas
Erpingham
getteth in
with his three
hundred Ar-
chers.

The soyle with slaughter eu'ry where they load,
Whilst the *French* stoutly to the *English* stood,
The drops from eithers empried veynes that flow'd,
Where it was lately firme had made a flood :
But heau'n that day to the braue *English* ow'd ;
The Sunne that rose in water, set in blood :
Nothing but horrour to be look'd for there,
And the stout Marshall vainely doth but feare.

His

The Marshall
of France
slaine.

His Horse sore wounded whilst he went aside,
To take another still that doth attend,
A shaft which some too-lucky hand doth guide,
Peircing his Gorget brought him to his end,
Which when the proud Lord FALKONBRIDGE espide,
Thinking from thence to beare away his friend,
Strucke from his Horse, with many a mortall wound,
Is by the *English* nayled to the ground.

The *Marshalls* death so much doth them affright,
That downe their weapons instantly they lay,
And better yet to fit them for their flight,
Their weightier Armes, they wholly cast away,
Their hearts so heauy, makes their heeles so light,
That there was no intreating them to stay,
Ore hedge and ditch distractedly they take,
And happiest he, that greatest haste could make,

Count *Va-*
damovnt.

When VADAMOVT now in the Conflict mett,
With valient BRABANT, whose high valour showne
That day, did many a blunted Courage whett,
Else long before that from the Field had flowne,
Quoth VADAMOVT, see how we are besett,

The Duke of
Brabant a
most couragi-
ous Prince.

So death like to be troden by our owne,
My Lord of *Brabant*, what is to be done?
See how the *French* before the *English* runne.

A bitter excla-
mation of the
Duke of *Bra-*
bant against
the *French*.

Why, let them runne and neuer turne the head,
Quoth the braue Duke, vntill their hatefull breath
Forsake their Bodies, and so farre haue fled,
That *France* be not disparadg'd by their death:
VWho trusts to Cowards ne'r is better sped,
Be he accurst, with such that holdeth faith,
Slaughter consume the Recreants as they flye,
Branded with shame, so basely may they dye.

Ignoble *French*, your fainting Cowardize craues
The dreadfull curse of your owne Mother earth,
Hardning her breast, not to allow you graues,
Be she so much ashamed of your birth;
May he be curst that one of you but saues,
And be in *France* hereafter such a dearth
Of Courage, that men from their wits it feare,
A Drumme, or Trumpet when they hap to heare.

From

From *Burgundy* brought I the force I had,
To fight for them, that ten from one doe flye;
It splits my breast, O that I could be mad;
To vex these Slaues who would not dare to dye:
In all this Army is there not a Lad,
Thigh noble *French* for Cowards that dare crye:
If scarce one found, then let me be that one,
The *English* Army that oppos'd alone.

*Anthony Duke
of Brabant,
sonne to the
Duke of Bur-
gundy.*

This said, he puts his Horse vpon his speed,
And in, like lightning on the *English* flew:
Where many a Mothers sonne he made to bleed,
Whilst him with much astonishment they viewe:
Where hauing acted many a Knight-like deed,
Him and his Horse they all to peeces hewe:
Yet he that day more lasting glory wan,
Except ALANZON then did any man.

*The valiant
Duke of Bra-
bant slaine.*

When as report to great King HENRY came,
Of a vast Route which from the Battaille fled,
(Amongst the *French* most men of speciall name)
By the stout *English* fiercely followed;
Had for their safety, (much though to their shame)
Got in their flight into so strong a sted,
So fortifi'd by nature (as 'twas thought)
They might not thence, but with much blood be brought.

*Many of the
French in
their flight
get into an old
Fort.*

An aged Rampire, with huge Ruines heapt,
Which seru'd for Shot, gainst those that should assaile,
Whose narrow entrance they with Crosbowes kept,
Whose sharped quarres came in show'rs like hayle:
Quoth the braue King, first let the field be swept,
And with the rest we well enough shall deale;
Which though some heard, and so shut vp their eare,
Yet relish'd not with many Souldiers there.

*The Kings
slight answer.*

Some that themselves by Ransomes would enrich,
(To make their pray of Peasants yet dispise)
Felt as they thought their bloody palmes to itch,
To be in action for their wealthy prize:
Others whom onely glory doth bewitch,
Rather then life would to this enterprize:
Most men seem'd willing, yet not any one
Would put himselfe this great exploit vpon.

H

VWhich

Woodhouse
icereth at the
attempt.

Which WOODHOUSE hearing meerily thus spake,
(One that right well knew, both his worth and wit)
A dangerous thing it is to vndertake
A Fort, where Souldiers be defending it,
Perhaps they sleepe, and if they should awake,
With stones, or with their shafts they may vs hitt,
And in our Conquest whilst so well we fare,
It were meere folly, but I see none dare.

Braues passe
betweyn Gam
and Wood-
house.

Which GAM o'r hearing (being neere at hand)
Not dare quoth he, and angerly doth frowne,
I tell thee WOODHOUSE, some in presence stand,
Dare propp the Sunne if it were falling downe,
Dare gralpe the bolt from Thunder in his hand,
And through a Cannon leape into a Towne;
I tell thee, a reselued man may doe
Things, that thy thoughts, yet neuer mounted to.

I know that resolution may doe much,
WOODHOUSE replies, but who could act my thought,
With his proud head the Pole might easely touch.
And GAM quoth he, though brauely thou hast fought,
Yet not the fame thou hast attain'd too, such,
But that behind as great is to be bought,
And yonder tis, then GAM come vp with me,
Where soone the King our Courages shall see.

Agreed quoth GAM, and vp their Troopes they call,
Hand ouer head, and on the *French* they ran,
And to the fight couragiously they fall,
When on both sides the slaughter soone began;
Fortune awhile indifferent is to all,
These what they may, and those doe what they can
WOODHOUSE and GAM vpon each other vye,
By Armes their manhood desperatly to try.

To clime the Fort the Light-Arm'd *English* striue,
And some by Trees there growing to ascend;
The *French* with Flints let at the *English* driue,
Themselues with Shields the *Englishmen* defend,
And faine the Fort downe with their hands would riue:
Thus either side their vtmost power extend,
Till valiant GAM fore wounded, drawne aside
By his owne Souldiers, shortly after dy'de.

Captaine
Gam slaine.

Then

Then take they vp the bodies of the slaine,
Which for their Targets ours before them boare,
And with a fresh assault come on againe;
Scarfe in the Field yet, such a fight as there,
Crosse-bowes, and Long-bowes at it are amaine,
Vntil the *French* their massacre that feare,
Of the piece *English*, a cessation craue,
Offering to yeeld, so they their liues would saue.

LEVVIS of *Burbon* in the furious heat
Of this great Battaile, hauing made some stay,
Who with the left wing suffered a defeate,
In the beginning of this lucklesse day,
Finding the *English* forcing their retreat,
And that much hope vpon his valour lay,
Fearing lest he might vndergoe some shame,
That were vnworthy of the *BVRBON* name.

Hath gathered vp some scattred Troopes of Horse,
That in the Field stood doubtfull what to doe;
Though with much toyle, which he doth reinforce
With some small power that he doth add thereto,
Proclaiming still the *English* had the worse,
And now at last, with him if they would goe,
He dares assure them Victory, if not
The greatest fame that euer Souldiers gott.

And being wise, so *BVRBON* to beguile
The *French*, (preparing instantly to fly)
Procures a Souldier, by a secret wile
To come in swiftly and to craue supply,
That if with Courage they would fight awhile,
It certaine was the *English* all should dye,
For that the King had offered them to yeeld,
Finding his troopes to leaue him on the Field.

When *ARTHUR* Earle of *Richmount* comming in,
With the right wing that long staid out of sight,
Hauing too lately with the *English* bin,
But finding *BVRBON* bent againe to fight,
His former credic hoping yet to winn,
(Which at that instant easily he might)
Comes close vp with him, and puts on as fast,
Brauely resolu'd to fight it to the last.

For this seruice done by
Woodhouse,
there was an
addition of
honour giuen
him: which
was a hand
holding a
Club: with
the word,
Frappe Fort,
which is born
by the Family
of the *Wood-*
house of *Nor-*
folk, to this
day.

A deuise of
Burbons to
giue encour-
agement to
the *French*.

And

H 2

And both encourag'd by the newes was brought
Of the ariving of the DAVLPHINS power;
Whose speedy Van, their Reare had almost raught;
(From *Agincourt* discover'd from a Tower)
Which with the *Norman* Gallantry was fraught,
And on the suddaine comming like a shower;
Would bring a deluge on the *English* Host,
Whilst yet they stood their victory to boast.

A family of
the French,

And one they come, as dorth a rowling tide,
Forc'd by a winde, that shoues it forth so fast,
Till it choke vp some chancell side to side,
And the craz'd banks dorth downe before it cast,
Hoping the *English* would them not abide,
Or would be so amated at their hast,
That should they faile to roure them at their will;
Yet of their blood, the fields should drinke their fill.

When as the *English* whose o'r-wearied Armes,
Were with long slaughter lately waxed sore;
These unexpected, and so fierce Alarmes,
To their first strength doe instantly restore,
And like a Stoue their stifned sinewes warmes,
To act as brauely as they did before;
And the proud *French* as stoutly to oppose,
Scorning to yeeld one foote despight of blowes.

The fight is fearefull, for stout BYRBON brings
His fresher forces on with such a stocke,
That they were like to cut the Archers strings
E're they their Arrowes hansomly could nock.
The *French* like Engines that were made with springs:
Themselves so fast into the *English* lock,
That th'one was like the other downe to beare,
In wanting room th' to strike, they stood so neare.

Till staggering long they from each other reel'd,
Glad that themselves they so could disengage;
And falling back vpon the spacious field
(For this last Scene, that is the bloody Stage)
Where they their Weapons liberally could weeld,
They with such madnesse execute their rage;
As though the former fury of the day,
To this encounter had but beene a play.

Slaughter

Slaughter is now defeeted to the full,
Here from their backs their batter'd Armors fall,
Here a fleft shoulder, there a clouen scull,
There hang his eyes out beaten with a mall,
Vntill the edges of their Bills growe dull,
Vpon each other they so spend their gall,
Wilde showtes and clamors all the ayre doe fill,
The *French* cry *tue*, and the *English* kill.

The Duke of *Barre* in this vast spoyle by chance;
With the Lord *SAINT-IOHN* on the Field doth meete,
Tow'rds whom that braue Duke doth himselfe aduance,
Who with the like encounter him doth greete;
This *English* Barron, and this Peere of *France*,
Grapling together, falling from their feete,
VVith the rude crowdes had both to death bene crusr't,
In for their safety, had their friends not rusr't.

Both againe rais'd, and both their Souldiers shift,
To saue their lyues if any way they could:
But as the *French* the Duke away would lift,
Vpon his Armes the *English* taking hold,
(Men of that sort, that thought vpon their thrift)
Knowing his Ransome dearly would be sold,
Dragge him away in spight of their defece,
Which to their Quarter would hane borne him thence.

Meane while braue *BVRBON* from his stirring Horse,
Gall'd with an Arrow to the earth is throwne;
By a meane Souldier seased on by force,
Hoping to haue him certainly his owne,
Which this Lord holdeth better so then worse;
Since the *French* fortune to that ebbe is growne,
And he perceiues the Souldier him doth deeme,
To be a person of no meane esteeme.

Lewes of Bur-
bon taken pri-
soner by a
meane Soul-
dier.

BERCKLEY and *BYRNELL*, two braue *English* Lords,
Fleht with *French* blood, and in their Valours pride,
Aboue their Arm'd heads brandishing their swords,
Asthey tryumphing through the Army ride,
Finding what prizes Fortune here affords
To eu'ry Souldier, and more willy eyde
This gallant prisoner, by this Arming see,
Of the great *BVRBON* family to be.

Lewis of Bur-
bow stabd by
the Souldier
that took him
prisoner.

And from the Souldier they his Prisoner take,
Of which the *French* Lord seemeth wondrous faine
Thereby his safety more secure to make :

Which when the Souldier findes his hopes in vaine,
So rich a Booty forced to forsake,
To put himselfe, and prisoner out of paine :

He on the suddaine stabs him, and doth sweare,
Would th'auc his Ransome, they should take it there.

When ROSSE and MORLEY making in amaine,
Bring the Lord DARCY vp with them along,
Whose Horse had lately vnder him beene slaine;
And they on foote found fighting in the throng,
Those Lords his friends remounting him againe,
Being a man that valiant was and strong :
They altogether with a generall hand,
Charge on the *French* that they could finde to stand.

And yet but vainely as the *French* supposed,
For th'Earle of RICHMONT forth such earth had found,
That one two sides with quich-set was enclosed,
And the way to it by a rising ground,
By which a while the *English* were opposed,
At every Charge which else came vp so round,
As that except the passage put them by,
The *French* as well might leaue their Armes and flye.

Vpon both parts it furiously is fought,
And with such quicknesse riseth to that hight,
That horror neede no further to be fought :
If onely that might satisfie the fight,
Who would haue fame full dearly here it bought,
For it was sold by measure and by waight,
And at one rate the price still certaine stood,
An ounce of honour cost a pound of blood.

The Lords
Dampier and
Saveses taken
prisoners.

When so it hapt that DAMPIER in the Van,
Meetes with stout DARCY, but whilst him he prest,
Ouer and ouer commeth horse and man,
Of whom the other soone himselfe posselt :
When as SAVESSES vpon DARCY ran
To ayde DAMPIER, but as he him adrest;
A Halbert raking hold vpon his Greaves,
Him from his Saddle violently heaues.

When

When soone five hundred *Englishmen* at Armes,
That to the *French* had giuen many a chase;
And when they couered all the Field with swarmes;
Yet oft that day had brauely bid them bafe:
Now at the last by raising fresh Alarmes;
And comming vp with an vnusuall pace,
Made them to know, that they must runne or yeeld,
Neuer till now the *English* had the Field.

Where ARTHVR Earle of *Richmount* beaten downe,
Is left (suppos'd of eu'ry one for dead)
But afterwards awaking from his swoone,
By some that found him, was recovered:
So Count DV MARLE was likewise ouerthrowne:
As he was turning meaning to haue fled,
Who fights, the colde blade in his bosome feelles,
Who flies, still heares it whisking at his heeles.

*Arthur Earle
of Richmount
taken priso-
ner.*

*The Count de
Marle slaine.*

Till all disfrank'd, like feely Sheepe they runne,
By threats nor prayers, to be constrain'd to stay;
For that their hearts were so extreamely done,
That fainting oft they fall vpon the way:
Or when they might a present perill shunne,
They rush vpon it by their much dismay,
That from the *English* should they safely flye,
Of their owne very feare, yet they should dye.

Some they take prisoners, other some they kill,
As they affect those vpon whom they fall:
Forth: y as Victors may doe what they will:
For who this Conqueror to account dare call,
In gore the *English* seeme their soules to swill,
And the deiected *French* must suffer all;
Flight, cords, and slaughter, are the onely three,
To which themselues subiect they doe see.

A shooleffe Souldier there a man might meete,
Leading his Mounfier by the armes fast bound:
Another, his had shackled by the feete;
Who like a Cripple shuffled on the ground;
Another three or foure before him beete,
Like harmefull Chattell driuen to a pound;
They must abide it, so the Victor will,
Who at his pleasure may, or saue, or kill.

*The misery of
the French.*

That

That braue *French* Gallant, when the fight began,
 Whose lease of Lackies ambled by h's side,
 Himselfe a Lucky now most basely ran,
 Whilst a rag'd Souldier on his Horse doth ride,
 That Rascall is no lesse then at his man,
 Who was but lately to his Luggadgetide;
 And the *French* Lord now courties to that slaue,
 Who the last day his Almes was like to craue.

The *French*
 forced to beare
 the wound
 English on
 their backs.

And those few *English* wounded in the fight,
 They force the *French* to bring with them away,
 Who when they were depressed with the weight,
 Yet dar'd not once their burthen downe to lay,
 Those in the morne, whose hopes were at their height,
 Are fallne thus lowe ere the departing day;
 With pickes of Harts prickt in steed of goads,
 Like tyred Horses labouring with their Loads.

But as the *English* from the Field returne,
 Some of thole *French* who when the Fight began,
 Forsooke their friends, and hoping yet to earne,
 Pardon, for that so cowardly they ran,
 Assay the *English* Carridges to burne,
 Which to defend them scarcely had a man;
 For that their keepers to the field were got,
 To picke such spoyles, as chance should them allot.

A crew of rascals
 call *French* ri-
 fle the King
 of Englands
 Tents.

The Captaines of this Rascall cowardly Route,
 Were ISAMBERT of *Agincourt* at hand,
 RIFLANT of *Clunasse* a Dorpe there about,
 And for the Chiefe in this their base command,
 Was ROBINETT of *Burniule*; throughout
 The Countrie knowne, all order to withstand,
 These with five hundred Peasants they had rais'd
 The *English* Tents, vpon an instant seais'd.

For setting on those with the Luggage left,
 A few poore Sutlers with the Campe that went,
 They basely fell to pillage and to theft,
 And hauing rifled euery Booth and Tent,
 Some of the sillyest they of life bereft,
 The feare of which, some of the other sent,
 Into the Army, with their suddaine cries,
 Which put the King in feare of fresh supplies,

For that his Souldiers tyred in the fight,
 Their Prisoners more in number then they were,
 He thought it for a thing of too much weight,
 T'oppose freshe forces, and to gaurd them there.
 The DAULPHINS Powers, yet standing in their fight,
 And BURBONS Forces of the field not cleere,
 These yearning cryes, that from the Caridge came,
 His bloud yet hott, more highly doth inflame

The French
 prisoners more
 in number
 then the
 English.
 Souldiers.

And in his rage he instantly commands,
 That euery English should his prisoner kill,
 Except some fewe in some great Captaines hands
 Whose Ransomes might his emptyed Coffers fill,
 Alls one whose loose, or who is nowe in bonds,
 Both must one way, it is the Conquerers will.
 Those who late thought, small Ransoms them might free
 Saw onely death their Ransomes now must be.

The English
 kill their
 prisoners.

Accursed French, and could it not suffice,
 That ye but now bath'd in your native gore;
 But yee must thus unfortunately rise,
 To drawe more plagues vpon yee then before,
 And gainst your selfe more mische ife to diuise,
 Then th' English could haue, and set wide the dore.
 To vtter ruine, and to make an end
 Of that your selues, which others would not spend.

Expostulation.

Their vtmost rage the English now had breath'd,
 And their proud heartes gan somewhat to relent,
 Their bloody swords they quietly had sheath'd,
 And their strong bowes already were vn bent,
 To easefull rest their bodies they bequeath'd,
 Nor farther harme at all to you they ment,
 And to that paynes must yee them needfly putt,
 To draw their kniues once more your throats to cutt.

The French
 caute of their
 owne masse-
 chre,

That French who lately by the English stood,
 And freely ask'd what ransome he should pay,
 Whoe somewhat coold, and in a calmer moode,
 Agreed with him both of the some and day,
 Nowe findes his flesh must be the present foode,
 For wolues and Rauens, for the same that stay.
 And sees his blood on th'others sword to flowe,
 Er his quicke sense could apprehend the blowe.

A discription
 of the Malla-
 chre in the
 foure
 following
 stanzas

Whilst

Whilst one is asking what the busnesse is,
 Hearing (in *French*) his Country-man to crye :
 He who detaines him prisoner, answers this:
 Mounsier, the King commands that you must dye ;
 This is plaine *English*, whilst he's killing his :
 He sees another on a *French* man flye,
 And with a Poleax pasheth out his braines,
 Whilst he's demanding what the Garboyle meanes.

That tender heart whose chance it was to haue,
 Some one, that day who did much valour shoue,
 Who might perhaps haue had him for his Slaue :
 But equall Lots had Fate pleas'd to bestowe :
 He who his prisoner willingly would saue,
 Lastly constrain'd to giue the deadly blowe
 That sends him downe to euerlasting sleepe :
 Turning his face, full bitterly doth weepe.

Ten thousand *French* that inwardly were well,
 Saue some light hurts that any man might heale :
 Euen at an instant, in a minute fell,
 And their owne friends their deathes to them to deale.
 Yet of so many, very fewe could tell,
 Nor could the *English* perfectly reueale,
 The desperate cause of this disastrous hap,
 But euen as Thunder kill'd them with a clap.

How happy were those in the very hight,
 Of this great Battaile, that had brauely dyde,
 When as their boyling bosomes in the fight,
 Felt not the sharpe Steele thorough them to slide:
 But these now in a miserable plight,
 Must in cold blood this massacre abide,
 Caused by those Villaines (curst alieue and dead,)
 That from the field the passed morning fled.

When as the King to Crowne this glorious day,
 Now bids his Souldiers after all this toyle,
 (No forces found that more might them dismay)
 Of the dead *French* to take the gen'rall spoyle,
 Whose heapes had well neere stop't vp eu'ry way ;
 For eu'n as Clods they cou'ed all the soyle,
 Commanding none should any one controule,
 Catch that catch might, but each man to his dole.

They

They fall to groping busily for gold,
 Of which about them the slaine *French* had store,
 They finde as much as well their hands can hold,
 Who had but siluer, him they counted poore,
 Scarfes, Chaines, and Bracelets, were not to be told,
 So rich as these no Souldiers were before;
 Who got a Ring would scarcely put it on,
 Except therein there were some Radiant stone.

Out of rich futes the Noblest *French* they strip,
 And leaue their Bodies naked on the ground,
 And each one fills his Knap sack or his Scrip;
 With some rare thing that on the Field is found:
 About his businesse he doth nimble skip,
 That had vpon him many a cruell wound:
 And where they found a *French* not out-right slaine,
 They him a prisoner constantly retaine.

Who scarce a Shirt had but the day before,
 Nor a whole Stocking to keepe out the cold,
 Hath a whole Wardrop (at command in store)
 In the *French* fashion flaunting it in gold,
 And in the *Tauerne*, in his Cups doth rore,
 Chocking his Crownes, and growes thereby so bold,
 That proudly he a Captaines name assumes,
 In his gilt Gorget with his tossing Plumes.

Waggons and Carts are laden till they crackt,
 With Armes and Tents there taken in the Field;
 For want of carridge on whose tops are packt,
 Ensignes, Coat-Armours, Targets, Speares, and Shields:
 Nor neede they conuoy, fearing to be sackt;
 For all the Country to King HENRY yeelds,
 And the poore Pesant helps along to beare,
 What late the goods of his proud Landlord were.

A Horse well furnisht for a present VVarre:
 For a *French* Crowne might any where be bought,
 But if so be that he had any scarre,
 Though ner so small, he valew'd was at naught;
 VVith spoyles so sated the proud *English* are;
 Amongst the slaine, that who for pillage sought,
 Except some rich Caparizon he found,
 For a Steele Saddle would not stoupe to ground.

And many a hundred beaten downe that were,
 Whose wounds were mortall, others wondrous deepe,
 When as the *English* ouer-past they heare :
 And no man left a Watch on them to keepe,
 Into the Bushes, and the Dirches neare,
 Vpon their weake hands and their knees doe creepe :
 But for their hurts tooke ayre, and were vndreit,
 They were found dead, and buried with the rest.

Thus when the King sawe that the Coast was cleard,
 And of the *French* who were not slaine were fled :
 Nor in the Field not any then appear'd,
 That had the power againe to make a head :
 This Conquerour exceedingly is cheer'd,
 Thanking his God that he so well had sped,
 And so towr'ds *Callice* brauely marching on,
 Leaueth sad *France* her losses to bemoane.

F f N f S.

The Battaille of Agincourt.

THE

THE
MISERIES
OF
QUEENE
MARGARITE.

H Sing a woman, and a powerfull Queene,
HENRY the sixt, the King of *Englands* Wife,
The beauteous MARGARITE, whose
misgouern'd spleene
So many sorrowes brought vpon her life,
As vpon womans neuer yet were seene,
In the beginning of that fatall strife
(Th'vnlucky season) when the *Torkists* saught
To bring the Line of *Lancaster* to naught.

It was the time of those great stirres in *France*,
Their ancient Right that th' *English* had regain'd,
But the proud *French* attributing to chance,
What by meere Manhood stoutly ours obtain'd,
Their late-falne Ensignes labour'd to aduance,
The Streetes with blood of either Nation stain'd:
These strue to hold, those to cast off the yoke,
VWhist Forts, and Townes flewe vp to heauen in smoke.

The neighbouring Princes greatly pitying then,
The Christian blood in that long quarrell shed,
VWhich had deuoured such multitudes of men,
That the full earth could scarcely keepe her dead;
Yet for each *English*, of her Natiuesten:
In zeale to peace these neighbouring Princes led:
At *Tours* in *Tourayne* set them downe a Diet,
(Could it be done) these clamorous fiends to quiet.

The family of
Torks sought
vnder hand
to promoue
their tale-
about that
time.

After the se-
cond conquest
of *France* by
Henry the 5th.

The Christian
Princes seeke
to make a
peace between
England and
France.

From th'Emperour, there Ambassadors ariue,
 The Kings of *Denmarke, Hungary, and Spaine,*
 And that each thing they aptly might contriue,
 And both the Kings there largely might complaine.
 The Duke of *Orleance*, for the *French* doth striue
 To shew his greeuance; *WILLIAM POOLE* againe,
 The Earle of *Suffolke* doth for *England* stand,
 Who steer'd the State then with a powerfull hand.

A peace concluded for 18. months.

Poole in this time of peace laboureth to conclude a Marriage betwixt the Lady *Margarite* and the King his Master.

Poole taken with the exceeding beauty of the Princess.

For eightene months they ratifie a peace,
 Twixt these proud Realmes, which *STEFFOLKE* doth
 With all his powers, with hope still to increase, (pursue
 The same expir'd, that it should soone renew,
 For by his meanes, if so this warre might cease,
 He had a Plot of which they neuer knew,
 To his intent, which if all things went right,
 Heele make the dull world to admire his might.

For hauing scene faire *MARGARITE* in *France*,
 (That times bright'st beauty) being then but youug,
 Her peircing eyes with many a subtile glance,
 His mighty heart so forcibly had stung,
 As made him thinke if that he could aduance,
 This mortall wonder, onely that among
 His rising Fortunes, should the greatestt proue,
 If to his Queene, he could aduance his loue.

Her eyes at all poynts Arm'd with those deceits,
 That to her sex are naturall euery way,
 Which with more Art, shee as inticing baites,
 For this great Lord doth with aduantage lay,
 As he againe that on her bosome waites,
 Had found that there, which could he come to sway,
 He would put faire as euer man did yet,
 Vpon the height of Fortunes wheele to sit.

Loue and Ambition spurre him in such sort,
 As that (alone) t'accomplish his desire
 To fall with *PHAETON* he would thinke it sport,
 Though he should set the Vniuerse on fire,
 Nor reckes he what the world of him report,
 He must scorne that, who will dare to aspier,
 For through the Ayre his wings him way shall make,
 Though in his fall the frame of heauen he shake.

REYNER descended from the Royall stem
Of *France*, the Duke of *Anion*, stiled King
Of *Naples*, *Cicill*, and *Ierusalem*,
Although in them he had not any thing,
But the poore tytle of a Diadem;
Seeing by SVFFOLKE greater hopes to spring;
Puts on his Daughter that great Lord to please
Of *Englands* Counsailes who kept all the keyes.

He had onely
the title of
these King-
domes with-
out any liue-
lihood.

Margarite
Duke *Ryner*'s
daughter.

But strange encounters strongly him oppose,
In his first entrance to this great Designe,
Those men were mighty that against him rose,
And came vpon him with a Countermine,
That he must now play cunningly, or lose:
Cunning they were against him that combine,
Plot about plot, doth straine aloft to tower.
The conflict great, twixt pollicy and power.

For HVMFREY Duke of *Gloster*, stild the good,
Englands Protector sought a match to make,
With a faire Princessse, of as Royall blood,
The Daughter of the Earle of *Arminake*,
And his Crown'd Nephew: but stout SVFFOLKE stood
Still for his Mistresse, nor will her forsake,
But make her HENRIES Queene in spight of all:
Or she shall rise, or SVFFOLKE sweares to fall.

A motion of a
marriage be-
fore by an
Ambassadour
with the Earle
of *Arminake*'s
only daugh-
ter.

By the *French* faction when she vp is cride,
Of all Angellique excellence the Prime,
Who was so dull that her not Deifide,
To be the onely Master-peece of time:
The praise of her extended is so wide,
As that thereon a man to heauen might clime:
All tongues and eares enchanted with delite,
When they doe talke, or heare of MARGARITE.

The high
praises of the
Princessse
Margarites
beauty.

And those whom POOLE about his Prince had plac'd,
And for his purpose taught the tricks of Court,
To this great King, and many a time had grac'd,
To make his cares more apt for their report,
Having the time most diligently trac'd,
And sawe these things successefully to sort:
Strike in a hand, and vprogether beare,
To make faire MARGARITE Musick in his eare.

Pooles follo-
wers placed
about the King
to worke his
owne ends.

Anion

Aniow a Dutchy, *Mayne* a County great,
 Of which the *English* long had beene posselt,
 And *Manns* a Citie of no small receite,
 To which the Duke pretended interest:
 For the conclusion, when they came to treat,
 And things by *POOLE* were to the vtmost prest,
 Are to Duke *REYNER* rendred vp to hold,
 To buy a *HELLEN*, thus a *Troy* was sold.

The Prouinces
 in *France* gi-
 uen to Duke
Reyner for his
 daughter.

Poole created
 first from an
 Earle, Mar-
 quesse, and
 after Duke
 of *Suffolke*.

When of an Earle, a Marquesse *POOLE* is made,
 Then of a Marquesse, is a Duke created,
 For he at ease in Fortunes lap was layd,
 To glorious actions wholly consecrated:
 Hard was the thing that he could not perswade,
 In the Kings fauour he was so instated;
 Without his *SUFFOLKE* who could not subfist,
 So that he ruled all things as he list.

The people
 exceedingly
 repine for the
 giuing away
 of the Pro-
 uinces.

This with a strong astonishment doth strike,
 Th'amazed world which knew not what to say,
 What liuing man but did the act mislike,
 If him it did not vtterly dismay,
 That what with blood was bought, at push of Pike,
 Got in an age, giu'n in an houre away:
 Some largely speake, and some againe are dumbe,
 Wond'ring what would of this strange world become.

A simily.

As when some dreadfull Comet doth appeare,
 Athwart the heauen that throwes his threatening light,
 The peacefull people that at quiet were,
 Stand with wilde gazes wond'ring at the sight,
 Some Warre. some Plagues, some Famine greatly feare,
 Some falls of Kingdomes, or of men of might:
 The greued people thus their iudgements spend,
 Of these strange Actions what should be the end.

Suffolke Pro-
 curator for
 the King.

The marriage
 solemnized in
 the City of
Towers.

When *SUFFOLKE* Procurator for the King,
 Is ship'd for *France*, t'espouse the beauteous Bride,
 And fitted to the full of euery thing,
 Followed with *Englands* Gallantry and pride,
 (As fresh as is the brauery of the Spring)
 Comming to *Towers*, there sumptuously affide:
 This one, whose like no age had seene before,
 Whose eyes out-shone the Iewels that shee wore.

Her

Her reuerent Parents ready in the place,
As ouerjoy'd this happy day to see,
The King and Queene the Nuptialls there to grace;
On them three Dukes, as their attendants be,
Seuen Earles, twelue Barons in their equipage,
And twenty Bishops, whilst that onely shee,
Liketo the Rosy morning towards the rise,
Cheeres all the Church, as it doth cheere the skies.

The great
concourse to
honour the
Solemniza-
tion.

Tryumphall Arches the glad Towne doth raise,
And Tilts and Turneys are perform'd at Court,
Conceited Masks, rich Banquets, witty playes,
Besides amongst them many a pretty sport,
Poets write *Prothalamions* in their praise,
Vntill mens eares were cloyd with the report,
Of either sex, and who doth not delight
To weare the Dayfie for Queene MARGARITE.

Margarite in
French signi-
a Dayfe,

The Tryumphes ended, he to *England* goes
With this rich Gem allotted him to keepe,
Still entertained with most sumptuous showes,
In passing thorough *Normandy* to *Diepe*,
Where like the Sea the concourse dayly flowes,
For her departure whilst sad *France* doth weepe;
And that the Ships their crooked Ancors waide,
By which to *England* she must be conuaide.

The Queene
brauely inter-
tained in pas-
sing through
Normandy.

And being fitted both for Winde and Tide,
Out of the Harbour flies this goodly Fleet,
And for fayre *Portsmouth* their straight Course they plyde,
Where the King staid his louely Bride to meete;
Yonder she comes when as the people cride,
Busie with Rushes strewing euery street,
The brainelesse Vulgar little vnderstand,
The Horrid plagues that ready were to Land,

The King
stayeth for
the Queenes
landing at
Portsmouth.

Which but to soone all seeing heauen foretold,
For she was scarcely safely put a Shore,
But that the skies (ô wondrous to behold)
Orespread with lightning, hideously doe rore,
The furious winds with one another scold,
Neuer such Tempests had bene scene before,
With suddaine floods whole Villages were drown'd,
Steeple with earthquakes tumbled to the ground.

Great and
fearefull Tem-
pests at the
comming in
of the Queene

K

When

When to their purpose things to passe were brought,
 And these two braue ambitious spirits were met,
 The Queene and Duke now frame their working thought,
 Into their hands the Soueraignty to get:
 For soone they found the King could not be wrought,
 Vp to their ends, nature so low had set
 His humble heart; that what they would obtaine,
 Tis they must do't, by colour of his Raigne.

And for they found the griued Commons grutch,
 At this which SVFFOLKE desperatly had done,
 Who for the Queene had parted with so much,
 Thereby yet nothing to the Realme had wonne.
 And those that spurr'd the people on, were such,
 As to oppose them openly begunne;
 Therefore by them some great ones downe must goe,
 Which if they mist of, they themselues must lo.

The Duke of
 Yorke discharged
 of his Re-
 gency in
 France, and
 the Duke of
 Sommerſet
 in his place,

YORKE then which had the Regency in *France*,
 They force the King, ignobly to displace,
 Thereto the Duke of SUMMERSET t'advantage,
 Their friend, and one of the *Lancastrian* Race;
 For they betwixt them turn'd the *Wheele of Chance*,
 Tis they cry vp, tis they that doe debase,
 He's the first man they purpoſ'd to remove,
 The onely *Minion* of the peoples loue.

This opened wide the Publicke way, whereby
 Ruine ruſht in vpon the troubled Land,
 Vnder whose weight it hapned long to lye,
 Quite ouerthrowne with their ill-guiding hand;
 For their Ambition looking over-hie
 Could in no measure aptly vnderstand,
 Vpon their heads the danger that they drew,
 Whose force too soone, they, and their Faction knew.

For whilst this braue Prince was imploid abroad
 Th'affaires of *France* his minde vp wholly tooke,
 But being thus disburthen'd of that load,
 VVhich gaue him leaue into himſelfe to looke,
 The course he ranne in, evidently show'd.
 Hi late Allegiance that he off had shooke,
 And vnder hand his Title ſet on foote,
 To plucke their *Red-Rose* quite vp by the roote.

Thus

Thus hauing made a Regent of their owne,
By whom they meane great matters to effect,
For by degrees, they will ascend the throane,
And but their owne all ayd they else neglect,
As with a Tempest he to ground is blowne,
On whom their rage doth any way reflect:
Which good Duke HUMPHREY first of all must taste,
Whose timelesse death intemperatly they haste.

This HENRYES Vnckle, and his next of blood,
Was both *Protector* of the Realme, and King,
Whose meeknesse had instiled him the Good,
Of most especiall trust in euery thing;
One to his Country constantly that stood,
As Time should say, I forth a man will bring,
So plaine and honest, as on him Ile rest,
The age he liu'd in, as the onely best.

A Character
of the Duke of
Glocester.

This graue *Protector* who both Realmes had sway'd,
Whilst the Kings nonage his sound Counsells crau'd,
In his great wisdom when he throughly way'd,
How this *French Lady* here her selfe behau'd,
To make her Game againe, how SVFFOLKE play'd,
The Realmes from ruine, hoping to haue sau'd,
Lost his deare life, within a little space,
Which ouerthrew the whole *Lancastrian* race.

This Prince, who still dar'd stoutly to oppose,
Those whom he sawe, all but their owne to hate,
Then found the league of his inueterate foes,
To come vpon him with the power of Fate,
And things to that extremitie still rose,
The certaine signe of the declining State,
As that their Faction euery day grew strong,
Perceiu'd his Vertues like to suffer wrong.

Fierce MARGARITs malice propt with mighty men,
Her Darling SVFFOLKE, who her forward drew,
Proud SOMMERSET, of *France* the Regent then
And BUCKINGHAM his power too well that knew,
The Cardinall BEVFORT, and with him agen,
Yorks great Arch-Prelate to make vp the crue,
By accusations doing all their best,
From the good Duke all Gouverment to wrest,

The greatest
persons of the
Queenes Fa-
ction.

A Consultation had by the faction of the Queene, about the making away of the Duke.

Who then compell the peacefull King to call,
A Parliament; their grievances to heare,
Against the Duke that to inforce his fall,
They might haue something that might Colour beare,
But then they doubt his answer, and withall,
The murmuring people they farie more doe feare,
As their owne liues who lou'd him, therefore they,
Must cast to make him secretly away.

A Parliament at Saint Edmunds Bury.

And therefore with the Parliament proceede,
Saint-Edmunds-bury the appointed place,
Whereas they ment to doe the fatall deed,
Which with much quicknesse should decide the case,
The cruell maner soone they had decreed,
And to the Act they hasten them apace;
On this good Prince their purpose to effect,
Then, when the people nothing should suspect.

The Duke of Gloucester arrested by the high Marshall of England.

No sooner was this great assembly mett,
But the high Marshall doth the Duke arest,
And on his person such a guard they sett,
That they of him were certainly posselt,
His seruants were from their attendance lett,
And either sent to prison or supprest;

The Duke murdered.

So that their Lord left in this piteous plight,
Lay'd in his Bed was strangled in the night.

The people mutiny,

Then giue they out that of mere greefe he dyde,
To couer what they cruelly had done,
But this blacke deece, when once the day discride;
The frantique people to his Lodging runne,
Some rayle, some curse, yea little children chide,
Which forc'd that faction the fayre streets to shunne;
Some with proud *SUFFOLKE* funke into the ground,
Some bid a plague the cruell Queene confound.

The death of the Duke was the vtter overthrow of the house of Lancaster.

Thus their Ambition would not let them see,
How by his death they hastened their decay,
Nor let them know that this was onely he,
Who kept the *Yorkists* euermore at bay,
But of this man they must the murderers be,
Vpon whose life their safety onely lay;
But his deare blood, them nothing could suffice,
When now began Queene *MARGARITS* Miseries.

In either kingdome all things went to wracke,
Which they had thought they could haue made to thriue,
His noble Counsell when they came to lacke,
Which could them with facility contriue,
Nor could they stay them in their going backe,
One mischeefe still another doth reuiue;
As heauen had sent an host of horrors out,
Which all at once incompast them about.

The affairs of
England fall
to ruine vpon
the death of
the Duke.

Out flie the *Irish*, and with sword and fire,
Vnmercied hauocke of the *English* made;
They discontented, here at home conspire,
To stirre the *Scott* the Borders to inuade:
The faithlesse *French* then hauing their desire,
To see vs thus in Seas of troubles wade.
In euery place outrageously rebell,
As out of *France* the *English* to expell.

The *Irish*
rebell.

The *French*
are vp in
Armes.

The sturdy *Normans* with high pride inflamd,
Shake off the yoke of their subiection quite.
Nor will with patience heare the *English* nam'd,
Except of those that speake of them in spight,
But as their foes them publikely proclaim'd,
And their Alyes to open Armes excite;
In euery place thus *Englands* right goes downe,
Nor will they leaue the *English* men a Towne.

The *Normans*
reuolt.

New-castle, Constance, Malcon, and Saint-lo,
With *Castel-Galliard, Argenton, and Roane,*
Ponten-de-mer with Forts and Cities moe,
Then which that Contry stronger holds had none,
Set ope their gates and bad the *English* goe,
For that the *French* should then possesse their owne.
And to their Armies, vp their Forts they yeeld,
And turne the *English* out into the Feeld.

Townes in
Normandy
yeelded to the
enemy.
There had ben
a former con-
tract between
the King and
the Earle of
Arminacks
onely daugh-
ter; but being
by the Duke
of *Suffolke*
annulled
caused
the Earle euer
after to be a
vowed enemy
to the *English*.

And that great Earle of ARMINACK againe,
Apuisant Peere and mighty in estate,
Vpon iust cause, who tooke in high disdayne,
To haue his Daughter so repudiate,
(His Contries bordring vpon *Aquitaine*,)
Pursues the *English* nation with such hate,
As that he entred with his Armed powers,
And from that Dutchy, draue all that was ours.

The Commons
charge the
Duke of Som-
erset with
the losse of
Normandy.

Th'inraged commons ready are to rise,
Vpon the Regent, to his Charge and layd,
That from his slacknesse and base cowardize,
These townes were lost, by his neglect of ayde,
Then follow SVFFOLKE with confused cryes,
With *Maine*, and *Anion*, and do him vpbrayde,
And vowe his life shall for their losses pay,
Or at the stake, their goods and liues to lay:

Articles of
Treason put
into the Par-
liament a-
gainst the
Dukes of
Summerset
and Suffolke.

The Duke of
Suffolke
banished for
fue yeeres,

In th'open Session and Articulate,
Seuen S uerall Treasons vrg'd against them both,
As most pernicious members of the State,
Which was confirmed by the commons oath,
So that the King who saw the peoples hate,
(In his owne selfe though he were very loath)
To both the houses lastly doth assent,
To set on SVFFOLKE fue yeares banishment.

His Soueraigne Lady SVFFOLKE thus must leaue,
And shee her Seruant, to her soule so deare,
Yet must they both conceale what they conceiue,
Which they would not if any helpe there were,
Yet of all comfort they cannot be reue
Her but this hope her pensieue heart doth cheere,
That he in *France* shall haue his most resort,
And liue securely in her fathers Court.

His mighty minde nor can this doome molest,
But kicks the earth with a disdainfull scorne,
If any thing doe corosieue his brest,
It was, that he was in base *England* borne,
He curst the King, and Kingdome, but he blest
The Queene, but if in any thing forlorne,
Tw'as that he should her happy presence misse,
The endlesse Summe of all his earthly blisse.

The extreame
hate the peo-
ple had to the
Duke.

His Sentence, scarce in Parliament had past.
But that the Rascall multitude arize,
Plucke downe his houses, lay his Lordships wast,
And search how they his person may surprise,
That he from *England* instantly must hast,
Couer'd by night, or by some strange disguise,
And to some finall Port secretly retyre,
And there some poore Boate for his passage hire.

From

From *Harwich* Hauen and embarqu'd for *France*,
As he for *Callice* his straight courte doth steere,
(O heare behould a most disastrous chance,)
A man of warre the Seas that scoured there,
One at his actions that still lookt a fance,
And to this Duke did deadly hatred beare;
After a long chase tooke this little Craye,
Which he supposed him fassly should conuaye.

And from the fisher taking him by force,
He vnJer Hatches straightly him bestow'd,
And towards his country steering on his course,
He runnes his vessell into *Douer* roade,
Where rayling on him without all remorse,
Him from the shippe to all the people show'd,
And when no more they could the Duke deride,
They cutt his head off on the Cock boate-side.

SVEFOLKE thus dead and SOMMERSET disgrac'd,
His title YORKE more freely might preferre,
The Commons loue, when cunningly to taste,
(Left ouerweening he perhaps might erre,)
He first subb rnes a villaine that imbrac'd,
The Nobler name of March-borne MORTIMER,
Which in the Title of the house of YORKE;
Might set the monstrous multitude a worke.

His name was CAD E, his natiue contry *Kent*,
Who, though of birth and in estate but poore,
Yet for his courage he was eminent;
(Which the wife Duke well vnderstood before,)
He had a minde was of a large extent.
The signe whereof on his bould brow he bore,
Sterne of behauior, and of body strong,
Witty, well spoken, cautilous, though young.

But for the Duke his title must deriue.
Out of the bloud which beare that honored name,
Therefore must cast and conningly contriue,
To see how people relished the same,
And if he found it fortun'd to thriue,
Then at the marke he had a further ayme,
To show himselfe his titele good to make,
And raise him friends and power, his part to take.

This ship was
(as our histo-
ries report) ca-
led the *Nico-
las* of the
tower, a ship
that belong'd
to the Duke
of *Excester*,
of whome one
Water w s
the Captaine.

The subtil
police of the
Duke of *York*.

The carracter
of *Lacke Cade*

Deriuing his
title from
Phillip the
only daughter
and hayre of
Lyonel Duke
of *Clarence*
the 3. ionne of
Ed. the 3. wed-
ded to *El-
mund Morti-
mer* Earle of
March.

All

All opposition likewise to preuent,
 The crafty Duke his meaning doth conceale,
 And CADE doth rise t'reforme the gouernment,
 And base abuses of the Publique Weale,
 To which he knew the Commons would consent,
 Which otherwise his Treason might reueale;
 Which rightly tooke, for by this colour he
 Drew twenty thousand on his part to be.

From *Sussex, Surry*, and from *Kent* that rose.
 Whom hope of spoile doth to this act perswade,
 Which still increase his Army as it goes,
 And on Blacke Heath his Rendauous he made,
 Where in short time it to that vastnesse growes,
 As it at once the Kingdome would inuade,
 And he himselfe the Conquest could assure;
 Of any power king HENRY could procure.

The *Staffords*
 slaine by the
 Rebels.

And did in fight that generall force defeate,
 Sent by the King that Rebell to pursue,
 When vnder couler of a fain'd retreat,
 He made as though he from the Army flew,
 The slaughter of the souldiers must be great,
 When he those STAFFORDS miserably slewe.
 Captaines select, and chosen by the Queene;
 To lead the powers that should haue wreakt her teene.

Thacke Cade
 takes London

When for a Siedge he to the City came,
 Assaults the Bridge with his emboldned power,
 And after oft repulsed takes the same,
 Makes himselfe master of the Towne and Tower,
 Doing such things as might the Diuell shame
 Destroyes Records, and Virgins doth deflower,
 Robbs, ranfackes, spoiles, and after all this stirre,
 Lastly, beheaded the Lord Treasurer.

The vulgar.

These things by YORKE being plotted vnderhand,
 Wise as he was, as one that had not knowne,
 Ought of these Treasons, hasts to *Ireland*,
 To tame those * *Kerne*, rebellious that were growne;
 He knew it was not in the barren Sand,
 That he this subtile poyfnous seed had sowne,
 Which came it on (as very well it might)
 It would make way for his pretended right

Whilst

Whilst these Rebellions are in *England* broacht,
As though the Fates should enuiously conspire
Our vtter Ruine; which too fast approaht,
About our eares, was *Aquitaine* a fire:
Their Conquest leuon our Towhes incroacht,
That CHARLES the French King then had his desire,
To see these Troubles tyre vs here within,
That he the whilst, in *France* from vs might winne.

To a'dro MARGARITS miseries againe,
TALBOT in *France* so brauely that had done,
Who many a yeare had aw'd proud *Aquitaine*,
And many a Fort, and famous Battaile wonne,
At *Shatillon* (O endlesse grieve) was slaine
With the Lord LYLE his ouer valient Sonne,
When all the Townes that he had got before,
Ycelled, nor would for *England* be no more,

The valient
Talbot slaine.

YORKE in the nike from *Ireland* comming in,
Finding the Kingdome combred in this wise,
Thinks with himselfe twere time he did begin,
But by no meanes he gainst the King must rise;
O such a thought in any man were sin,
But that he would proude SOMERSET surprise,
Yet wanting strength gainst the whole State to stand,
He beares his businesse with a moderate hand.

And first to mighty SALSBURY doth sue,
And his Sonne WARWICK, and doth them intreate
VVith equall eyes they would be pleafde to vlew,
His rightfull Title: these two NEVILS great
In power, and with the people, whom he knew,
Deadly the Duke of SOMERSET to hate,
By his large offers he doth winne at last,
In his iust quarrell to cleaue to him fast.

Richard Ne-
uill the Father,
and Richard
Neuill the Son

Thus his Ambition hauing strongly backt,
VVith these two fatal fierbrands of VVarre;
To his desires, there very little lackt,
He and the Earles, all three so popular,
To aduance himselfe he no occasion slackt,
For nought he sees him from his ends to barre,
Tis no small tempest that he need to feare,
Whom two such Collumnes vp betwixt them beare.

L

And

And by their strengthes encourag'd doth not sticke,
 The others actions boldly to o're looke,
 And for the season that the King was sicke,
 Vpon him selfe the Regencie he tooke,
 For now his hopes vpon him came so thicke,
 His entrance, dores from off the hinges shooke.
 He with a nodde the Realme seem'd to direct,
 Whose hee but bow'd, if this great Prince but beckt.

The duke of
Sommerſet
 areſted.

And in the Queenes great Chamber doth areſt,
 Great *SUMMERSET*, and ſendeth him to ward,
 And all his followers ſuddenly ſuppreſt,
 Such was the number of his powerfull guard,
 With the proud Queene, this Prince as proude conteſts,
 Nor for her trowne one friend of hers he ſpar'd,
 Lucks on his ſide, while ſuch ſtand by to bett,
 Hee'le throw at all that any one dare ſett.

THE Queene who ſaw, which way this Faction went,
 And that theſe wrongs muſt ſtill reflect on her,
 The Duke of *YORKE* to her diſtruction bent,
 Thought with her ſelfe it was full time to ſtirre,
 And if his plotts ſhe euer would preuent,
 Muſt with the wiſeſt of her friends conferre,
 Their buſie braynes, and muſt together beate,
 To leſſen him, like elſe to grow too great.

The King re-
 couered of a
 dangerous
 ſickneſſe.

His pride awhile yet patiently endure,
 The kinges recovery onely to attend,
 Of which themſelues they hardly could aſſure,
 Who once they thought had haſtned to his end,
 But when they found his Phiſicke to procure,
 His former health, then doth the Queene extend,
 Her vtmoſt ſtrength, to let the world to know,
 Queene *MARGARITE* yet, muſt not be maſtred ſo.

The Queene
 preuailing a-
 gainſt the
 Duke of *York*.

With ſmiles and kiſſes when ſhee wooes the King,
 That of his place the Duke he would diſcharge,
 Which being done, the next eſpeciall thing,
 She doth the Duke of *SOMMERSET* enlarge,
 And him of *Callice* giues the gouerning,
 Whither his friends ſhe cauſd him to inbardge,
 Doubting the loue, and ſafeguard of the Towne,
 Thus doth the Queene turne all things vpside downe.

Which

Which so incens'd the angry Duke to ire,
With those two Earles vpon his part that take,
Kindling in all that fierce reuengefull fire,
Which the deere blood of SUMMERSET must flake,
That into *Wales* they instantly retire :
And in the Marches vp an Army make :
And there by Oath were each to other tyde,
By dint of sword the quarrell to decide.

The Duke of
York raiseth
an Army in
the Marches
of *Wales*.

And whilst these Lords are busied in the West,
Of March-men mustring a rebellious Band,
HENRY againe his Southerne people prest :
And settles there their forces to withstand :
Then Bowes and Bills were onely in request :
Such rage and madnesse doth possesse the Land :
Set vpon spoyle, on either part they were,
Whilst the Weale-publike they in peeces teare.

On either part when for this Warre prepar'd,
Vpon their March they at *Saint Albans* met,
Where Drummes and Ensignes one the other dar'd,
Whilst they in order their Battalions set,
And with his fellow eu'ry Souldier shar'd,
Brauely resolu'd to death to pay his debt :
When if that euer horroure did appeare
On th' *English* earth, it certainly was there.

The first Bat-
taile at *Saint
Albans*.

That day the Queenes-lou'd SUMMERSET was slaine,
There tooke the stout NORTHUMBERLAND his end :
There STAFFORDS blood the pauement did distaine :
There CLIFFORD fell, King HENRIES constant friend :
The Earle of *Warwick* who brought on the Mayne :
All downe before him to pale Death doth send.
ANTVESELL, BABTHORP, ZOVCH, and CYRWEN,
King HENRIES friends, before the *Torkists* fall.

Humphrey Earle
of *Stafford*,
eldest sonne
to the Duke
of *Buckingham*.

Whilst this distressed miserable King,
Amazed much with fury of the fight,
And perill still his person menacing :
His liuing friends inforc'd to take their flight :
He as a needlesse and neglected thing,
In a poore Cottage hides him out of sight :
Who found by *YORKE* was as a prisoner led,
Though with milde words the Duke him comforted.

The King
crept into a
poore cottage.

And of his person being thus possest,
 They in his name a Parliament procure,
 For with his Regall power they will inuest
 Themselues, supposing to make all things sure,
 That if their violent actions should be prest,
 In after time they better might endure
 The censuring, the worst, and so preuent
 To shewe them done by Act of Parliament.

The lawlesse
 vsurpation of
 the Yorkists.

And cause the King to take into his hands,
 What to the Crowne did anciently pertaine,
 Besides all Honours, Offices, and Lands,
 Granted since the beginning of his Raigne;
 And not a Fee, though ne'r so little stands;
 All are call'd in, and let who will complaine,
 And all his friends from Counsaile are remou'd,
 None must sit there, but those of them belou'd.

Salisbury
 made Chance-
 lor.
 Warwick
 Captaine of
 Callice.

The silly King a sipher set aside,
 What was in him that in great YORKE is not;
 Amongst themselues all places they diuide,
 And to be Chancelor SALSBURY hath got,
 He is the man must rake the law to guide;
 And Callice falls to warlike WARVICKS lot,
 And not a man at these must looke awry,
 They make an Act, their Acts to iustifie.

This done, the Duke had more to doe then this;
 Something it seem'd, more secretly to luke,
 In which such power (though from appearance) is,
 As yet once more would fret the Duke of Yorke,
 And let him know he of his ends might misse;
 For now the Queene doth let her wits to worke,
 To play the Game that must renowne her skill,
 And shew the law that rested in her will.

Henry Benfot
 Duke of Sum-
 merfet, after
 the decease of
 his father Ed-
 mond.

And from the roote of SUMMERSET late slaine,
 Another stem, to stand for her arose,
 HENRY for EDMOND, of his Fathers straine,
 (One of whose life she knew she could dispose)
 Of a strong iudgement, and a working braine;
 Great BUCKINGHAM and EXCESTER are those
 Shee meanes to worke by, and by these restore,
 Herto that height from whence she fell before.

These

These were the men to whom she trusted most,
To whom that faction much dispight had done,
For at *Saint Albans* SUMMERSET had lost
His loued Sire, and BUCKINGHAM his Sonne:
And EXCESTER pursude from Coast to Coast;
From them enforc'd to Sanct'ary to runne:
Fetcht thence by them, and to colde *Pomfret* sent,
And in a dungeon miserably pent.

The Duke of
Excester taken
out of the
Sanctuary at
Westminster.

Equal in enuie, as in pride and power:
With eu'ry ayde to their designment fraught:
Taking their turnes at eu'ry fitting houre;
They on the Kings much easinesse so wrought,
As that they seem'd him wholly to deuoure,
Vntill to passe their purposes they brought,
Lifting vp still his spirit that was so poore,
Once more to doe as he had done before.

For which at *Greenwich* he a Counsell held
Where, with th'opinion of those friends supplide,
Those three which late with glorious titles sweld,
Are from their seuerall places put aside;
Yet more to seeke their safety are compeld,
At this prodigious turning of the tide:

The Duke of
Torke, the
Earles of *Salisbury* and
Warwick put
out of office.

For now the winde was strangely come about,
And brings them in who lately were shut out.

The cruell Queene and cunningly had cast,
At *Conenstry* to cause them to appeare,
With shew to pardon all that had bene past,
If they (but then) would their Allegiance sweare;
Which had they done, that day had bene their last,
For shee had plotted to destroy them there:
Of which forewarnd, immediatly they fled,
Which then their safety onely promised.

Yet whilst one wrong, thus from another rose,
Twixt them at last a Meeting was ordain'd,
All former strife and quarrels to compose,
Which but too long betwixt them had remain'd,
Which to the World though handsomely it showes,
Yet in plaine truth, all was but meere faine'd

The Queene
had plotted to
haue the Duke
murdered at
Conenstry.

To outward seeming, yet are perfect friends:
,, But diuellish folke, haue still their diuellish ends.

A sollemn pre-
cession in *Pauls*
by both the
factions

And in precession solemnely they goe,
In generall ioy, one smiling on the other,
A *Torkist* and *Lancastrian* make vp two,
Enuie and malice, brother, like to brother,
In minde farre sundred, although coupled so,
Bloudy reuenge and in their breasts they smother,
Ill's the precession (and fore runs much losse,)
"Wherein men say, the Deuill beares the Crosse.

The Queene
inwardly
gruching at
Warwicks
greatnesse.

These Rights of peace religiously perform'd
To all mens thinking, the enraged Queene,
At *WARVVICKS* greatnesse inwardly yet storm'd
(Which euery day still more and more was seene,)
Against the king, who *Callice* so had Arm'd,
As it his owne inheritance had beene.
Which towne she saw that if he still should hold,
That shee by him must howrely be contrould.

Warwicke in
perill to haue
bin slaine pas-
sing the street.

For which his murther she pursu'd so fast,
As that shee soone and secretly had layd,
Such to assault him, as the Streets he past,
As if his braue name had not brought him ayde,
He of her vengeance had beene sure to tast,
The Tragique Sceane so furiously was playd,
That he from *London* was inforst to flye;
Like a rough sea her mallice wrought so hye.

And t'owards the Duke his speedy Iourney takes,
Whothen at *Middleham* made his most aboad,
Which *SALSBURY* his habitation makes,
Whereas their tyme together they bestow'd,
Whose courages the Earle of *WARVICK* wakes,
When he to them his suddaine danger show'd
With a pale visage, and doth there disclose,
Her brands sett on him both in wounds and blowes.

This wrong in counsell, when they had discust,
And way'd the danger wherein still they were,
Continuall Treasons shrouded in their trust,
Nor other hopes else likely to appeare,
They find that this might make a warre seeme iust,
And giue their cause vp to the world more cleere,
To rise in Armes when they resolute at last,
To raise them force, and wisely thus forecast.

To muster vp their Tenants and their friends,
Not as a Warre vpon the Land to bring,
Nor to aduance their owne sinister ends,
Nor wrong a Subiect in the smallest thing,
Onely to guard them (as their case then stands)
Till they had shew'd their greeuance to the King,
And giue their power to SALSBURY to guide,
That with the King the busnesse should decide.

With this direction SALSBURY is sent,
WARVVICK to *Callice* (with what hast he may)
By his much speed a mischief to preuent,
Fearing the Towne might else be giuen away,
The Duke of YORKE by generall consent,
At *Midleham* Castell they alor to stay;
To raise a second power (if neede should be)
To re-inforce them, or to set them free.

The Queene who heard (by such as were her owne)
With that false Earle how those of *Cheshire* sided,
As in short time how powerfull he was growne,
Thinks with her selfe the Shire might be diuided,
If that her loue to some of them were knowne,
Which easly might be, were her pleasure guided
By some such person, of whose valour they,
Had an opinion, which shee thus doth lay,

Causing the King to giue a large command,
To JAMES Lord AVVDLEY, powerfull in those parts,
To raise him force those Rebels to withstand;
Such to their Soueraigne as had loyall harts,
And to make Captaines ouer eu'ry Band,
Men of the best blood, as of best defarts,
Which he so laboured, till that he had brought
That halfe of one house, gainst the other fought.

So that two men arising from one bed,
Falling to talke, from one another flye:
This weares a white Rose, and that weares a red;
And this a YORKE, that LANCASTER doth crye:
He wisht to see that AVVDLEY well had sped:
He prayes againe to prosper SALSBURY:

And for their farewell, when their leaues they take,
They their sharpe swords at one another shake.

The men of
Cheshire diui-
ded in the
quarrell.

This

This fire in eu'ry family thus set,
 Out goe the Browne Bills, with the well-strung Bowes,
 The Battaile at *Blore-heath*. Till at *Blore-heath* these boystrous souldiers met,
 For there it chanc'd the Armies then to close,
 This must not liue, if that he stroue to let;
 Neuer such friends yet ere became such Foes,
 With downe-right strokes they at each other lay,
 No word for *Cheshire* was, but kill, and slay.

The Sonne (as some report) the Father slue,
 In opposition as they stoutly stood,
 A great slaughter of *Cheshire* men. The Nephew seene the Vnckle to pursue,
 Bathing his sword in his owne naturall blood:
 The Brother in his Brothers gore imbrue
 His guilty hands, and at this deadly food:
 Kinsman kills Kinsman, which together fall,
 As hellish fury had possesst them all.

The Lord Audley slaine. Here noble TVTCHET the Lord AVDLEY dide,
 (Whose Father wan him such renowne in *France*)
 And many a *Cheshire* Gentle man beside,
 Fell at this Field by Warres vncertaine chance:
 These miseries Queene MARGARITE must abide,
 Whilst the proud *Torkists* doe themselves aduance:
 And poore King HENRY on a Pallet lay,
 And scarcely ask'd which side had got the day.

Thus valiant AVDLEY at this Battaile slaine,
 And all those friends to the *Lancastrians* lost:
Cheshire by her such damage to sustaine:
 So much deere blood had this late Conflict cost:
 Wherefore the greued Queene with might and maine,
 Labours for life to raise a second Host:
 Nor time therein she meaneth to forslowe,
 Either shee'll get all, or will all forgoe.

And whilst their friends them forces gathering were,
 (The neighbouring Realmes of this great busnesse ring)
 The Duke, and those, that to his part adhere
 Proclaymed Traytors, pardon promising
 To those at *Blore* that Armes did lately beare:
 So they would yet cleaue to their lawfull King,
 Which drue in many to their part againe,
 To make their full, they *Torkists* in their wane.

YORKE

YORKE who perceiu'd the puissant Host prepar'd,
With his deare NEVILS, Counsels what to doe,
For it behou'd him, to make good his Guard
With both their strengthes and all to little too;
And in the Marches he no labour spar'd,
To winne his friends along with him to goe:
With expedition which he could not get,
On the Kings side the Commons so were set.

And being to meete so absolute a power,
Yet wanting much his party good to make;
And HENRYES proclamations eu'ry howre:
His Souldiers winne their Generall to forsake,
Besides the storme which rais'd this suddaine shower:
Them all in sunder likely was to shake:
He sawe his safety to consist in flight:
Thus e'r he wist, o'r mastred in his might.

All on the Spurre for life away they post,
Their homes too hot, nor there they might abide:
The three braue Earles soone reach the Westernne Coast,
From whence to *Callice* their straight course they plyde:
The Duke to *Wales* being there befriended most:
Yet for more safety he to *Ireland* hyde:
So others ship themselves from eu'ry bay,
And happiest he that soon'st could get away.

*Edward Earle
of March, el-
dest sonne to
the Duke, the
Earles of Salf-
bury & War-
wicke.*

As when a Route of raue'nous Wolues are met,
T'affayle some Heard the Defart pasturing neare,
The watchfull Clownes which ouer them are set,
Oft taught before their Tiranny to feare,
With dogges, with staues, and showts together get,
Nor neuer leaue till they their Chattell cleare:
So the Kings power the *Yorkists* still pursue,
Which like those Wolues before those Heardsmen flewe.

A Simily.

They gone, the King at *Conentry* begun,
A Parliament, by good aduice: wherein,
The Duke of YORKE, with th' Earle of MARCH his sonne,
With SALSBURY and WARVICK who had bin
Conspirators, much mischief and had done,
And by whose helpe he hapt so much to win:
He there attaynts of Treason, and bestowes
All that was theirs, vpon his friends, their foes.

A Parliament
at *Conentry*.

When now those Earles in *Callice* still that kept
 The charge whereof proud *WARVICK* on him tooke:
 In their intended businesse neuer slept:
 Nor yet their former enterprife forsooke,
 In *HENRYES* Counsailes who had those that crept,
 And did each day his actions ouer-looke:
 From whom as their aduertisements still are,
 So they their strengthes accordingly prepare.

And in meane time the Kingdome to embroyle,
 That with lesse noyse their friends might raise an Host,
 They plague the Seas with Piracie and spoyle:
 And rob the Hauens all along the Coast:
 They ne'r take pittie of their Natiue soyle:
 For that they knew this would auayle them most,
 That whilst the State was busied there about,
 Armes might be rais'd within, by those without.

And slaughtering many that were set to warde
 Th'especiall Ports; th'vnweldy Anchors wayde
 Of the Kings Ships, whose fraught as Prize they sharde
 And them to *Callice* carefully conuay'd
 With their stolne Fleet, and his great Nauy darde,
 As late by Land, so now by Sea they sway'd:
 All in Combustion, and their bloody rage,
 Nor Sea, nor Land can possibly aswage.

Then haue they Forces rais'd for them in *Kent*,
 Their next and most conuenient place to land,
 (Where should the Aduerse power their hopes preuent,
 In *Douer* Road yet were their Ships at hand)
 And by their Posts still too and fro that went;
 They certainly were let to vnderstand,
 That *Kent* was surely theirs, and onely stayde
 To rise in Armes the *Yorkists* power to ayde.

When *FALCONBRIDGE*, who second brother was
 To *SALSBURY*, they send away before,
 To see no Ships should out of *Sandwich* passe,
 To hinder them in comming to the shore;
 There of Munition tooke a wondrous Masse
 Heapt in that Towne, that with th'abundant store,
 He Armed many at their comming in,
 Which of their side would scarcely else haue bin.

That

That they no sooner settled were on Land,
But that in Armes th'rebellious *Kentish* role,
And the Lord COBHAM with a mighty band,
With their *Calicians* presently doth close;
That now they sway'd all with a powerfull hand,
And in small time so great their Armie growes
From *Suffex, Surry*, and those parts about,
That of her safery, *London* well might doubt.

The men of
Kent rise with
the *Torkists*.

But yet at last the Earles shee in doth let,
To whom the Clergy comming day by day,
From further sheers them greater forces get;
When towards *Northampton* making foorth their way,
Where the sad King his Army downe had set,
And for their comming onely made his stay,
With all the force his friends could him afford,
And for a fight with all things firly stor'd.

Who in his march the Earle doth oft molest,
(By their Vauncurrers hearing how he came)
In many a straight, and often him distrest,
By stakes and trenches that his Horfe might lame,
But the stout *Torkists* still vpon them prest:
And still so fearefull was great WARVVICKS name,
That being once cryde on, put them oft to flight,
On the Kings Army till at length they light.

The name of
Warwicke
fearefull to
his enemies.

When th'Earle of MARCH then in the pride of blood,
His Virgine valour on that day bestowes,
And furious WARWICK like a raging flood,
Beares downe before him all that dare oppose,
Olde SALSBURY so to his tackling stood,
And FAVCONBRIDGE so layes amongst his foes,
That euen like leaues, the poore *Lancastrians* fall,
And the proud *Torkists* beare away the Ball.

There HUMPHREY Duke of *Bukingham* expir'd,
King HENRYS comfort and his causes friend,
There SHREWSBURY (euen of his foes admir'd
For his high courage) his last breath doth spend,
Braue BEAMOYT there, and EGREMOVNT lay tyr'd
To death, there LVCY had his lucklesse end,
And many a noble Gentleman that day,
Weltring in gore, on the wilde Champion lay.

A great slaugh-
ter of the No-
bilitie at *Nor-*
hampton.

The wretched King, as Fortunes onely scorae,
 His Souldiers slaine, and he of all forsaken,
 Left in his Tent; of men the most forlorne,
 (The second time) a Prisoner there is taken;
 The wofull Queene out of the Battaille borne
 In a deepe swoound; and when she doth awaken,
 Nothing about her heares, but howles, and cries,
 Was euer Queenes like MARGARITES miseries?

YORKE comming in from *Ireland* in the end,
 And to his hands thus findes the Battaille wonne,
 By the high Prowesse of his faithfull friend,
 Great WARWICK, and that valiant MARCH his sonne,
 His present hopes the former so transcend,
 That the proud Duke immediatly begun,
 By his bold Actions to expresse his thought,
 Through so much blood, what he so long had sought.

The Duke of
 Yorks info-
 lence,

The Kings Command'ment daring to denie,
 His Soueraigne Lord being call'd to wayte vpon,
 And on his fortune beares himselfe so hie,
 That he in State presumes t'ascend his Throane:
 From the Kings Lodgings puts his Seruants by,
 And placeth in them such as were his owne:
 So infinitely insolent he growes,
 As he the Crowne at pleasure would dispose.

When he procures a Parliament with speed,
 In which himselfe Protector he doth make,
 And onely Heire apparent to succeed
 The King; when Death him from the world should take:
 And what had beene at *Conentry* decreed,
 He there annulls, from him and his to shake
 The seruile yoke of all subiection quite,
 Downe goes the red Rose, and vp goes the white.

And he with Fortune that this while doth sport,
 Seeing the Southerne to him still were sure;
 Thinks to the North, if he should but resort,
 He to his part the Northerne should procure,
 Seeking all wayes his greatnesse to support:
 Nor would an equall willingly endure:
 Downe into *Yorkshire* doth to *Sandall* ride,
 Whose lofty scyte well suted with his pride.

The vexed Queene whose very soule forgot,
That such a thing as patience it had knowne,
And but she found her friends forsooke her not,
As madde as euer HECVBA had growne,
Whilst both her wrongs, and her reuenge were hot,
Her mighty minde, so downe could not be throwne,
But that once more the bloody Sett sheele play
With YORK, ere so he beare the Crowne away.

The Queene
impatient of
the Dukes
Pride.

And downe to *Sandall* doth the Duke pursue,
With all the power her friends could her prouide,
Led by those Lords that had beene euer true,
And had stood fast vpon King HENRYS side,
VWith that most valient and selected crue,
This brayt of Queenes, so well her businesse plide,
That coming soone in *Sandals* lofty fight,
Into the Field she dares him forth to fight.

And for this Conflict there came on with her
Her hope Prince HENRY, her deare onely Sonne,
Stout SOMERSBT, and noble EXCESTER,
Dukes, that for MARGARITE mighty things had done,
DEVON and VVILT, Earles vsing to conferre
VWith this wife Queene, when Danger shee would Shunne;
Vndaunted CLIFFORD, ROSSE in warre vp brought,
Barrons as braue as ere in battaile fought.

When this stout Duke who in his Castle stood,
VWith SALISBURY (who beat them all at *Blore*,)
Both which were flesht abundantly with bloud,
In those three Battailles they had wonne before,
Thought in their pride, it would be euer Flood,
Nor gainst Queene MARGARITE that they needed more,
For they led Fortune chain'd with them about.
That of their Conquest none but fooles could doubt.

The Dukes
haste the
cause of his
ruine.

And for the Field soone Marshalling their force,
All poore delays they scornefully desie,
Nor will the Duke stay for the those troopes of Horse,
VWith which his Sonne him promist to supply,
In sight of Fate they'll giue their Foe the worse;
On their owne valour they so much relye,
And with five thousand marshald well they come,
Meaning to charge the Queenes maine Battell home.

But in her Host she hauing those that were
 Expert in all the Stratagems of Warre,
 To fight with him doe cause her to forbear,
 Till from his Castle she had got him fare,
 Whilst in an ambush she had placed there : (barre
 WILTSHIRE, and CLIFFORD with their strengthes to
 Him from his home, in offering to retire,
 Or wound his back euen as they would desire.

When too't they fell vpon an easie Plaine,
 At the hill foote, where furiously they fought
 Vpon both sides where there were many slaine :
 But for the Queene, foure to his one had brought :
 The Duke of YORKE for all his pride was faine
 Back to recoyle, where he was finely caught
 For WILT and CLIFFORD that in Ambush were,
 The Van thus rowted, ouerthrew the reare.

Where YORKE him selfe, who proudly but of late,
 With no lesse hope then of a Kingdome fed,
 Vpon this Field before his Castle gate,
 Mangled with wounds, on his owne earth lay dead,
 Vpon whose Body CLIFFORD downe him fate,
 Stabbing the corpes, and cutting off his head,
 Crown'd it with paper, (and to wreake his teene)
 Presents it so to the victorious Queene.

The Earle of
 Salisbury be-
 headed.

His Bastard Vnckles both couragious Knights,
 Sir IOHN, and Sir HVGH MORTIMER so sped,
 HALL, HASTINGS, NEVILL, who in sundry fights
 Had show'd their valour, on the field found dead :
 And SALSBURY amongst these Tragick fights,
 Who at *Blere heath* so much deare blood had shed,
 Taken a liue, to *Pomfret* sent with speed,
 And for their bloods, him selfe there made to bleed.

The end of
 young Rut-
 land.

Some clime vp Rocks, through Hedges other runne,
 There foes so roughly execute their rage,
 VWhere th' Earle of RUTLAND the Dukes youngest sonne,
 Then in his Childhood and of tender Age,
 Comming in hope to see the Batraile wonne,
 CLIFFORD whose wrath no rigour could allwage,
 Takes, and whilst there he doth for mercy kneele,
 In his soft bosome sheathes his sharped Steele.

EDWARD

EDVVARD of *March*, the Duke his Father slaine,
Succeeding him, whilst things thus badly sort,
Gathering an Army, but yet all in vaine,
To ayde his Father, for he came too short,
Hearing that PENBROOKE with a Warlike trayne,
Was comming tow'rds him, touch'd with the report :
His valiant Marchers for the field prepares,
To meete the Earle, if to approach he dares.

JASPER by birth halfe Brother to the King,
On bright Queen KATHERINE got by OWEN TETH
Whom HENRYES loue did to this Earledome bring,
And as from *Wales* deicended sent him thither,
And of *South-Wales* gaue him the gouerning,
Where in short time he got an Host together,
Cleauing to HENRY who did him prefer
As an Alye to th'house of LANCASTER.

Vpon their March when as they lastly met,
Neere to the Crosse that MORTIMER is nam'd,
Where they in order their Battalions set :
The Duke and Earle with equall rage enflam'd,
With angry eyes they one the other threat,
Their deadly Arrows at each other aym'd :
And there a fierce and deadly fight begin,
A bloodier Battell yet there had not bin.

The Battell
Mortimer
Crosse.

The Earle of ORMOND, an Associate then,
With this young TVDOR, for the King that stood,
Came in the Vanguard with his *Irish-men*,
With Darts, and Skaynes; those of the British blood,
With Shafts and Gleaues them seconding againe,
And as they fall, still make their places good,
That it amaz'd the Marchers to behold,
Men so ill Arm'd vpon their Bowes so bold.

Now th'*Welch* and *Irish* so their weapons weeld,
As though themselues they Conquerours meant to call,
Then are the Marchers Masters of the Field :
With their browne Bills the *welchmen* so they mall;
Now th'one, now th'other likely were to yeeld :
These like to flye, then those were like to fall,
Vntill at length (as Fortune pleas'd to guide)
The Conquest turn'd vpon the *Torkists* side.

Three

Three sunnes
seene at one
time.

Three Sunnes were seene that instant to appeare,
Which soone againe shut vp themselues in one,
Ready to buckle as the Armies were,
Which this braue Duke tooke to himselfe alone,
His drooping hopes which some what seem'd to cheere,
By his mishaps, neere lately ouerthrowne,
So that thereby encouraging his men,
Once more he sets the *White-Rose* vp agen.

Owen Tudors
end.

PEMBROKE and ORMOND saue themselues by flight,
Foure thousand Souldiers of both Armies dead,
But the great losse on the *Lancastrians* light,
So ill the Freinds of poore King HENRY sped;
Where OVVEN TVDOR taken in the flight,
This yong Earles father, by Queene KATHERINS bed)
At *Hereford* not farre away from thence,
Where others with him dyde for their offence.

THIS while the Queene, the Gole at *Sandall* gain'd
Leades on tow'rds *London* her victorious Host,
Whose blades she shoves, with blood of *Yorkists* stain'd
Nor of her Conquest can she leaue to boast;
But to her side, whilst lucky Fortune lean'd,
Come, what can come, shee meanes to cleare the Coast,
Of those shee knew in *YORKS* reuenge would rise,
Found she not meanes, their Forces to surprise.

King Henry
left before to
the keeping
of the Duke
of *Norfolke*,
and the Earle
of *Arwick*.

And at *Saint Albans* finding on her way,
JOHN Duke of *NORFOLKE*, and her diuellish foe:
Fierce WARVICK who there with an Army lay,
Which two, deceased *YORKE* when he should goe
To *Sandall*, left them as his onely kay,
To keepe King HENRY (which they not forflowe)
Left by the Queene and hers he might be wrought,
T'annull their late past Parliament for nought.

For which to Counsell, calling vp her Lords,
Well to consider what was to be done,
Who cheere her vp with comfortable words,
And would in no wise she her way should shunne:
For they would make her entrance with their swords:
Here what was lost, might here againe be wonne,
Assuring her, their mindes them strongly gaue,
That of this Field the glory shee should haue.

And

And soone their Army ordering for the ground,
Whereof a view they eu'ry way doe take :
When for Assault they bid their Trumpets sound,
And so their entry on the Towne they make :
But comming to the Market-place, they found
A shower of Shafis, as from a Cloud it brake,
Which backe againe made them so fast to beare,
As that their Van, was like to route their Reare.

But thus repuls'd, another way they proue,
How in vpon their Enemie to get,
Which makes their Foes, that they their Force remoue,
To stop that passage wherein they were set,
That whilst, they Shafts into each other shoue,
For a long while it was an euen bet,
Death being thus dealt, and both so deeply in,
Whether proud WARWICK, or the Queene should win.

But by the Queene constrayned to recoyle,
Their ground from them they absolutely wonne,
When they the *Yorkists* miserably spoyle,
And in with them on their mayne Battell ruine :
Which being greatly straytned by the soyle,
They could not doe what else they might haue done :
Through thick and thin, o'r hedge and ditch that take,
And happiest he that greatest hast could make.

The Queene
getteth the
day at Saint
Albans.

Whilst WARWICK cries, yee Southerne Cowards stay,
And once more turne your faces to your Foes,
Tis feare, not danger doth yee thus dismay :
O proue the former fortune of your Bowes,
Thinke but vpon the late-wonne glorious day
Got in this place ; the same whereof you lose
By your base flight ; but he his breath might spare,
He might as well haue call'd vpon the Ayre.

Scatter'd like Sheepe by Wolues that had bin scar'd,
So runne the *Yorkists* ; which, when NORFOLKE sawe,
He calls to WARWICK scarcely then prepar'd,
Himselfe out of this danger to withdrawe :
My Lord (quoth he) you see that all is mard :
Fortune hath sworne to keepe vs in her awe :
Our liues are gone if longer here we stay,
Loose not your selfe, though we haue lost the day.

The *Yorkists*
Army discom-
fited at this
second Battell
at Saint Al-
bans.

King Henry
of no account.

And for they found the Foe came on so fast,
The King by them to this lost Battell brought,
And vnder guard in his Pauillion plac't,
Th'are forc'd to leaue (which late they little thought)
For there were those which made them make such hast,
They could not stay to haue their Soueraigne fought :
But since the Battell, had such ill successe,
That lost, they thought their losse of him the lesse.

The King
meets with
the Queene
and her ionne.

The Foe thus fled, they quickly found the King,
From whom a speedy Messinger is sent,
His Wife, and Sonne, away to him to bring,
Who with their Lords ariuing at his Tent,
Where after many a Fall and many a Spring,
Of teares of ioy vpon each other spent,
Which strict embraces they each other straine,
No one had neede a gladnesse there toaine.

A Simily.

Like as you see when Partridges are flowne,
(In Falconers termes which we the Couy call)
By the sharpe Hawke, and into Thickets throwne,
There drops downe one there doth another fall :
Yet when they heare the quacking Spaniels gone,
They in the euening get together all,
With pretty iugging and each other greete,
Glad as it were they once againe should meete.

The cruelty
of the Queene.

But the fierce Queene, her full reuenge to take,
Of those she thought the *Yorkists* well that ment,
The stout Lord BONVILLE for King HENRYES sake,
And THOMAS KERRILL, a braue Knight of Kent,
Who the Kings Guard stroue euer strong to make,
All threatning perill thereby to preuent,
And for their safeties had his Soueraigne word,
That cruell woman putteth to the sword.

This well might warne great WARWICK not to trust
Too much to Fortune, which so soone reueales
Her whorish lightnesse ; like an Auersé gust,
And on the suddaine makes him strike his Sayles,
Which when he most beleeu'd her to be iust,
His forward hopes then most of all shee fayles :
All his accounts, and teach him thus to summe,
"None ouercomes, but may be ouercome.

Some

Some thinke that WARWICK had not l. ft the day,
But that the King into the Field he brought,
For with the worfe, that fide went ftill away,
Which had King HENRY with them when they fought,
Vpon his birth fo fad a curfe they lay,
As that he neuer prospered in ought,
The Queene wanne two, amongft the loffe of many,
Her Husband abfent, preſent, neuer any.

King Henry
euer moſt in-
fortunate-

But whilſt her ſelfe with further hopes ſhe fed,
The Queene ſtill watchfull, wiſely vnderſtands,
That WARWICK late, who at Saint Albans fled,
(Whereas his heeles ſeru'd better then his hands,)
Had met the Duke of YORKE, and made a head
Of many freſh, and yet vnfought-with bands,
At Chipping-norton for more forces ſtay'd,
From whence towards London they their march had laid.

And for ſhee ſaw the Son herne to adhere,
Still to the Yorkiſts, who againe relyde
Much on their ayde, as London ſhe doth feare,
A ſmall reliefe which lately her denyde,
She can (at all) conceiue no comfort there,
With any ſuccours, nor to be ſupply'd,
But to the North her ſpeedy courſe directs,
From whence freſh aydes ſhe euery day expects.

The London-
ners deny the
Queen victu-
able for her
Army.

Not foure dayes march yett fully on her way,
But YORKE to London with his Army comes,
And nere the Walls his Enſignes doth diſplay
Deaſſing the City with his clamorous Drummes,
His Title to the multitude doth ſway,
That for his Souldiers they provide him Summes,
And thoſe prouiſions, they Queene MARGARIT ow'd,
Taken from hers, they on the Duke beſtowde'

The Duke of
Yorke entreth
London with
applauſe of
the people.

The Gates ſet open to receiue him in,
They with applauſe his gracious entrance greet,
His preſence to the Peoples hearts doth winne,
That they come flocking in from euery ſtreet,
Kneeling before him as he Crown'd had beene,
And as he rode along, they kiſſe his feet,
Whilſt good King HENRY towards the North is gone,
The poore Lancſtrians damn'd by euery one.

Whither (at once) doth presently repaire
 The Spirituall Lords, and Temporall, who would haue
 Him take the Crowne, who farre more ready are
 To giue, then he their suffrages to craue :
 The Commons take him so into their care,
 Vpon his name that dotingly they rane,
 And being ask'd who should their Soueraigne be,
 They cry King EDWARD, and no man but he.

Thus to his hight this puissant Prince they heaue,
 The seat Imperiall; where then sitting downe,
 Their fealty they force him to receaue,
 Which on his head might firmly fixe his Crowne,
 And in his hand the Regall Scepter leaue :

*Edward made
 King by the
 suffrage of
 the Commons*

EDWARD the fourth proclaym'd in eu'ry Towne,
 With all the pompe that they could thinke vpon,
 They then adorne his Coronation.

THIS newes too quickly in Queene MARGARITES
 What by the Lords at *London* had beene done,
 Euen at the point to fall into dispaire,
 Ready she was on her owne deatch to runne;
 With her faire fingers rents her golden haire,
 Cursing that houre when first she saw the Sunne,
 VVith rage she faints; reuiuing, and doth call
 Vpon high heauen for vengeance on them all.

To ayde her right yet still excites her friends,
 By her faire speech enchanted (as by Charmes)
 Scarce any man on any Lord depends
 That followes her, that riseth not in Armes :
 The spacious North such plentious succour sends,
 That to her side the Souldiers come in swarmes :
 Thus day by day she addeth more and more
 To that full Army, which shee had before.

Not long it was but EDWARD vnderstood,
 Of this great power prepared in the North,
 VVhen he to make his Coronation good,
 Calls to his ayde his friends of greatest worth,
 VVith whom, then rising like a raging flood :
 This forward King breakes violently forth,
 That with the helpe of Tributary flowes,
 Extends his breadth still onward as he goes.

*King Edward
 marches from
 London to
 to meete his
 Enemies in
 the North.*

Nor

Nor HERNIES Army needed to be fought,
For euery man could tell him where it lay :
In twelue dayes march which EDWARD easly rought,
Without resistance keeping on his way,
Nere fifty thousand, in his Host he brought,
Whose brandith'd Ensignes seem'd to braue the day :
And vnder *Pomfret* his proud Tents he pight,
Prouiding hourly for a deadly fight.

Of HENRYES Host when they who had command,
On whom the Queene imposed had the care :
Great SOMERSET, and stout NORTHUMBERLAND,
And CLIFFORD whom no danger yet could dare :
The Walls of *Torke* first hauing throughly man'd,
There plac'd the King; when quickly they prepare
To range their Battell, which consisted then
Of threescore thousand valiant Northerne men.

From EDWARDS Host the Lord FITZWATER went,
And valiant NEVILL, WARWICKS Bastard brother,
At *Ferry-Bridge* the Passage to preuent
From coming ouer *Eyre*, to keepe the other ;
Gainst whom the Aduerse, the Lord CLIFFORD sent,
Who taking night his enterprife to smother :
The dawne yet dusky, passing through a Ford,
Puts them, and all their Souldiers to the Sword.

The Lord
Fitz-water
and Bastard
Nevill slaine.

At the shrill noyse when WARWICKE comming in,
And findes his Brother and FITZWATER dead,
Euen as a man distracted that had bin :
Out of his face the liuely coulour fled :
Dorth cruell CLIFFORD thus (quoth he) begin,
For eu'ry drop of blood that he hath shed,
This day, I'le make an Enemy to bleed,
Or neuer more in Battaile let me speed.

Warwicke
vowes to re-
uenge his
brothers
death.

And to the King returning in this mood :
My Liege (quoth he) all mercy now de fie,
Delay no longer to reuenge their blood ;
Whose mangled bodies breathlesse yonder lie :
And let the man that meanes King EDWARDS good
Stand fast to WAARWICK, who no more shall fie :

Resolu'd to winn, or bid the world adue,
Which spoke, the Earle his sprightly Courser slue.

Warwicke
desperate
resolution.

No Quarter
kept at Tow-
ton.

This resolution so extreame wrought
Vpon King E D W A R D, that he gaue command,
That on his side who willingly not fought,
Should haue his leaue, to quit him out of hand;
That eu'ry one should kill the man he cought,
To keepe no Quarter, and who meant to stand
In his iust cause, rewarded he would see,
This day he'll rise, or this day ruin'd be,

Towton field.

V When neere to Towton on the spacious Playne
These puissant Armies, on Palme-Sun lay met,
Where downe-right slaughter angry Heau'n doth rayne,
With clouds of Rage the Element is set:
The windes breath Fury, and the earth againe
V With the hot gore of her owne Natiues wet,
Sends vp a smoke, which makes them all so mad,
Of neither part that mercy could be had.

One horrid sight another doth appall:
One fearefull crie another doth confound,
Murthers so thick vpon each other fall,
That in one shreke anothers shreke is dround,
V Whilt blood for blood incessantly doth call,
From the wide mouth of many a gaping wound;
Slaughter so soone growes big, that comm'n to birth,
The monstrous burthen ouer-loads the earth.

This bloody Tempest ten long houres doth last,
V Whilt neither side could to it selfe assure
The Victory, but as their lot was cast,
V With wounds and death they stoutly it endure,
Vntill the valiant *Torkists* at the last,
Although in number neere ten thousand fewer:
In their long Fight their forces mannage so,
That they before them lay their conquer'd foe.

A miserable
defect of the
Queenes
friends.

Couragious CLIFFORD first here fell to ground,
Into the throat with a blunt Arrow struck:
Here V VESIMERLAND recei'd his deadly wound:
Here dy'd the stout NOR THVMBERLAND that stuck
Still to his Soueraigne; VVELLS and DACRES found
That they had lighted on King HENRYES luck:
TROWLP and HORNE two braue Commanders dead,
Whilt SYMMERSET and EXCESTER were fled!

The greatest
slaughter in
all that ciuill
Warre.

Thirty two thousand in this Battaile slaine,
Many in strays lye heap'd vp like a wall:
The rest lye scatter'd round about the Playne,
And Cocke a Riuer, though but very small,
Fill'd with those flying; doth so deeply stayne
The Riuer Warfe, in twich this Cocke doth fall,
As that the Fountaine which this flood doth feede,
Besides their blood, had seem'd for them to bleede.

King

King HENRYES hopes thus vtterly forlorne,
By the late losse of this vnlucky day :
He feesles the Crowne (euen) from his Temples torne
On his sword point, which EDWARD beares away :
And since his fall the angry fates had sworne,
He findes no comfort longer here to stay :
But leauing *Yorke*, he post to *Barwick* goes
With's Queene and Sonne, true partners in his woes.

The King for *Scotland*, and for *France* the Queene,
Diuided hence, since them thus Fortune thwarts,
Before this time there seldome had beene scene,
Two to be seuer'd with so heauy harts :
The Prince their sonne then standing them betweene,
Their song is sorrow, and they beare their parts :
He to the King of *Scots*, to get supplies,
Shee to the *French* King, and her Father flies.

The King and
Queene forced
to forsake the
Land.

Which well might shoue a Princes slippery state,
For when she hether at the first came in,
England and *France* did her congratulate,
Then in two Battailles she had Conqueror bin,
Seeming to tread vpon the *Torkists* hate,
As from that day she had beene borne to win :
Now to sayle back with miseries farre more,
Then were her tryumphes landing here before.

This cruell blowe to the *Lancastrians* lent,
At fatall *Towton* that Palme-Sunday fight,
Where so much blood they prodigally spent,
To *France* and *Scotland* as inforc'd their flight,
Lifts vp the *Torkists* to their large extent,
And EDWARD now to see his Crowne sat right,
Proud in his spoyles, to *London* doth repaire,
And re-annoyned mounts th'Imperiall Chaire.

Where he a speedy Parliament doth passe,
Tannull those Lawes which had beene made before
Gainst his succession, and dissolue the Masse
Of Treasons heapt on his, them to restore :
Whereby King HENRY so much lesned was,
As after that he should subsist no more,
Little then thinking LANCASTER againe
Now but an Exile ouer him should raine.

Who

The Earle of
Oxford and
his Sonne
attainted.

VWhere he attaints as Traitors to his Crowne,
IOHN Earle of *Oxford* and his valient Sonne
AVBRY DE VERE, with whom likewise went downe,
MOVNTGOMERY, TERIL, TVDENHAM who were
To death; so Heauen on HENRY seemes to frowne, (done
And SUMMERSET King EDWARDS wrath to shunne,
Himselfe submitting is reciu'd to grace,
Such is Queene MARGARITS miserable case.

Queene Mar-
garit a wo-
man of an vn-
dainted spirit.

HENRY in *Scotland*, the sad Queene the while,
Is left to *France*, to LEWIS there to sue,
To lend her succour; scorning her exile,
In spight of Fate she will the warre renew,
She will tempt Fortune till againe she smile,
In such a pitch her mighty spirit still flew;
That should the world oppose her, yet that strength,
She hopes shall worke vp her desires at length.

The Queene
in euery en-
terprise most
vnfortunate.

And with fise thousand valient Volunteers,
Of natiue *French*, put vnder her Command,
With Armes well fitted she towards *Scotland* steeres,
With which before she possibly could land,
The wrath of Heauen vpon this Queene appeares,
And with fice Tempests striue her to withstand,
The windes make warre against her with her Foe,
Which Ioin'd together worke her ouerthrowe.

Her Forces thus infortunatly lost,
Which she in *Scotland* hop'd to haue encrease,
And in this tempest she her selfe so tost,
As neuer Lady; yet she here not ceast,
But since she found her interprise thus crost,
She to the *Scottish* her faire course adrest,
Nor would desist till she had raisde agen,
Ten thousand valient well-appointed men.

Queene Mar-
garit rayseth
a new Army.

And in vpon *Northumberland* doth breake,
Rowzing the Sluggish villages from sleepe,
Bringing in HENRY though a helpe but weake,
But leaues her Sonne in *Barwicke* safe to keepe;
Her ratling Drummes so rough a language speake,
The ruffling *Scots*, and all the Country sweepe;
VWhich rumor ran so fast with, through the ayre,
That EDWARD thought it shooke his very Chaire.

And

And SOMERSET receiu'd to grace before,
With Sir RALPHE PERCY from that fatall day
At *Towton*; found each minute more and more
How sad a fate on the *Lancastrians* lay,
Yet hoping now King HENRY to restore,
Who they suppos'd had new found out the way,
Reuolt from EDWARD, and in HENRYS name
Call in their friends, to ayde him as he came.

Some that had
submitted
themselues to
King Edward,
reuolt at king
Henries com-
ming.

THIS noise of Warre arising from the North,
In EDWARDS eares re-ecchoing bids him stirre,
And Rumour tells him if he made not forth,
Queene MARGARIT com'n he must resigne to her,
For they were Captaines of especiall worth,
On whom shee did this mighty charge conferre;
For that her Ensignes she at large displaid,
And as shee came so still came in her ayde.

For which his much lou'd MONTACVTE he sends
With *Englands* valient Infantry his Pheres;
To whose wise guidance, he this Warre commends,
His Souldiers expert pickt in sundry sheeres:
His vtmost strength King EDWARD now extends,
Which he must doe, or drag'd downe by the eares
From his late-gotten, scarfely-setled Throne,
And one his shoulders shee remount thereon.

And MONTACVTE had scarfely march'd away,
But he himselfe sets forward with an Host,
And a strong Navy likewise doth puruay,
To scoure the Seas and keepe the *Brittish* Coast,
Fearing from *France* fresh succours every day,
To ayde Queene MARGARIT which perplex'd him most,
For he perceiu'd his Crowne late not so sure,
But might be shak'd should she her Powers procure.

King Edward
provideth to
resist Queene
Margarites
comming in.

Now is the North filld with refulgent Armes,
EDWARDS are *English*, *Scots* Queen MARGARIT brings
The Norths cold bosome, this great concourse warmes,
Their Quarrell is the right of two great Kings,
Which oft before haue wrought each others harmes,
And from that Roote, new horror dayly springs,
And though much blood they both had spent before,
Yet not so much, but that there must be more.

The Conflict
at *Hegly More*.

At *Hegly-Heath* their skirmishes begin,
Where two bold Barons HUNGERFORD and ROSSE,
With Sir RALPH PERCY, he who late had bin
Leagu'd with King EDWARD, but then gotten lose,
(Striues by all meanes to expyate that sin)
To the *Lancastrian* faction cleaues so close,
That when those Barrons from that Conflit flie,
In HENRY'S right, he brauely dares to die.

The Battaile
of *Exham*.

Which leads along as tragicall an Act,
As since the Warres had euer yet beene playd;
For MOUNTACUTE b'ing fortunately backt
By braue King EDWARDS comming to his ayde:
As of their force King HENRY little lackt,
The Playne call'd *Linells* where the sceane was layde:
Not farre from *Exham* neere to *Dowills* flood,
That day discoloured with *Lancastrians* blood.

There struck they Battaile, Bowmen Bowmen plide,
Northerne to Southerne, slaughter ceaseth all;
Long the Fight lasted e'r that either side
Could tell to which the Victory would fall:
But to the *Yorkists* fortune is lo tide,
That she must come when they shall please to call,
And in his Cradle HENRY had the curse,
That where he was, that side had still the worse.

Queene Mar-
garites party
goes still to
wrack.

This lucklesse day by the *Lancastrian* elost,
Was SUMMERSET surprized in his flight,
And in pursuing of this scatter'd Host,
On MULLINS, ROSSE, and HUNGERFORD they light,
Which this dayes worke e'r long full dearely cost;
And with these Lords were taken many a Knight,
Nor from their hands could HENRY hardly shift,
Had not his guide beene, as his Horse was, swift.

Still must Queene MARGARITES miseries endure,
This Masse of sorrow markt out to sustaine:
For all the aydes this time she should procure,
Are either taken, put to flight, or slaine;
Of nothing else she can her selfe assure,
That she will leaue her losses to complaine:
For since she sees that still her friends goe downe,
She will curse Fortune if she doe not frowne.

HENRY

HENRY to flye to *Scotland* back is faine,
To get to *France*, the wofull Queene is glad,
There with her Sonne inforced to remaine,
Till other aydes might thence againe be had;
So them their hard necessities constraine,
To set them downe that it doth make me sad,
Neuer so thicke came miseries I weene,
Vpon a poore King, and a woofull Queene.

King Henry
and the Queen
part.

This done King EDWARD, his strong Army sends
To take those Castles which not long before,
Had beene deliuerd to King HENRYS friends,
Which he by siedges makes them to restore,
And on the Borders watchfully attends,
To HENRIES ayde that there should come no more
But o behold as one ordain'd to ill,
The Fate that followes haplesse HENRY still.

For out of some deepe melancholly fitt,
Or otherwise, as false into despair,
Or that he was not rightly in his witt,
Being safe in *Scotland*, and still succour'd there;
Vpon the suddaine he abandons ir,
And into *England* loly entring, where
He is surprisde, and (in his enemies power)
Is by King EDWARD shut vp in the Tower.

King Henry
coming dis-
guised into
England is
discovered,
and taken
prisoner.

This hap had HENRY, who when he was borne,
Of Christian Kings the greatest then aliue,
Now he the Crowne full forty yeeres had worne,
Doth all his Regall Soueraignery suruiue;
Of all men liuing and the most forlorne,
So strange a thing can Destiny contriue:
So many sundry Miseries as he,
No King before, had euer liu'd to see.

King Henry
was borne the
greatest of
Christian
Kings.

To heare all this Queene MARGARITE must endure,
Yet sadly to her Fathers Court confinde,
And now King EDWARD held himselfe secure,
When things fell out so fittly to his minde,
But when of rest he did himselfe assure,
Vpon a suddaine rose so rough a winde,
In his strong hand, which shooke his Scepter more,
Then all the stormes that ere had blowne before.

The pollicie
of King Ed-
ward.

For then in minde to league himselfe with *France*,
Which he perceiu'd, would be the surest way,
His question'd Tytle highly to aduance;
And at his need should serue him for a kay,
To open him their pollicies; whose chance
Was then in casting, and they next to play;
For MARGARITE still the *French* King LEWES prest
For second aydes, nor would she let him rest.

Warwick sent
into *France* to
intreat for a
marriage be-
twixt King
Edward and
Bona, the
French Queens
sister.

Wherefore he sends a marriage to entreat,
With beauteous BONA (with whose rich report
Fame was oppress'd with, as a taske too great)
The *French* Queens sister, and with her in Court,
WARWICK the man chose forth to worke the feat,
Who is sent thither in most sumptuous sort,
And in short time so well his busnesse plies,
That she was like to proue an *English* prize.

The Dut-
chess of Bed-
ford after John
her husbands
decease, was
wedded to Sir
Rich. Wood-
ville Knight,
whose daugh-
ter this Lady
was.

In the meane while this youthfull King by chance,
Comming to *Grafton*, where the Dutchesse lay,
Then stil'd of BEDFORD; his eye haps to glance
On her bright daughter the faire Widdow GRAY,
Whose beauties did his senses so intrance,
And stole his heart so suddainly away;
That must he loose his Crowne, come weale, come woe,
She must be his, though all the world say no.

Her lookes like *Leibe* make him to forget,
Vpon what busnesse he had WARWICK sent;
Vpon this Lady he his loue so set,
That should his Crowne from off his head be rent,
Or his rebellious people rise, to let
This choyse of his, they should it not preuent:
For those pure eyes his bosome that had pierc'd,
Had writ a Law there, not to bereuer'd.

Her husband
slaine at *Saint*
Albons on the
Kings part,

What lesse amends this Lady can I make,
For her deare Husband in my quarrell slaine;
Then lawfull marriage which for Iustice sake,
I must performe (quoth he) lest she complaine,
For a iust Prince, so me the world shall take:
Soothing himselfe vp in this amorous vaine,
With his affections in this sort doth play,
Till he a Queene made the faire Lady GRAY.

This

This act of EDWARDS com'n to WARWICKseare,
And that the sequell show'd it to be true,
In his sterne eyes it eas'ly might appeare,
His heart too great for his strait bolome grew,
He his Commission doth in peece-meale teare,
Breakes the broad Scale, and on the ground it threw,
And prayes blest heau'n may curse him, if that he
For this disgrace reuenged would not be.

Haue I (quoth he) so list'd thee aloft,
That to thy Greatnesse I the scorne am growne:
Haue I for thee aduentur'd beene so oft,
In this long Warre, as to the world is knowne,
And now by thee thus basely am I scoft,
By this disgrace vpon me thou hast throwne:
If these thy wrongs vnpunish'd slightly passe,
Hold WARWICK base, and false from what he was.

Warwick expressing the wrong done him by King Edward in the three following Stanzas.

Know tw'as the NEVILS for thy Tytle stood,
Else long e'r this layd lower then the ground,
And in thy cause my Father shed his blood,
None of our house, for thee, but beares some wound,
And now at last to recompence this good,
Onely for me this Guerdon hast thou found:
From thy proud head, this hand shall pluck thy Crowne,
Or if thou stand, then needes must WARWICK downe,

Yet he to *England* peaceably repaires,
And with a smooth browe smothers his intent,
And to the King relates the *French* affaires,
As what in Court had past there since he went:
His spleene he for a fitter season spares,
Till he the same more liberally might vent:
Calme was his countenance, and his language faire,
But in his breast a deepe reuenge he bare.

Warwick deeply dissimulates his discontent.

MEane while Queene MARGARITE (a poore Exile)
How things in *England* (in her absence) went, (heares,
Her halfe-burst heart, which but a little cheeres:
For from her head she felt the Crowne was rent,
Yet though farre off a little glimpse appeares,
A seeming hope, and though it faintly lent,
It might haue said, had not the Fates said no,
These stormes at home, might her some profit blowe.

She heares how WARWICK cunningly had wrought,
a George, second brother to King Edward, and by him created Duke of Clarence. GEORGE Duke of ^a Clarence from his brothers side,
 And that braue Youth at Callice hauing caught
b Warwick by his Agents had stirred vp this Rebellion in the North, he himselfe being at Callice, that it might seeme not to be done by him: they had to their Captaines Henry Fitz-howard, Henry Neuill, and Sir John Coniers. His eldest daughter had to him affide,
 How to rebell the ^b Northerne men were brought,
 And who by WARWICK poynted was their guide,
 As on the ^c welch he had a mighty hand,
 By Edward rais'd those Rebels to withstand.

Of new ^d Rebellions at Northampton rais'd,
 And to dispiht the King what they had done,
 How they at Grafton the Earle RIVERS seas'd,
 And Sir JOHN WOODVILE his most hopefull sonne,
 Who with their heads could hardly be appeas'd,
 And of the Fame by puissant WARWICK wonne:
 Who hauing taken ^e EDWARD in his Tent,
 His King his prisoner into Yorkshire sent.

Then heares againe how EDWARD had escapt,
 And by his friends a greater power had got,
 How he the men of ^f Lincolneshire intrapt,
 Who neere to Stamford pay'd a bloody shot:
 And when the Earle his course for Callice shapt,
 When England lastly grew for him too hot,
 When ^g Vauncleere who there his Deputy he put,
 The Ports against his late grand Captaine shut.

Lastly, she heares that he at ^h Deepe ariues,
 And lately com'n to ⁱ Amboyes to the Court,
 Whereas King LEWES to his vtmost struiues,
 To entertaine him in most Princely sort:
 When the wise Queene her busnesse so contriues,
 That she comes thither, small what though her port;
 Yet brings along the sweet young Prince her sonne,
 To proue what good with WARWICK might be done.

When both in ^j Court, and presence of the King,
 Their due respect to both of them that gaue:
 He will'd them in so pertinent a thing,
 That they the like should of each other haue;
 The teares began from both their eyes to spring,
 That each from other Pitty seem'd to craue,
 In gracefull manner when the greued Queene
 Thus to that great Earle, gently breathes her spleene.

WARWICK
^k The Lord Vauncleere a Gascoigne borne. ^l A knowne Port Towne of Normandy. ^m A Towne where then the French King lay. ⁿ Queen Margarine and the Earle of Warwick met in the Court of France.

WARWICK, saith shee, how mercilesse a Foe
Hast thou beene still to my poore Child and me.
That villaine YORKE which hast aduanced so,
Which neuer could haue risen but for thee;
That valour thou on EDVVARD didst bestow,
O hadst thou show'd for him, thou here dost see,
Our Damaske Roses had adorn'd thy Crest,
And with their wreathes thy ragged Staues bene drest.

The Queenes
speech to the
Earle in the
four following
Stanzas.

First, at Saint *Albans*, at *Northampton* then,
And fatall *Towton* that most fearefull fight,
How many, nay, what multitudes of men,
By thee fierce WARWICK slaine and put to flight;
O if thy Sword that euer stood for ten,
Had but beene drawne for HENRY, and his right,
He should haue built thee Trophies euery where,
Wrought with our Crowne, supported by thy Beare.

What glory had it wonne the NEVILS name,
To haue vpheld the right succeeding race,
Of that fift HENRY, he that was of Fame
The onely Mineon; whom thou now dost trace,
But SALISBURY the first against vs came,
Then FALCONBRIDGE, and MOANTACUTE, O base,
To aduance a Traitor to his Soueraigne thus,
But to our Crowne your name is ominous.

Baron *Falconbridge* was
brother to
Richard Ne-
ville Earle of
Salisbury, and
Richard Earle
of *Warwicke*,
and *John Mar-*
quisse Mount-
acute were
Sonnets to the
said Earle.

How many a braue Peere, thy too neere Allies,
(Whose losse the Babe that's yet vnborne shall rue)
Haue made themselves, a willing Sacrifice
In our iust quarrell, who it righty knewe,
Whose blood gainst YORKE and his adherents cryes,
(Whom many a sad curse euer shall pursue :)
O WARWICK, WARWICK, expiat this guilt,
By shedding theirs for whom our blood was spilt.

When in like language, this great Earle againe
Regreets the Queene, and wooes her to forbear,
Of former greefe one thought to entertaine;
Things are not now, quoth he, as once they were,
Totalke of these past help, it is in vaine,
What though it ease your heart, and please your eare,
This is not it, no, it must be our Swords
Must right our wrongs (deare Lady) not our words.

Warwickes
reply in the
two follow-
ing Stan-
zas.

Madam

Madam (quoth he) by this my vexed heart,
 On EDVVARDS head, which oft hath wish'd the Crowne,
 Let but Queene MARGARITE cleaue to WARWICKS
 This hand that heau'd him vp shall hewe him downe, (part,
 And if from HENRY, RICHARD NEVILL start,
 Vpon my House let Heauen for euer frowne;
 Or backe the Crowne to this young Prince Ile bring,
 Or not be WARWICK if he be not King.

Prince Ed-
 ward affyed to
 Anne the Earle
 of Warwick's
 daughter.

When they accord, Prince EDWARD should affye,
 ANNE the Earles Daughter, to confirme it more,
 By Sacrament themselues they strictly tye,
 By Armes againe King HENRY to restore,
 Or in the Quarrell they would liue and dye,
 Comprising likewise in the oath they swore,
 That the Earle and CLARENCE should Protectors be
 When they King HENRY and the Prince should free.

Warwicke
 makes prepa-
 ration for a
 new Warre.

When soone great WARVVICK into *England* sends,
 To warne his friends that they for Warre prepare,
 King HENRYS Title, and to them commends,
 That they should take his cause into their care,
 Now is the time that he must trie his freinds,
 When he himselfe gainst EDWARD must declare;
 And when much strife amongst the Commons rose,
 Whom they should ayde, or whom they should oppose.

Warwicke so
 famous that
 he was seene
 with wonder.

Furnish'd with all things well befitting Warre,
 By great King LEWES to Queene MARGARITE lent,
 WARWICK (whose name Fame sounded had so farre,
 That men with wonder view'd him as he went,
 Of all men liuing the most popular)
 Thought eu'ry houre to be but idely spent,
 On *Englands* troubled earth vntill he were,
 To view the troupes attending for him there.

And in his Army tooke with him along,
 OXFORD, and PENBROOKE, who had beene destroy'd,
 By EDVVARD, sworne now to reuenge their wrong,
 By BVRGOYNE the *French* Admirall conuoy'd,
 At whose Ariue the shores with people throng:
 At sight of WARWICK, and so ouerjoy'd,
 That eu'ry one, a WARWICK, WARWICK cries,
 Well may the *Red-Rose* by great WARWICK rise,

Like

Like some blacke cloud, which houerling lately hung
Thrust on at last by th'windes impetious power
The groues and fields, comes raging in among,
As though both foules and flockes it would deuoure,
That those abroad make to the shelters strong
To saue themselues from the outragious shower;
So fly the Yorkists before WARWICKS Drums
Like a sterne tempest roaring as he comes.

A Simile.

When EDWARD late who wore the costly Crowne,
Himselfe so high and one his Fortunes bore,
Then heard himselfe in euery place cry'd downe,
And made much lesse, then he was great before,
Nor dares he trust himselfe in any Towne,
For in the In-lands as along the shore,
Their Proclamations him a Traytor make,
And each man chardg'd against him Armes to take.

For which the *Washes* he is forc'd to wade
And in much perill lastly gets to *Lin*,
(To saue himselfe such shift King EDWARD made
For in more danger he had neuer bin)
Where finding three Dutch Hulks which lay for trade
The greatest of them he hires to take him in
RICHARD his brother, HASTINGS his true friend,
Scarfe worth one sword their persons to defend.

Warwick dri-
ueth King
Edward out of
the Kingdom.

When WARWICK now the onely Prince of power,
EDWARD the fourth out of the Kingdome fled,
Commands himselfe free entrance to the Tower
And sets th'Imperiall wreath on HENRYES head,
Brings him through *London* to the Bishops bower,
By the applauding people followed,
Whose shrill re-eccowing shouts resound from farre
A WARWICK, WARWICK, long liue LANCASTER.

Warwick
takes King
Henry out of
the Tower.

And presently, a Parliament they call,
In which they attaynt King EDWARD in his blood
The lands and goods made forfeitures of all
That in this quarrell, with proud YORKE had stood,
Their friends in their old honours they inst:ll
Which they had lost now by an act made good,
Intayle the Crowne, on HENRY and his heyres,
The next on CLARENCE should they faile in theirs

King *Edward*
and his adhe-
rents attainted
by act of Par-
liament.

Whilst WARWICK thus King HENRY doth aduance,
 See but the Fate still following the sad Queene,
 Such Stormes and Tempests in that season chance,
 Before that time as seldome hadbin seene,
 That twice from Sea she was forc'd backe to *France*,
 As angry heauen had put it selfe betweene
 Her and her Ioyes, and would a witnesse be
 That naught but sorow, this sad Queene must see.

Queene Mar-
 garite neuer
 sees any thing
 that might
 giue her com-
 fort.

This might haue lent her comfort yet at last,
 So many troubles hauing vndergone,
 And hauing through so many perils past,
 T'haue seene her husband settled on his Throne,
 Yet still the skies with clouds are ouercast,
 Well might she heare, but of this sees she none,
 Which from farre off, as flying newes doth greet her,
 Naught but mischance, when she comes in must meet her

The Duke of
 Burgondie
 Brother in
 Law to King
 Edward, so
 was he alied
 to King Hen-
 rie by his
 Grandmother
 being the
 daughter of
 Iohn of Gaunt

But all this while King EDWARD not dismay'd
 His Brother CHARLES of *Burgondy* so plyes,
 That though the subtrill Duke on both sides play'd
 EDWARD and HENRY both his neere Allies;
 Vpon the Duke King EDWARD yet so layd,
 (Hauing his sisters furtherance, who was wife)
 That vnderhand, his strength he so restores,
 As that he dar'd rattempt the *English* shores.

With foureteene Shippes from th' *Easterlings* being hir'd,
 And foure *Burgonians* excellently man'd,
 After some time with stormes and tempests tyr'd,
 He neere the mouth of *Humber* haps to land,
 Where though the Beacons at his sight were fir'd,
 Yet few or none his entrance doe withstand,
 For that his friends had giuen it out before,
 He fought the Dukedome, and he would no more.

Yorke yeelded
 vp to King
 Edward.

Vpon his march when forward as he came,
 Resolud to trie the very worst of warre,
 He Summons *Yorke* (whereof he bare the name)
 To him her Duke, her Gates that doth vnbarre,
 And comming next to *Rocke-reard Nottingham*,
 MOVNTGOMERY, BOROUGH, HARRINGTON & PAR
 Bring him their power; at *Lecester* againe,
 Three thousand came, to *HASTINGS* that retaine.

Succours com-
 ming in to Ed-
 ward.

To *Conenry* and keeping on his way,
(Sets downe his Army in the Citties fight)
Whereas that time the Earle of WARWICK lay,
To whom he sends to dare him out to fight,
Which still the Earle deferrs from day to day,
Perceiuing well, that all things went not right,
For with his succours CLARENCE came not in,
VWhom to suspect he greatly doth beginne.

King Edward
setts downe
his Armie
before *Conen-
ry*, daring
Warwicke to
the field.

And not in vaine, for that disloyall Lord,
Taking those Forces he had leuied, leaues
The Earle, and with his Brother doth accord,
VWhich of all hope braue WARWICK so bereaues;
That now King EDWARD hopes to be restor'd,
Which then too late the credulous Earle perceiues,
EDWARD towards *London* with his Army sped,
To take the Crowne once more from HENRIES head.

Clarence de-
uolts from
his father in
Lawe the
Earle of *War-
wicke*.

The Queene in *France* this wofull newes that heard,
How farre through *England* EDWARD thus had past;
Ashow by CLARENCE (whom she euer fear'd)
WARWICK behind hand mightily was cast,
This most vndaunted Queene her hopes yet cheer'd,
By those great perills shee had lately past,
And from King LEWES doth three thousand presse,
To ayde her freinds in *England* in distresse.

Whilst she is busie gathering vp those Aydes,
(In so short time) as *France* could her afforde,
Corragious WARWICK basely thus betray'd
By CLARENCE lewdly falsifying his word,
The most coragious Earle no whit dismayde,
But trusting still to his successfull Sword,
Followes the King, towards *London* march'd before,
Each day his Power increasing more and more

Warwicke
followes the
King towards
London.

But EDWARD by the *Londoners* let in,
Who in their Gates his Army tooke to guard,
WARWICK this while that trifling had not bin,
But with a Power sufficiently prepar'd
T'approch the Citty brauely doth begin
To dare the King, who lately him had dar'd,
Who then from *London* his arm'd Forces leades.
Towards where his march ambitious WARWICK treads

King Edward
setts out of
London to
meete *War-
wicke*

From

The Armies
meet at *Barnet*.

From *London* this, that from *Saint Albans* sett,
These two grand Souldiers shouldring for the Crowne,
They in the mid-way are at *Barnet* met,
Where then they set their puissant Armies downe,
WARWICK as neere as euer he could get,
But EDWARD onely taketh vp the Towne;
Betwixt whose Tents a Heath calld *Gladmoore* lyes,
Where they prepare to act this bloody prize.

With Drums and Trumpets they awake the day,
Muffled in mists her lowring selfe that shoves,
To stop their madnesse doing all it may,
Knowing what blood her light was like to lose:
But hope of slaughter beares so great a sway
That with the Sunne their rage still higher growes,
Full were their hands of death, so freely dealt,
That the most mortall wounds, the least were felt.

The Armes of
England.

The aduerse Ensignes to each other waue,
(As t'were) to call them forward to the field,
The King the Earle, the Earle the King doth braue,
Nor cares he for the * Leopards in his Sheild;
And whilst one freind another strives to saue,
Hee's slaine himselfe, if not, enforc'd to yeeld,
In either Army there is not one eye,
But is spectator of some Tragedy.

Those wrongs the King had from the Earle receiu'd,
Expulst the Kingdome onely by his power,
Euen to the height his powerfull hand vp-heau'd,
For full reuenge in this vnhappy howre,
And by the King, the Earle his hopes bereau'd,
Sheltred by him from many a bloody shower,
Spurres vp Reuenge, and with that violent rage,
That scarcely blood, their fury could asswage.

Warwicks
high valour.

WARWICK who sees his Souldiers had the worse,
And at a neere point to be put to flight,
Throwing himselfe from of his armed Horse,
Thrusts in on soote into the deadliest fight,
EDWARD againe with an vnusuall force,
In his owne person in the Armies fight,
Purs for the Garland, which if now he lose,
WARWICK his Crowne at pleasure would dispose.

To

To EDVVARDS side, but Fortune doth encline,
WAAWICKS high valour then was but in vaine;
His noble soule there destin'd to resigne,
Braue MOVNTACVTE his valiant brother slaine:
Here SOMERSET (with them that did combine)
Forced to flye, and EXCESTER is faine

To saue himselfe by Sanctuary; this day
EDWARD'S victorious, and beares all away.

THis fatall field vnluckily thus lost,
That very day so Destinie contriues,
That the grieu'd Queene at Sea turmoyl'd and tost
Neere twenty dayes, in *Weymouth* Road ariues,
Where scarcely landed, but Post after Post
Brings her this ill newes, which so farre depriues
Her of all comfort, that shee curst and band
Those plaguy windes that suffered her to land.

Wert thou (quoth she) so fortunate in fight
Onoble WARWICK, when thou wert our foe,
And now thou stood'st in our indoubted right,
And should'st for HENRY thy high valour showe
Thus to be slaine; what Power in our dispiht
Watcheth from heau'n vpon our ouerthrowe?

Th'vnlucky Starres haue certainly made lawes,
To marke for Death the fauourers of our cause.

O what Infernall brought that EDWARD back,
So late expell'd by WARWICKS powerfull hand,
Was there no way his rotten Ship to wrack?
Was there no Rock? was there no swallowing sand?
And too, the wretched Subiects were so slack,
To suffer him so trayterously to land;

Surely whose heau'n against vs haue conspir'd,
Or in our troubles they had else beene ty'rd.

Was I for this so long detayn'd in *France*,
From ragefull Tempests, and reserv'd till now,
That I should land, to meete with this mischance:
It must needs be, the Powers haue made a vowe,
Vp to that height my sorrowes to aduance,
That before mine all miseries shall bowe:

That all the sorrow mortalls can surmise,
Shall fall farre short of MARGARITES miseries.

The Earle of
Warwicke and
his brother
Marquesse
Mountacute
slaine.

That very day
that *War-*
wicke was
slaine, the
Queene lands.

The *Queenes*
speech hea-
ring of *War-*
wicke defeat
in the three
following
Stanzas.

These words scarce spoke, her halfe-slaine heart to ease,
 But the least breath of comfort to preuent
 The next ill newes, in rushing after these,
 Cause of new sorrow to the Queene.
 Was that King HENRY to the Tower was sent,
 (As though it selfe (guen) Destiny should please,
 In wretched MARGARITEs heauy discontent)
 Thrunging so thicke as like themselues to smother,
 Or as one ranne, to ouertake another.

Those scattred Troopes from *Barnet* that escap'd,
 Hearing the Queene thus Landed with her power,
 Though much dismay'd with what had lately hapt,
 The remnant of the Army which escaped at *Barnet* resort to the Queene.
 On Gore-drown'd *Gladmore* in that bloody shower,
 And fearing by the Foe to be entrapt:
 Through vatrod grounds, in many a tedious hower,
 Flocke to her dayly, till that by their ayde,
 Equall with EDWARDS they her Army made.

When SOMERSET and DEVONSHIRE came in
 To the sad Queene, and bad her not despaire,
 Though they of late infortunate had bin,
 The Queene encouraged by her friends.
 Yet there was helpe that Ruine to repaire,
 What they had lost they hop'd againe to winne,
 And that the way lay open yet, and faire,
 For that the West would wholly with her rise,
 Besides from *Walles* assur'd her of Supplies.

And euery day still adding to their Force;
 As on their Host tow'rds *Gloucester* they guide,
 When EDVNRD finding their intended course,
 Againe for Battell strongly doth prouide,
 Both Armies they supply with Foote and Horse,
 By both their friends, as they affect the side,
 The Armies meet at *Temksbury*.
 And in their march at *Temksbury* they mett,
 Where they in Order their Battalions set.

Ill was her choise of this vneuen ground,
 Lucklesse the place, vnlacky was the howre,
 The Heauens vpon her so extreemely fround,
 A place ill chosen on the Queenes part.
 As one her head their plagues at onceto powre;
 As in a Deluge here her hopes were drown'd,
 Here sees shee death her faithfull freinds deuoure,
 The earth is fill'd with grones, the ayre with cryes,
 Horror on each side doth enclose her eyes.

Neuer

Neuer did death so terrible appeare,
 Since first their Armes the *English* learnt to weeld,
 Who would see slaughter, might behold it heere
 In the true shape vpon this fatall field,
 In vaine was valour, and in vaine was feare
 In vaine to fight, in vaine it was to yeeld,
 In vaine to fly, for destiny discust,
 By their owne hands, or others, dye they must.

A bloody
 battell,

Here her deare DEVONSHIERE noble COURTNEY
 Her faithfull friend great SUMMERSET here fell (dyde,
 DELVBS, LEVKNOB, HAMDEN, WHITTINGHAM beside, The *Queenes*
 O MARGARITE, who thy miseries can tell! (wide, army ouer-
 Sharpe were those twords which made their wounds so throwne.
 Whole blood the soyle did with th'abundance swell
 Other her friends into the Towne that fled
 Taken, no better then the former speed.

But the amazing misery of all
 As heauen the greatst vntill the last had kept,
 As it would say, that after this none shall
 By mortall eyes be worthy to be wept,
 The Prince her sonne who sees his friends thus fall
 And on each side their carcases lye heapt
 Making away in this most piteous plight
 Is taken prisoner in his tardy flight

Prince Ed-
 ward taken
 Prisoner.

And forth by CROFTS before the Conquerour brought, Vpon the
 His Proclamations cleering euery doubt, Kings procla-
 Of the youths safety: liuing were he caught, mation of a
 As a reward to him should bring him out; great reward
 But when they once had found him whom they sought to him that
 Hearing his answeres, Princely, wise, and stout, could bring
 Those bloody brothers, HASTINGS, and the rest, him in as also
 Sheath'd their sharpe Ponyards in his manly breast. of the Princes
 safety, Sir Ri-
 chard Crofts is
 worne to dis-
 couer his
 prisoner.
 Prince Ed-
 ward stab'd
 to death:

Queene MARGARITE thus of mortalls most forlorne
 Her sonne now slaine, her army ouerthrowne
 Left to the world as fortunes only sorne
 And not one friend to whom to make her moane
 (To so much woe was neuer woman borne)
 This wretched Lady wandring all alone
 Getts to a homely Cell not farre away
 If possibly to hide her from the day.

Queene Mar-
 garet gets into
 a poore Cell

But

But wretched woman quickly there bewray'd,
 She thence is taken and to Prison sent,
 Meanelly attended, miserably array'd,
 The people wondring at her as she went,
 Of whom the most malicious, her vpbray'd
 With good Duke *Humphres* death, her heart to rent,
 Whilst her milde lookes, and Gracefull gesture drue
 Many a sad eye, her miseries to rue.

*Lewes King
 of France.*

Till by Duke *RAYNER* Ransomed at last,
 Her tender Father, who a Prince but poore,
 Borow'd great Summes of *LEWES*, with much wast,
 Which for he was not able to restore,
Prouince and both the *Cicils*, to him past,

*Duke Rayner
 vndoeth him-
 self to ransome
 his Daugh-
 ter.*

With fruitfull *Naples*, which was all his store;
 To bring her backe, from earthly ioyes exil'd,
 The vndone father, helps the vndone Child.


*The Earle of
 Glocester, af-
 ter Richard
 the third.*

And though enlarg'd ere she could leaue the land
 Making a long yeere of each short-liu'd houre,
 She heares that by Duke *RICHARDS* murthering hand
 The King her husband suffers in the Towre
 As though high heauen had laid a strict command,
 Vpon each starre, some plague on her to powre:
 And vtill now that nothing could suffice
 Nor giue a period to her Miseryes.

FINIS.

NIMPHIDIA.

THE COURT OF FAYRIE.

 Lde CHAUCER doth of *Topas* tell,
Mad RABLAIS of *Pantagruell*,
A latter third of *Dowfabell*,
With such poore trifles playing:
Others the like haue laboured at
Some of this thing, and some of that,
And many of the y know not whar,
But that they must be saying.

Another sort there bee, that will
Be talking of the Fayries still,
Nor neuer can they haue their fill,
As they were wedded to them;
No Tales of them their thirst can slake,
So much delight therein they take,
And some strange thing they faine would make,
Knew they the way to doe them.

Then since no Muse hath bin so bold,
Or of the Later, or the ould,
Those Eluifh secrets to vnfold,
Which lye from others reeding,
My aſtue Muse to light shall bring,
The court of that proud Fayry King,
And tell there, of the Reuelling,
Ione prosper my proceeding.

Q

And

And thou NIMPHIDIA gentle *Fay*,
Which meeting me vpon the way,
These secrets didst to me bewray,

Which now I am intelling;
My pretty light fantastick mayde,
I here inuoke thee to my ayde,
That I may speake what thou hast sayd,
In numbers smoothly swelling.

This Pallace standeth in the Ayre,
By Nigromancie placed there,
That it no Tempests needs to feare,
Which way so ere it blow it.
And somewhat Southward tow'rd the Noone,
Whence lyes a way vp to the Moone,
And thence the *Fayrie* can as soone
Passe to the earth below it.

The Walls of Spiders legs are made,
Well mortized and finely layd;
He was the master of this Trace,
It curiously that builded:
The Windowes of the eyes of Cats,
And for the Roofe, instead of Slars,
Is couer'd with the skinns of Batts,
With Mooneshine that are gilded.

Hence *Oberon* him sport to make,
(Their rest when weary mortalls take)
And none but onely *Fayries* wake,
Defenderth for his pleasure.

And *Mab* his meerry Queene by night
Bestrids young Folks that lye vpright,
(In elder Times the *Mare* that hight)
Which plagues them out of measure.

Hence Shaddowes, seeming Idle shapes,
Of little frisking Elues and Apes,
To Earth doe make their wanton skapes;
As hope of pastime halts them:
Which maydes think on the Hearth they see,
When Fyers well nere consumed be,
Their daunsing Hayes by two and three,
Iust as their Fancy calls them.

These

These make our Girles their fluttery rue,
By pinching them both blacke and blew,
And put a penny in their shue,

The houle for cleanelly sweeping :
And in their courses make that Round,
In Meadows, and in Marshes found,
Of them so call'd the *Fayrie* ground,
Of which they haue the keeping.

These when a Childe haps to be gott,
Which after prooues an Ideott,
When Folke perceiue it thriueth not,

The fault therein to smother :
Some silly doting brainelesse Calfe,
That vnderstands things by the halfe,
Say that the *Fayrie* left this Aulfe,
And tooke away the other.

But listen and I shall you tell,
A chance in *Fayrie* that befell,
Which certainly may please some well ;

In Loue and Armes delighting :
Of *Oberon* that Iealous grewe,
Of one of his owne *Fayrie* crue,
Too well (he fear'd) his Queene that knew,
His loue but ill requiting.

Pigwigen was this *Fayrie* knight,
One wondrous gracious in the sight
Of faire Queene *Mab*, which day and night,

He amorously obserued ;
Which made king *Oberon* suspect,
His Seruice tooke too good effect,
His fauour, and often checkt,
And could haue wisht him starued.

Pigwigen gladly would commend,
Some token to queene *Mab* to send,
If Sea, or Land, him ought could lend,

Were worthy of her wearing :
At length this Louer doth deuise,
A Bracelett made of Emmotts eyes,
A thing he thought that shee would prize,
No whit her state impaying.

And to the Queene a Letter writes,
Which he most curiously endites,
Coniuring her by all the rites
Of loue, she would be pleased,
To meete him her true Seruant, where
They might without suspect or feare,
Themselues to one another cleare,
And haue their poore hearts eased.

At mid-night the appointed hower,
And for the Queene a fitting Bower,
(Quoth he) is that faire Cowslip flower,
On *Hipcut* hill that groweth,
In all your Trayne there's not a *Fay*,
That euer went to gather May,
But she hath made it in her way,
The tallest there that groweth.

When by *Tom Thum* a *Fayrie* Page,
He sent it, and doth him engage,
By promise of a mighty wage,
It secretly to carrie :
Which done, the Queene her Maydes doth call,
And bids them to be ready all,
She would goe see her Summer Hall,
She could no longer tarrie.

Her Chariot ready straight is made,
Each thing therein is fitting layde,
That she by nothing might be stayde,
For naught must her be letting,
Foure nimble Gnats the Horses were,
Their Harnasses of Gossamere,
Flye Cranion her Chariottere,
Vpon the Coach-box getting.

Her Chariot of a Snayles fine shell,
Which for the colours did excell :
The faire Queene *Mab*, becomming well,
So liuely was the limming :
The seate the soft wooll of the Bee ;
The couer (gallantly to see)
The wing of a pyde Butterflee,
I trowe t'was simple trimming.

The wheelles compos'd of Crickets bones,
And daintily made for the nonce,
For feare of ratling on the stones,
With Thistle-dowue they shod it;
For all her Maydens much did feare,
If *Oberon* had chanc'd to heare,
That *Mab* his Queene should haue bin there,
He would not haue abroad it.

She mounts her Chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay for no aduice,
Vntill her Maydes that were so nice,
To wayte on her were fitted,
But ranne her selfe away alone;
Which when they heard there was not one,
But hasted after to be gone,
As she had beene diswitted.

Hop, and *Mop*, and *Drop* so cleare,
Pip, and *Trip*, and *Skip* that were,
To *Mab* their Soueraigne euer deare:
Her speciall Maydes of Honour;
Fib, and *Tib*, and *Pinck*, and *Pin*,
Tick, and *Quick*, and *Iill*, and *Iin*,
Tit, and *Nit*, and *Wap*, and *Win*,
The Trayne that wayte vpon her.

Vpon a Grashopper they got,
And what with Amble, and with Trot,
For heage nor ditch they spared not,
But after her they hie them.
A Cobweb ouer them they throw,
To shield the winde if it should blowe,
Themselues they wisely could bestowe,
Lest any should espie them.

But let vs leaue Queene *Mab* a while,
Through many a gate, o'r many a stile,
That now had gotten by this wile,
Her deare *Pigwiggia* kissing,
And tell how *Oberon* doth fare,
Who grewe as mad as any Hare,
When he had sought each place with care.
And found his Queene was missing.

By grissly *Pluto* he doth sweare,
 He rent his cloths, and tore his haire,
 And as he rnnneth, here and there,
 An Acorne cup he greeteth;
 Which soone he takerh by the stalke
 About his head he lets it walke,
 Nor doth he any creature balke,
 But layes on all he meeteth.

The *Thufkan* Poet dorth aduance,
 The franticke *Paladine* of France,
 And those more ancient doe inhaunce,
 Alcides in his fury.
 And others *Aiax Telamon*,
 But to this time there hath bin non,
 So Bedlam as our *Oberon*,
 Of which I dare assure you.

And first encountring with a waspe,
 He in his armes the Fly doth clatpe
 As though his breath he forth would graspe,
 Him for *Pigwiggen* raking:
 Where is my wife thou Rogue, quoth he,
Pigwiggen, she is come to thee,
 Restore her, or thou dy'st by me,
 Whereat the poore waspe quaking,

Cryes, *Oberon*, great *Fayrie* King,
 Content thee I am no such thing,
 I am a Waspe behold my sting,
 At which the *Fayrie* started:
 When soone away the Waspe dorth goe,
 Poore wretch was neuer frighted so,
 He thought his wings were much to slow,
 O'rioyd, they so were parted.

He next vpon a Glow-worme light,
 (You must suppose it now was night,
 Which for her hinder part was bright,
 He tooke to be a Devill.
 And furiously doth her assaile
 For carrying fier in her taile
 He thrasht her rough coat with his flayle,
 The mad King fea'rd no euill.

O quoth the *Gloworme* hold thy hand,
Thou puissant King of *Fayrie* land,
Thy mighty stroaks who may withstand,
Hould, or of life despaire. I:
Together then her selfe doth roule,
And tumbling downe into a hole,
She seem'd as black as any Cole,
Which vext away the *Fayrie*.

From thence he ran into a Hine,
Amongst the Bees hee letteth driue,
And downe their Coombes begins to riue;
All likely to haue spoyled:
Which with their Waxe his face besmeard,
And with their Honey daub'd his Beard.
It would haue made a man asfear'd,
To see how he was moyled.

A new Aduenture him berides,
He mett an Ant, which he bestrides,
And post thereon away he rides,
Which with his haste doth stumble;
And came full ouer on her nowre,
Her heels so threw the dirt about,
For she by no meanes could get our,
But ouer him dothumble

And being in this piteous case,
And all be-flarried head and face
On runs he in this Wild-goose chase.
As here, and there, he rambles
Halfe blinde, against a molchill hir,
And for a Mountaine taking it,
For all he was out of his wit,
Yet to the top he scrambles.

And being gotten to the top,
Yet there him selfe he could not stop,
But downe on th' other side doth chop,
And to the foot came rumbling:
So that the Grubs therein that bred,
Hearing such turmoyle ouer head,
Thought surely they had all bin dead,
So fearefull was the Iumbling.

And

And falling downe into a Lake,
Which him vp to the neck doth take,
His fury somewhat it doth flake,
He calleth for a Ferry;
Where you may some recovery note,
What was his Club he made his Boate,
And in his Oaken Cup doth float,
As safe as in a Wherry.

Men talke of the Aduentures strange,
Of *Don Quixott*, and of their change
Through which he Armed oft did range,
Of *Sancha Panchas* trauell:
But should a man tell euery thing,
Done by this franticke *Fayrie King*.
And them in lofty Numbers sing
It well his wits might grauell.

Scarfe set on shore, but therewithall,
He meeteth *Pucke*, which most men call
Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall,
With words from frenzy spoken;
Hoh, hoh, quoth *Hob*, God saue thy grace,
Who drest thee in this pitteous case,
He thus that spoild my foueraignes face,
I would his necke were broken.

This *Puck* seemes but a uncaring goat,
Still walking like a ragged Colt,
And oft out of a Bush doth bolt,
Of purpose to deceiue vs.
And leading vs makes vs to stray,
Long Winters nights out of the way,
And when we stick in mire and clay,
Hob doth with laughter leaue vs.

Deare *Puck* (quoth he) my wife is gone
As ere thou lou'st King *Oberon*,
Let euery thing but this alone
With vengeance, and pursue her;
Bring her to me aliuie or dead,
Or that vilde thiefe, *Pigniggins* head,
That villaine hath defild my bed
He to this folly drew her.

Quoth

Quoth *Puck*, My Liege Ile neuer lin,
But I will thorough thicke and thinne,
Vntill at length I bring her in,

My dearest Lord nere doubt it :
Thorough Brake, thorough Brier,
Thorough Muck, thorough Mier,
Thorough Water, thorough Fier,
And thus goes *Puck* about it.

This thing *NIMPHIDIA* ouer hard
That on this mad King had a guard
Not doubting of a great reward,
For first this businesse broching;
And through the ayre away doth goe
Swift as an Arrow from the Bowe,
To let her Soueraigne *Mab* to know,
What perill was approaching.

The Queene bound with Loues powerfull charme
Sate with *Pigwigen* arme in arme,
Her merry Maydes that thought no harme,
About the roome were skipping :
A Humble-Bee their Minstrell, playde
Vpon his Hoboy ; eury Mayde
Fit for this Reuells was arayde,
The Hornepipe neatly tripping.

In comes *Nymphidia*, and doth crie,
My Soueraigne for your safety flie,
For there is danger but too nie,
I posted to forewarne you :
The King hath sent *Hobgoblin* out,
To seeke you all the Fields about,
And of your safety you may doubt,
If he but once discerne you.

When like an vprore in a Towne,
Before them eury thing went downe,
Some tore a Ruffe, and some a Gowne,
Gainst one another iustling :
They flewe about like Chaffe i'th winde,
For hast some left their Maskes behinde ;
Some could not stay their Gloues to finde,
There neuer was such bustling.

Forth ranne they by a secret way,
 Into a brake that neere them lay;
 Yet much they doubted there to stay,
 Lest *Hob* should hap to finde them:
 He had a sharpe and piercing sight,
 All one to him the day and night,
 And therefore were resolu'd by flight,
 To leaue this place behind them.

At length one chanc'd to finde a Nut,
 In th'end of which a hole was cut,
 Which lay vpon a Hazell roote,
 There scatt'ed by a Squirill:
 Which out the kernell gotten had;
 When quoth this *Fay* deare Queene be glad,
 Let *Oberon* be ne'r so mad,
 Ile set you safe from perill.

Come all into this Nut (quoth she)
 Come closely in be rul'd by me,
 Each one may here a chuser be,
 For roome yee neede not wrastle:
 Nor neede yee be together heapt;
 So one by one therein they crept,
 And lying downe they soundly slept,
 And safe as in a Castle.

Nimphidia that this while doth watch,
 Perceiu'd if *Puck* the Queene should catch
 That he should be her ouer match,
 Of which she well bethought her;
 Found it must be som powerfull Charme,
 The Queene against him that must arme,
 Or surely he would doe her harme,
 For throughly he had fought her.

And listning if she ought could heare,
 That her might hinder. or might fear:
 But finding still the coast was cleare,
 Nor creature had discride her;
 Each circumstance and hauing scand,
 She came thereby to vnderstand,
Puck would be with them out of hand,
 When to her Charmes she hide her:

And

And first her Ferne seede doth bestowe,
The kernell of the Missetowe :
And here and there as *Puck* should goe,
With terrour to affright him :
She Night-shade strawest to work him ill,
Therewith her Veruayne and her Dill,
That hindreth Witches of their will,
Of purpose to dispight him.

Then sprinkles she the iuice of Rue,
That groweth vnderneath the Yeu :
With nine drops of the midnight dewe,
From Lunarie distilling :
The Molewarps braine mixt therewithall ;
And with the same the Pismyres gall,
For she in nothing short would fall ;
The *Fayrie* was so willing.

Then thrice vnder a Bryer doth creepe,
Which at both ends was rooted deepe,
And ouer it three times shee leepe ;
Her Magicke much auayling :
Then on *Proserpyna* doth call,
And so vpon her Spell doth fall,
Which here to you repeate I shall,
Not in one tittle fayling.

By the croking of the Frogge ;
By the howling of the Dogge ;
By the crying of the Hogge,
Against the storme arising ;
By the Euening Curphewe bell,
By the dolefull dying knell,
O let this my direfull Spell,
Hob, hinder thy surprising.

By the Mandrakes dreadfull groanes,
By the Lubricans sad moanes ;
By the noyse of dead mens bones,
In Charnell houses ratling :
By the hissing of the Snake,
The rustling of the fire-Drake,
I charge thee thou this place forsake,
Nor of Queene *Mab* be pratling.

By the Whirlewindes hollow found,
 By the Thunders dreadfull found,
 Yells of Spirits vnder ground,
 I charge thee not to feare vs :
 By the Shreech-owles dismall note,
 By the Blacke Night-Rauens throate,
 I charge thee *Hob* to teare thy Coate
 With thornes if thou come neere vs,

Her Spell thus spoke she stept aside,
 And in a Chincke her selfe doth hide,
 To see there of what would betyde,
 For shee doth onely minde him :
 When presently shee *Puck* espies,
 And well she markt his gloating eyes,
 How vnder euery leafe he pries,
 In seeking still to finde them.

But once the Circle got within,
 The Charmes to worke doe straight begin,
 And he was caught as in a Gin ;
 For as he thus was busie,
 A paine he in his Head-peece feeles,
 Against a stubbed Tree he reeles,
 And vp went poore *Hobgoblins* heeles,
 Alas his braine was dizzie.

At length vpon his feet he gets,
Hobgoblin fumes, *Hobgoblin* frets,
 And as againe he forward sets,
 And through the Bushes scrambles. ;
 A Stump doth trip him in his pace,
 Downe comes poore *Hob* vpon his face,
 And lamentably tore his case,
 Amongst the Bryers and Brambles.

A plague vpon Queene *Mab*, quoth hee,
 And all her Maydes where ere they be,
 I thinke the Deuill guided me,
 To seeke her so prouoked :
 Where stumbling at a piece of Wood,
 He fell into a dich of mudd,
 Where to the very Chin he stood,
 In danger to be choked.

Now worse then e're he was before :
 Poore *Puck* doth yell, poore *Puck* doth rore;
 That wak'd *Queene Mab* who doubted fore
 Some Treason had beene wrought her :
 Vntill *Nymphidia* told the *Queene*
 What she had done, what she had scene,
 Who then had well-neere crack'd her spleene
 With very extreame laughter.

But leaue we *Hob* to clamber out :
Queene Mab and all her *Fayrie* rout,
 And come againe to haue about
 With *Oberon* yet madding :
 And with *Pigwiggen* now distrougt,
 Who much was troubled in his thought,
 That he so long the *Queene* had sought,
 And through the Fields was gadding.

And as he runnes he still doth crie,
 King *Oberon* I thee desie,
 And dare thee here in Armes to trie,
 For my deare Ladies honour :
 For that she is a *Queene* right good,
 In whose defence Ile shed my blood,
 And that thou in this ieaious mood
 Hast lay'd this slander on her.

And quickly Armes him for the Field,
 A little Cockle-shell his Shield,
 Which he could very brauely wield :
 Yet could it not be pierced :
 His Speare a Bent both stiffe and strong;
 And well-neere of two Inches long;
 The Pyle was of a Horse-flyes tongue,
 Whose sharpnesse naughtreuerfed.

And puts him on a coate of Male,
 Which was of a Fishes scale,
 That when his Foe should him assaile,
 No poynt should be preuayling :
 His Rapier was a Hornets sting,
 It was a very dangerous thing :
 For if he chanc'd to hurt the King,
 It would be long in healing.

His Helmet was a Bettles head,
 Most horrible and full of dread,
 That able was to strike one dead,
 Yet did it well become him:
 And for a plume, a horses hayre,
 Which being tossed with the ayre,
 Had force to strike his Foe with feare,
 And turne his weapon from him.

Himselfe he on an Earewig set,
 Yet scarce he on his back could get,
 So oft and high he did coruet,
 Ere he himselfe could settle:
 He made him turne, and stop, and bound,
 To gallop, and to trot the Round,
 He scarce could stand on any ground,
 He was so full of mettle.

When soone he met with *Tomalin*,
 One that a valiant Knight had bin,
 And to King *Oberon* of Kin;
 Quoth he thou manly *Fayrie*:
 Tell *Oberon* I come prepar'd,
 Then bid him stand vpon his Guard;
 This hand his basenesse shall reward,
 Let him be ne'r so wary.

Say to him thus, that I desie,
 His slanders, and his infamie,
 And as a mortall enemy,
 Doe publickly proclaime him:
 Withall, that if I had mine owne,
 He should not weare the *Fayrie* Crowne,
 But with a vengeance should come downe:
 Nor we a King should name him,

This *Tomalin* could not abide,
 To heare his Soueraigne vile fide:
 But to the *Fayrie* Court him hide;
 Full furiously he posted,
 With eu'ry thing *Pigwigen* sayd:
 How title to the Crowne he layd,
 And in what Armes he was aray'd,
 As how himselfe he boasted.

Twixt head and foot, from point to point,
He told th'arming of each ioint,
In euery piece, how neate, and quaint,
For *Tomalin* could doe it :
How fayre he sat, how sure he rid,
As of the courser he bestrid
How Mannag'd, and how well he did ;
The King which listned to it.

Quoth he, goe *Tomalin* with speede,
Prouide me Armes, prouide my Steed,
And euery thing that I shall neede,
By thee I will be guided ;
To strait account, call thou thy witt,
See there be wanting not a whitt,
In euery thing see thou mee fitt,
Iust as my foes prouided.

Soone fiewe this newes through *Fayrie* land
Which gaue *Queene Mab* to vnderstand,
The combate that was then in hand,
Betwixt those men so mighty :
Which greatly she began to rew,
Perceuing that all *Fayrie* knew,
The first occasion from her grew,
Of these affaires so weighty.

Wherefore attended with her maides,
Through fogs, and mists, and dampes she wades,
To *Proserpine* the *Queene* of shades
To treat, that it would please her,
The cause into her hands to take,
For ancient loue and friendships sake,
And soone therof an end to make,
Which of much care would ease her.

A While, there let we *Mab* alone,
And come we to King *Oberon*,
Who arm'd to meeete his foe is gone,
For Proud *Pigwigen* crying :
Who fought the *Fayrie* King as fast,
And had so well his iourneyes cast,
That he arriued at the last,
His puisant foe espying :

Stout *Tomalin*, came with the King,
Tom Thum doth on *Pigwiggen* bring,
 That perfect were in euey thing,
 To single fights belonging:
 And therefore they themselues ingage,
 To see them excercise their rage,
 With faire and comly equipage,
 Not one the other wronging.

So like in armes, these champions were,
 As they had bin, a very paire,
 So that a man would almost sweare,
 That either, had bin either;
 Their furious steedes began to naye
 That they were heard a mighty way,
 Their staues vpon their rests they lay,
 Yet e'r they flew together;

Their Seconds minister an oath,
 Which was indifferent to them both,
 That on their Knightly faith, and troth,
 No magicke them supplied;
 And fought them that they had no charmes,
 Wherewith to worke, each others harmes,
 But came with simple open armes,
 To haue their causes tryed.

Together furiously they ran,
 That to the ground came horse and man,
 The blood out of their Helmets span,
 So sharpe were their incounters;
 And though they to the earth were throwne,
 Yet quickly they regain'd their owne,
 Such nimbleness was neuer showne,
 They were two Gallant Mounters

When in a second Course againe,
 They forward came with might and mayne,
 Yet which had better of the twaine,
 The Seconds could not iudge yet;
 Their shields were into pieces cleft,
 Their helmets from their heads were rest,
 And to defend them nothing left,
 These Champions would not budge yet.

Away

Away from them their Staues they threw,
Their cruell Swords they quickly drew,
And freshly they the fight renew;
They euery stroke redoubled:
Which made *Proserpina* take heed,
And make to them the greater speed,
For feare lest they too much should bleed,
Which wondrously her troubled.

When to th'*infernall Stix* she goes,
She takes the Fogs from thence that rose,
And in a Bagge doth them enclose;
When well she had them blended:
She hies her then to *Lethe* spring,
A Bottell and thereof doth bring,
Wherewith she meant to worke the thing,
Which onely she intended.

Now *Proserpine* with *Mab* is gone
Vnto the place where *Oberon*
And proud *Pigwigen*, one to one,
Both to be slaine were likely:
And there themselues they closely hide,
Because they would not be espide;
For *Proserpine* meant to decide
The matter very quickly.

And suddainly vntyes the Poke,
Which out of it sent such a smoke,
As ready was them all to choke,
So greuous was the pother;
So that the Knights each other lost,
And stood as still as any post,
Tom Thum, nor *Tomalin* could boast
Themselues of any other.

But when the mist gan somewhat cease,
Proserpina commandeth peace:
And that a while they should release,
Each other of their perill:
Which here (quoth she) I doe proclaime
To all in dreadfull *Plutos* name,
That as yee will eschewe his blame,
You let me heare the quarrell,

S

But

But here your selues you must engage,
Somewhat to coole your spleenish rage:
Your greuous thirst and to asswage,

That first you drinke this liquor:
Which shall your vnderstanding cleare,
As plainly shall to you appeare;
Those things from me that you shall heare,
Conceiuing much the quicker.

This *Lethe* water you must knowe,
The memory destroyeth so,
That of our weale, or of our woe,
It all remembrance blotted;
Of it nor can you euer thinke:
For they no sooner tooke this drinke;
But nought into their braines could sinke,
Of what had them belotted.

King *Oberon* forgotten had,
That he for ieaiousie ranne mad:
But of his *Queene* was wondrous glad,
And ask'd how they came thither:
Pigwigen likewise doth forget,
That he *Queene Mab* had euer met;
Or that they were so hard befer,
VVhen they were found together.

Nor neither of them both had thought,
That e'r they had each other fought;
Much lesse that they a Combat fought,
But such a dreame were lothing:

Tom Thum had got a little sup,
And *Tomalin* scarce kist the Cup,
Yet had their braines so sure lockt vp,
That they remembered nothing.

Queene Mab and her light Maydes the while,
Amongst themselves doe closely smile,
To see the King caught with this wile,

With one another iesting:
And to the *Fayrie Court* they went,
With mickle ioy and merriment,
Which thing was done with good intent,
And thus I left them feasting.

FINIS.

THE QUEST OF CYNTHIA.



Hat time the groues were clad in greene,
The Fields drest all in flowers, (scene,
And that the sleeke-hay'd Nymphs were
To seeke them Summer Bowers.

Forth rou'd I by the sliding Rills,
To finde where CYNTHIA sat,
Whose name so often from the hills,
The Ecchos wondred at.

When me vpon my Quest to bring,
That pleasure might excell,
The Birds stroue which should sweetlieft sing,
The Flowers which sweet't should smell.

Long wandring in the Woods (said I)
Oh whether's CYNTHIA gone?
When soone the Eccho doth reply,
To my last word, goe on.

At length vpon a lofty Firre,
It was my chance to finde,
Where that deare name most due to her,
Was caru'd vpon the rynde.

Which whilst with wonder I beheld,
 The Bees their hony brought,
 And vp the carued letters fild,
 As they with Gould were wrought.

And neere that trees more spacious roote,
 Then looking on the ground,
 The shape of her most dainty foot,
 Imprinted there I found.

Which stuck there like a curious seale,
 As though it should forbid
 Vs, wretched mortalls, to reueale,
 What vnder it was hid.

Besides the flowers which it had pres'd,
 Apeared to my vew,
 More fresh and louely then the rest,
 That in the meadowes grew:

The cleere drops in the steps that stood,
 Of that dilicious Girle,
 The Nymphes amongst their dainty food,
 Drunke for dissolued pearle.

The yeilding sand, where she had trod,
 Vntutcht yet with the winde,
 By the faire posture plainely show'd,
 Where I might *Cynthia* finde.

When on vpon my way lesse walke,
 As my desires me draw,
 I like a madman fell to talke,
 With euery thing I saw:

I ask'd some Lillyes why so white,
 They from their fellowes were;
 Who answered me, that *Cynthia's* sight,
 Had made them looke so cleare:

I ask'd a nodding Violet why,
 It sadly hung the head,
 It told me *Cynthia* late past by,
 Too soone from it that fled:

A bed of Roses saw I there,
Bewitching with their grace :
Besides so wondrous sweete they were,
That they perfum'd the place,

I of a Shrube of those enquir'd,
From others of that kind,
Who with such vertue them enspuir'd,
It answer'd (to my my minde.)

As the base Hemblocke were we such,
The poysoned'st weed that growes,
Till *Cynthia* by her god-like touch,
Transform'd vs to the Rose :

Since when those Frosts that winter brings
Which candy euery greene,
Renew vs like the Teeming Springs,
and we thus Fresh are seene.

At length I on a Fountaine light,
whose brim with Pincks was platted;
The Banck with Daffadillies dight,
with grasse like Sleaze was matted,

When I demanded of that Well,
what Power frequented there;
Desiring, it would please to tell
What name it vsde to beare :

It told me it was *Cynthias* owne,
Within whose cheerefull brimmes,
That curious Nimyh had oft beene knowne
To bath her snowy Limmes.

Since when that Water had the power,
Lost Mayden-heads to restore,
And make one Twenty in an howre,
Of *Esons* Age before.

And told me that the bottome cleere,
Now layd with many a fett
Of seed-pearle, ere shee bath'd her there:
Was knowne as blacke as Iet,

As when she from the water came,
Where first she touch'd the molde,
In balls the people made the same
For Pomander, and folde.

When chance me to an Arbour led,
Whereas I might behold :
Two blest *Eliziums* in one sted,
The lesse the great enfold.

The place which she had chosen out,
Her selfe in to repose ;
Had they com'n downe, the gods no doubt
The very same had chose.

The wealthy Spring yet neuer bore
That sweet, nor dainty flower
That damask'd not, the chequer'd flore
Of CYNTHIAS Summer Bower.

The Birch, the Mirtle, and the Bay,
Like friends did all embrace ;
And their large branches did display,
To Canapy the place.

Where she like VENVS doth appeare,
Vpon a Rosie bed ;
As Lillyes the soft pillowes weare,
Whereon she layd her head.

Heau'n on her shape such cost bestow'd,
And with such bounties blest ;
No lim of hers but might haue made
A Goddesse at the least.

The Flyes by chance mesht in her hayre,
By the bright Radiance throwne
From her cleare eyes, rich jewels weare,
They so like Diamonds shone.

The meanest weede the soyle there bare,
Her breath did so refine,
That it with Woodbynd durst compare,
And beard the Eglantine.

The dewe which on the tender grasse,
The Euening had distill'd,
To pure Rose-water turned was,
The shades with sweets that fill'd.

The windes were hush't, no leafe so small
At all was seene to stirre :
Whilst tuning to the waters fall,
The small Birds sang to her.

Where she too quickly me espies,
When I might plainly see
A thousand *Cypids* from her eyes
shoote all at once at me.

Into these secret shades (quoth she)
How dar'st thou be so bold
To enter, consecrate to me,
Or touch this hallowed mold.

Those words (quoth she) I can pronounce,
Which to that shape can bring
Thee, which the Hunter had who once
Saw *Dian* in the Spring.

Bright Nymph againe I thus replie,
This cannot me affright :
I had rather in thy presence die,
Then liue out of thy sight.

I first vpon the Mountaines hie,
Built Altars to thy name;
And grau'd it on the Rocks thereby,
To propogate thy fame.

I taught the Shepheards on the Downes,
Of thee to frame their Layes :
T'was I that fill'd the neighbouring Townes,
With Ditties of thy praise.

Thy colours I deu's'd with care,
Which were vnknowne before :
Which since that, in their braded hayre
The Nymphes and Siluans wore.

Transforme

Transforme me to what shape you can,
 I passe not what it be :
 Yea what most hatefull is to man,
 So I may follow thee.

Which when she heard full pearly floods,
 I in her eyes might view :
 (Quoth she) most welcome to these Woods,
 Too meane for one so true.

Here from the hatefull world wee'll liue,
 A den of mere dispiht :
 To Ideots onely that doth giue,
 Which be her sole delight.

To people the infernall pit,
 That more and more doth striue,
 Where onely villany is wit,
 And Diuels onely thriue.

Whose vilnesse vs shall neuer awe :
 But here our sports shall be :
 Such as the golden world first sawe,
 Most innocent and free.

Of Simples in these Groues that growe,
 Wee'll learne the perfect skill ;
 The nature of each Herbe to knowe
 Which cures, and which can kill.

The waxen Pallace of the Bee,
 We seeking will surprise
 The curious workmanship to see,
 Of her full laden thighes.

Wee'll suck the sweets out of the Combe,
 And make the gods repine :
 As they doe feast in Iones great roome,
 To see with what we dine.

Yet when there haps a honey fall,
 Wee'll lick the sirupt leaues :
 And tell the Bees that their's is gall,
 To this vpon the Greagues.

The nimble Squirrell noting here,
Her mossy Dray that makes,
And laugh to see the lusty Deere
Come bounding ore the brakes.

The Spiders Webb to watch weele stand,
and when it takes the Bee,
Weele helpe out of the Tyrants hand,
The Innocent to free.

Sometime weele angle at the Brooke,
The freckled Trout to take,
With silken VVormes, and bayte the hooke,
Which him our prey shall make.

Of medling with such subtile tooles,
Such dangers that enclose,
The Morrall is that painted Fooles,
Are caught with silken shoves.

And when the Moone doth once appeare,
Weele trace the lower grounds,
When *Fayries* in their Ringlets there
Doe daunce their nightly Rounds

And haue a Flocke of Turtle Doves,
A guard on vs to keepe,
As witnesse of our honest loues,
To watch vs till we sleepe.

Which spoke I felt such holy fires
To ouerspred my breast,
As lent life to my Chast desires
And gaue me endlesse rest.

By *Cynthia* thus doe I subsist,
On earth Heauens onely pride,
Let her be mine, and let who list,
Take all the world beside.

FINIS.

T



THE SHEPHERDS SIRENA.

DORILVS in sorrowes deepe,
Autumne waxing olde and chill,
As he sate his Flocks to keepe,
Vnderneath an easie hill:
Chanc'd to cast his eye aside

On those fields, where he had seene,
Bright SIRENA Natures pride,
Sporting on the pleasant Greene:
To whose waikes the Shepheards oft,
Came her god-like foote to finde,
And in places that were soft,
Kist the print there left behinde;
Where the path which she had trod,
Hath thereby more glory gayn'd,
Then in heau'n that milky rode,
Which with Nectar *Hebe* stayn'd:
But bleake Winters boystrous blasts,
Now their fading pleasures chid,
And so fill'd them with his wastes,
That from sight her steps were hid:
Silly Shepheard sad the while,
For his sweet SIRENA gone,
All his pleasures in exile:
Layd on the colde earth alone.
Whilst his gamesome cur-rayld Curre,
With his mirthlesse Master playes,
Striuing him with sport to stirre,
As in his more youthfull dayes;

DORILVS his Dogge doth chide,
 Layes his well-tun'd Bagpype by,
 And his Sheep-hooke casts aside,
 There (quoth he) together lye.
 When a Letter forth he tooke,
 Which to him SIRENA writ,
 With a deadly downe-cast looke,
 And thus fell to reading it.

DORILVS my deare (quoth she)
 Kinde Companion of my woe,
 Though we thus diuided be,
 Death cannot diuorce vs so:
 Thou whose bosome hath beene still,
 Th'onely Closet of my care,
 And in all my good and ill,
 Euer had thy equall share:
 Might I winne thee from thy Fold,
 Thou shouldst come to visite me,
 But the Winter is so cold,
 That I feare to hazard thee:
 The wilde waters are waxt hie,
 So they are both deafe and dumbe,
 Lou'd they thee so well as I,
 They would ebbe when thou shouldst come;
 Then my coate with light should shine,
 Purer then the Vestall fire:
 Nothing here but should be thine,
 That thy heart can well de fire:
 Where at large we will relate,
 From what cause our friendship grewe,
 And in that the varying Fate,
 Since we first each other knewe:
 Of my heauie passed plight,
 As of many a future feare,
 Which except the silent night,
 None but onely thou shalt heare;
 My sad heart it shall releue,
 When my thoughts I shall disclose,
 For thou canst not chuse but greue,
 When I shall recount my woes;
 There is nothing to that friend,
 To whose close vncranied brest,
 We our secret thoughts may send,
 And there safely let it rest;

And

And thy faithfull counsell may,
My distressed case assist,
Sad affliction else may sway
Me a woman as it list:
Hither I would haue thee haste,
Yet would gladly haue thee stay,
When those dangers I forecast,
That may meet thee by the way,
Doe as thou shalt thinke it best,
Let they knowledge be thy guide,
Liue thou in my constant breast.
Whatsoeuer shall betide.

He her Letter hauing red,
Puts it in his Scrip againe,
Looking like a man halfe dead;
By her kindenesse strangely slaine;
And as one who inly knew,
Her distressed present state,
And to her had still been true,
Thus doth with himselfe delate.

I will not thy face admire,
Admirable though it bee,
Nor thine eyes whose subtil fire
So much wonder winne in me:
But my maruell shall be now,
(And of long it hath bene so)
Of all Woman kind that thou
Wert ordain'd to taste of woe;
To a Beauty so diuine,
Paradise in little done,
O that Fortune should assigne,
Ought but what thou well mightst shun,
But my counsailes such must bee,
(Though as yet I them conceale)
By their deadly wound in me,
They thy hurt must onely heale,
Could I giue what thou do'st craue
To that passe thy state is growne,
I thereby thy life may saue,
But am sure to loose mine owne,
To that ioy thou do'st conceiue,
Through my heart, the way doth lye,
Which in two for thee must claue
Least that thou should'st goe awry.

Thus

Thus my death must be a toy,
Which my penſiue breſt muſt couer;
Thy beloued to enioy,
Muſt be taught thee by thy Louer.
Hard the Choife I haue to chuſe,
To my ſelfe if friend I be,
I muſt my SIRENA looſe,
If not ſo, ſhee looſeth me.

Thus whilſt he doth caſt about,
What therein were beſt to doe,
Nor could yet reſolue the doubt,
Whether he ſhould ſtay or goe:
In thoſe Feilds not farre away,
There was many a frolike Swaine,
In freſh Ruſſets day by day,
That kept Reuells on the Plaine.
Nimble TOM, ſirnam'd the *Tup*,
For his Pipe without a Peere,
And could tickle *Trenchmore* vp,
As t'would ioi your heart to heare.
RALPH as much renown'd for ſkill,
That the *Taber* touch'd ſo well;
For his *Gittern*, little GILL,
That all other did excell.
ROCK and ROLLO euery way,
Who ſtill led the Ruſticke Ging,
And could troule a *Roundelay*,
That would make the Feilds to ring,
COLLIN on his *Shalme* ſo cleare,
Many a high-pitcht Note that had,
And could make the Eechos nere
Shout as they were wexen mad.
Many a luſty Swaine beſide,
That for nought but pleaſure car'd,
Hauing DORIEVS eſpy'd,
And with him knew how it far'd:
Thought from him they would remoue,
This ſtrong melancholy ſitt,
Or ſo, ſhould it not behoue,
Quite to put him out of 's witt;
Hauing learnt a Song, which he
Sometime to SIRENA ſent,
Full of ſollity and glee,
When the Nimph liu'd neere to *Trent*,
They

They behinde him softly gott,
 Lying on the earth along,
 And when he suspected not,
 Thus the Iouiall Shepheards song.

NEare to the Siluer *Trent*,
Sirena dwelleth;
 Shee to whom Nature lent
 All that excelleth:
 By which the *Muses* late,
 And the neate *Graces*,
 Haue for their greater state
 Taken their places:
 Twisting an *Anadem*,
 Wherewith to Crowne her,
 As it belong'd to them
 Most to renowne her.

Cho: *On thy Bancke,*
 In a Rancke,
 Let thy Swanes sing her,
And with their Musick,
 along let them bring her.

Tagus and *Pactolus*
 are to thee Debter,
 Nor for their gould to vs
 are they the better:
 Henceforth of all the rest,
 be thou the River,
 Which as the daintiest,
 puts them downe euer,
 For as my precious one,
 o'r thee doth trauell,
 She to Pearle Parragon
 turneth thy grauell.

Cho: *On thy Bancke,*
 In a Rancke,
 Let thy Swanns sing her,
And with their Musicke,
 along let them bring her.

Our mournefull *Philomell*,
 that rarest Tuner.

Hence

Henceforth in *Aperill*
 shall wake the sooner,
 And to her shall complaine
 from the thicke Couer,
 Redoubling euery straine
 ouer and ouer:
 For when my Loue too long
 her Chamber keepeth;
 As though it suffered wrong,
 the Morning weepeth.

Cho:

*On thy Bancke,
 In a Rancke,
 Let thy Swanes sing her,
 And with their Musick,
 along let them bring her.*

Oft haue I seene the Sunne,
 to doe her honour.
 Fix himselfe at his noone,
 to looke vpon her,
 And hath guilt euery Groue,
 euery Hill neare her,
 With his flames from aboue,
 striuing to cheere her,
 And when shee from his sight
 hath her selfe turned,
 He as it had beene night,
 In Cloudes hath mourned:

Cho:

*On thy Bancke,
 In a Rancke,
 Let thy Swanns sing her,
 And with their Musicke,
 along let them bring her.*

The Verdant Meades are scene,
 when she doth view them,
 In fresh and gallant Greene,
 straight to renewe them,
 And euery little Grasse
 broad it selfe spreadeth,
 Proud that this bonny Lasse
 vpon it treadeth:

Nor

Nor flower is so sweete
 In this large Cincture
 But it vpon her feete
 Leaueth some Tincture

Cho: *On thy Bancke,*
 In a Rancke,
 Let thy Swanes sing her,
And with their Musick,
 along let them bring her.

The Fishes in the Flood,
 when she doth Angle,
 For the Hooke striue a good
 them to intangle;
 And leaping on the Land
 from the cleare water,
 Their Scales vpon the sand
 lauishly scatter;
 Therewith to paue the mould
 whereon she passes,
 So her selfe to behold,
 as in her glassses.

Cho: *On thy Bancke,*
 In a Rancke,
 Let thy Swanns sing her,
And with their Musicke,
 along let them bring her.

When shee lookes out by night,
 the Starres stand gazing,
 Like Commets to our sight
 Fearefully blazing,
 As wondring at her eyes,
 with their much brightnesse,
 Which so amaze the skies,
 dimming their lightnesse,
 The raging Tempests are Calme,
 when shee speaketh,
 Such most delightfome balme,
 from her lips breaketh.

Cho: *On thy Banke,*
 In a Rancke, &c.

In all our *Brittany*,
 ther's not a fayrer,
 Nor can you fitt any :
 should you compare her.
 Angels her eye-lids keepe
 all harts surprizing,
 Which looke whilst she doth sleepe
 like the Sunnes rising :
 She alone of her kinde
 knoweth true measure
 And her unmatched mind
 is Heauens treasure :

Chor : *On thy Bancke,*
 In a Rancke,
 Let thy Swanes sing her,
And with their Musick,
 along let them bring her.

Fayre *Done* and *Darwine* cleere
 boast yee your beauties,
 To *Trent* your Mistres here
 yet pay your duties,
 My Loue was higher borne .
 row'rdsthe full Fountaines,
 Yet she doth *Moorland* scorne,
 and the *Peake* Mountaines ;
 Nor would she none should dreame,
 where she abideth,
 Humble as is the streame,
 Which by her slydeth,

Chor : *On thy Bancke,*
 In a Rancke,
 Let thy Swanns sing her,
And with their Musicke,
 along let them bring her.

Yet my poore Rusticke *Muse*,
 nothing can moue her,
 Nor the meanes I can vse,
 though her true Louer :
 Many a long Winters night,
 haue I wak'd for her,

Yet

Yet this my piteous plight,
 nothing can stirre her.
 All thy Sands siluer *Trent*
 downe to the *Humber*,
 The sighes that I haue spent
 Neuer can number.

On thy Banke
In a Ranke,
Let thy Swans sing her
And with their Musicke
along let them bring her.

Taken with this suddaine Song,
 Least for mirth when he doth look
 His sad heart more deeply stong,
 Then the former care he tooke.
 At their laughter and ama'zd,
 For a while he sat aghast
 But a little hauing gaz'd,
 Thus he them bespake at last.

Is this time for mirth (quoth he)
 To a man with griefe opprest,
 Sinfull wretches as you be,
 May the sorrowes in my breast,
 Light vpon you one by one,
 And as now you mocke my woe,
 When your mirth is turn'd to moane;
 May your like then serue you so.

When one Swaine among the rest
 Thus him merily bespake,
 Get thee vp thou arrant beast
 Fits this season loue to make
 Take thy Sheephooke in thy hand,
 Clap thy Curre and set him on,
 For our fields tis time to stand,
 Or they quickly will be gon,
 Rousish Swinheards that repine
 At our Flocks, like beastly Clownes,
 Swear that they will bring their Swine,
 And will wroote vp all our Downes:
 They their Holly whips haue brac'd,
 And tough Hazell goades haue gott;

Soundly they your sides will baste,
If their courage faile them not.
Of their purpose if they speed,
Then your bagpipes you may burne,
It is neither Droane nor Reed
Shepherd, that will serue your turne :
Angry OLCON sets them on,
And against vs part doth take
Euer since he was out-gone,
Offering Rymes with vs to make.
Yet if so our Sheepe-hookes hold,
Dearely shall our Downes be bought,
For it neuer shall be told,
We our Sheep-walkes sold for naught.
And we here haue got vs Dogges,
Best of all the Westerne breed,
Which though Whelps shall lug their Hogges,
Till they make their eares to bleed :
Therefore Shepherd come away,
When as DORIL vs arose,
Whistles Cut-tayle from his play,
And along with them he goes.

FINIS.

THE

THE MOONE- CALFE.

Stultorum plena sunt omnia.

HElpe Neighbours helpe, for Gods sake come
with speede,
For of your helpe there neuer was such neede :
Midwiues make hast, and dresse yee as yee runne;
Either come quickly, or w^e are all vndone;
The World's in labour, her throwes come so thick,
That with the Pangues she's waxt starke lunaticke :
But whither, whither, one was heard to crie :
She that call'd thus, doth presently replie;
Doe yee not see in eu'ry Streete and place,
The generall world now in a piteous case.

Vp got the Gossips, and for very hast,
Some came without Shooes, some came all vnclac'd,
As she had first appointed them, and found
The World in labour, dropt into a swoound :
Wallowing she lay, like to a boystrous hulke,
Dropsied with Ryots and her big-swolne bulke
Stuff'd with infection, rottennesse, and stench;
Her blood so fierd, that nothing might it quench
But the Aspes poyson, which stood by her still,
That in her drought she often vs'd to swill;
Clothed she was in a Fooles coate, and cap,
Of rich imbroydered Silks, and in her lap
A sort of paper Puppets, Gawdes, and Toves,
Trifles scarce good enough for Girles and Boyes,
Which she had dandled, and with them had playd,
And of this trash her onely God had made.

Out and alasse (quoth one) the rest among,
 I doubt me Neighbours, we haue stay'd too long :
 Pluck off your Rings, lay me your Bracelets by ;
 Fall to your bus'nesse, and that speedily,
 Or else I doubt, her spirits consume so fast,
 That e're the birth, her strength will quite be past :
 But when more wisely they did her behold,
 There was not one (that once) durst be so bold
 As to come neere her, but stood all amaz'd,
 Each vpon other silently and gaz'd :
 When as her belly they so bigge doe see,
 As if a Tunne within the same should be.
 And heard a noyse and rumbling in her wombe,
 As at the instant of the generall doome :
 Thunder and Earthquakes raging, and the Rocks
 Tumbling downe from their scytes, like mighty blocks,
 Rowl'd from huge mountaines, such a noyse they make,
 As though in funder heau'ns huge Axtree brake,
 They either Poles their heads together pasht,
 And all againe into the *Chaos* dasht.
 Some of slight iudgement that were standing by,
 Sayd, it was nothing but a Timpany :
 Others said, sure she humane helpe did want,
 And had conceiued by an Elephant ;
 Or some Sea-monster, of a horrid shape,
 Committed with her by some violent rape :
 Others more wise, and noting very well,
 How her huge wombe did past all compasse swell,
 Said certainly (if that they might confesse her)
 It would be found some Diuell did possesse her.

Thus while they stood, and knew not what to doe ;
 Women (quoth one) why doe you trifle so :
 I pray you thinke, but wherefore yee came hether,
 Shall wombe, and burthen perish both together :
 Bring forth the Birth stooke, no, let it alone,
 She is so farre beyond all compasse growne :
 Some other new deuise vs needs must stied,
 Or else she neuer can be brought to bed.
 Let one that hath some execrable spell,
 Make presently her entrance into hell :
 Call *Hecate*, and the damn'd Furies hether,
 And try if they will vndertake together
 To helpe the sicke World ; one is out of hand
 Dispatch'd for hell, who by the dread command

The Furies
 fetch'd from
 hell to bring
 the World to
 bed.

Of powerfull Charmes brought *Hecate* away,
Whoknowing her bus'nesse, from her selfe doth lay
That sad aspect, she wont to put on there,
In that blacke Empire; and doth now appeare,
As shees *Lucina* giuing strength and ayde
In birth to women; mild as any mayde,
Full of sweet hope her brow seemd, and her eyes
Darting fresh comfort, like the morning skies.

A description
of the Furies.

Then came the Furies with their bosomes bare,
Saue somewhat couered with their Snaky hayre,
In wreathes contorted, mumbling hellish Charmes,
Vp to the elbewes naked were there Armes.
Megea, eld'st of this damn'd Femall Fiends,
Gnawing her wrists, biting her fingers ends,
Entred the first; *Tysiphone* the next,
As to reuenge her Sister throughly vex;
In one hand bare a whip, and in the other
A long shape knife; the third, which seeme to smoother,
Her manner of reuenge, cast such an eye,
As well neare turnd to stone all that stood by,
Her name *Alecto*, which no plague doth rue,
Nor neuer leaues them, whom she doth pursue.

The women pray the Goddesse now to stand
Auspicious to them, and to lend her hand
To the sick World, which willingly she granted;
But at the sight as altogether danted,
From her cleare face the sprightly vigour fled,
And but she sawe the Women hard bested,
Out she had gone, nor one glance back had shor,
Till heauen or hell she o'r her head had got,
Yet she her selfe retires, next to the dore.
The Gossips worse then e'r they were before
At their wits end, know not which way to take,
At length the World beginning to awake
Out of the Trance, in which she lay as dead,
And somewhat raising her vnweeldy head,
To bright *Lucina* call'd for helpe, that shee,
Now in her trauell would propitious be.
The Goddesse not from feeling of her woe,
Onely to see with what the World might goe,
As she is draded *Hecate*, hauing power
Of all that keepe Hels vgly balefull Bower,
Commands the Furies to step in and ayde her,
And be the Midwiues, till they safe at layd her.

To do whose pleasure as they were about,
 A sturdy Huswife pertly stepping out,
 Cryes hold a while, and let the queane alone;
 It is no matter, let her lye and groane:
 Hold her still to't, wee'll doe the best we can
 To get out of her, certainly the man
 Which ownes the Bastard for there's not a Nation
 But hath with her committed fornication:
 And by her base and common prostitution,
 She came by this vnnaturall pollution;
 There is a meane for women thus abus'd,
 Which at this time may very well be vs'd:
 That in this case when people doe desire,
 To know the truth, yet doubtfull of the Sire,
 When as the woman most of life doth doubt her
 In greuous throwes; to those that are about her,
 He that is then at the last cast disclos'd,
 The naturall Father is to be suppos'd:
 And the iust Law doth faithfully decide,
 That for the nursing he is to provide:
 Therefore let's see, what in her panguess she'll say,
 Lest that this Bastard on the Land we lay:
 They lik'd her counsell, and their helpe denide,
 But bad her lye and languish till she dide;
 Vnlesse to them she truly would confesse,
 Who fill'd her belly with this foule excesse.

The Moone-
Calfe begot
by the diuell,

Alas (quoth she) the Diuell drest me thus,
 Amidst my Ryot, whilst that *Incubus*
 Wrought on my weaknesse, and by him beguilde,
 He onely is the Father of the childe.
 His Instrument my Apish imitation,
 Of eu'ry monstrous and prodigious fashion,
 Abus'd my weaknesse: women it was she,
 Who was the Bawd betwixt the Fiend and me:
 That this is true, it on my death I take,
 Then helpe me women euen for pitties sake.

The prodigi-
ous signes that
fore-ranne the
birth of the
Moone-Calfe.

When ominous signes to shoue themselves began,
 That now at hand this monstrous birrh fore-ran:
 About at noone slewe the affrighted Owle,
 And dogs in corners set them downe to howle:
 Bitches and Wolues these fatall signes among,
 Brought forth most monstrous and prodigious young.
 And from his hight the earrh refreshing Sunne,
 Before his houre his golden head doth runne,

Farre vnder vs, in doubt his glorious eye,
 Should be polluted with this Prodigye.
 A *Panique* feare vpon the people grew,
 But yet the cause, there was not one that knewe,
 When they had heard this; a short tale to tell,
 The *Furies* straight vpon their bus'nesse fell,
 And long it was not ere there came to light,
 The most abhorrid, the most fearefull sight
 That euer eye beheld, a birth so strange,
 That at the view, it made their lookes to change;
 Women (quoth one) stand of, and come not neere it,
 The Deuill if he saw it, sure would feare it;
 For by the shape, for ought that I can gather,
 The Childe is able to affright the Father;
 Out cries another, now for Gods sake hide it,
 It is so vgly we may not abide it:
 The birth is double, and growes side to side
 That humane hand it neuer can diuide;
 And in this wondrous sort as they be *Twins*
 Like Male and Female they be *Androgines*,
 The Man is partly Woman, likewise shee
 Is partly Man, and yet in face they be
 Full as prodigious, as in parts; the Twinne
 That is most man, yet in the face and skinne,
 Is all meere Woman, that which most doth take
 From weaker woman: Nature seemes to make
 A man in show, thereby as to define,
 A Fem'nine man, a woman Masculine;
 Before bred, nor begott: a more strange thing,
 Then euer *Nile*, yet into light could bring,
 Made as Creation meerely to dispiht,
 Nor man, nor woman, scarce *Hermophradite*.
Affricke thats said, Mother of Monsters is,
 Let her but shew me such a one as this
 And then I will subscribe (to doe her due,)
 And sweare, that what is said of her is true,
 Quoth one, tis monstrous, and for nothing fitt,
 And for a Monster, quicke lets bury it;
 Nay quoth another, rather make prouision,
 If possibly, to part it by incision,
 For were it parted, for ought I can see,
 Both man, and woman it may seeme to be:
 Nay, quoth a third that must be done with cost,
 And were it done, our labour is but lost,

A description
 of the Moone-
 Calfe.

For when w^e haue wrought the vtmost that we can,
 Hee's too much woman, and shee's too much Man;
 Therefore, as 'tis a most prodigious birth,
 Let it not liue here to polute the earth:
 Gossip (quoth th^e last) your reason I denie,
 Tis more by law, then we can iustifie;
 For Syer, and Dam, haue certainly decreed,
 That they will haue more comfort of their seed:
 For he begot it, and t^e was borne of her,
 And out of doubt they will their owne prefer:
 Therefore good women better be aduis'd,
 " For precious things should not be lightly priz'd.
 This *Moore-Calse* borne vnder a lucky Fate,
 May powerfull proue in many a wealthy State,
 And taught the tongues about some fewe yeares hence,
 As now w^e are all tongue, and but little sence:
 It may fall out for any thing you knowe,
 This *Moore-Calse* may on great imployments goe:
 When learned men for noble action fit,
 Idly at home (vnthought of once) may sit;
 A Bawd, or a Proiecter he may proue,
 And by his purse so purchasing him loue,
 May be exalted to some thriving roome,
 Where sildome good men suffred are to come:
 What will you say, hereafter when you see;
 The times so gracelesse and so mad to be;
 That men their perfect humane shape shall flie,
 To imitate this Beasts deformitie:
 Nay, when you see this Monster, which you now
 Will hardly breath vpon the earth alowe;
 In his Caroch with foure white Frizelands drawne,
 And he as pyde and garish as the Pawne,
 With a set face; in which as in a booke,
 He thinks the World for grounds of State should looke,
 When to some greater one, whose might doth awe him,
 Hee's knowne a verier Iade, then those that drawe him.
 Nay at the last, the very killing sight,
 To see this *Calse* (as vertue to dispight)
 Aboue iust honest men his head to reare,
 Nor to his greatnesse may they once come neere.
Each ignorant Sott to Honour seekes to rise;
But as for vertue who did first deuise
That title, a reward for hee's to be,
As most conserned and dispised shee,

Goes unregarded, that they who should owne her,
 Dare not take notice euer to haue knowne her;
 And but that vertue, when she seemeth throwne
 Lower then Hell, hath power to raise her owne,
 Aboue the World, and this her monstrous birth,
 She long e're this had perissh'd from the earth:
 Her Fautors banish'd by her foes so bie,
 Which looke so bigge as they would scale the skie:
 But seeing no helpe, why should I thus complaine,
 Then to my *Moone-Calfe* I returne againe,
 By his deare Dam the World, so choysely bred,
 To whom there is such greatnesse promised;
 For it might well a perfect man amaze,
 To see what meanes the Syer and Dam will raise.
 Texalt their *Moone-Calfe*, and him so to cherish,
 That he shall thriue, when verruous men shall perissh.
 The Drunkard, Glutton, or who doth apply,
 Himselfe to beastly sensuality,
 Shall get him many friends, for that there be,
 Many in eu'ry place inst such as he;
 The cull, lone them that delight in ill,
 Like haue cleau'd to their like, and euer will:
 But the true vertuous man (God knowes) hath fewe,
 They that his straite and harder steps pursue,
 Are a small number, scarcely knowne of any;
 "God hath fewe friends, the deuill hath so many.

But to returne, that yee may plainly see,
 That such a one he likely is to be,
 And that my words for truth that yee may trie,
 Of the Worlds Babe thus doe I prophetic:
 Marke but the more man of these monstrous Twins,
 From his first youth, how tow'rdly he begins,
 When he should learne, being learn'd to leaue the Schoole,
 This arrant *Moone-Calfe*, this most beastly foole,
 Iust to our English Prouerbe shall be seene,
 "Scarcely so wise at fifty, as fiftene:
 And when himselfe he of his home can free,
 He to the Citie comes, where then if he,
 And the familiar Butterflye his Page,
 Can passe the Street, the Ord'nary, and Stage,
 It is enough, and he himselfe thinks then,
 To be the onely absolutt of men.
 Then in his Cups you shall not see him shrinke,
 To the grand Diuell a Carouse to drinke.

Next to his Whore he doth himselfe apply,
 And to maintaine his gotish luxurie,
 Eares Capons Cookt at fifteene crownes a peece,
 With their fat bellies, stuff'd with Amber greece;
 And being to trauell, he sticks not to lay,
 His Post Caroches still vpon his way:
 And in some sixe dayes iourney doth consume
 Ten pounds in Suckets and the *Indian Fume*:
 For his Attire, then Forraigne parts are sought,
 He holds all vile in *England* that is wrought,
 And into *Flanders* sendeth for the nonce,
 Twelue dozen of Shirts prouiding him at once,
 Layd in the seames with costly Lace that be,
 Of the Smock fashion, whole belowe the knee,
 Then bathes in milke, in which when he hath bin,
 He lookes like one for the preposterous sin,
 Put by the wicked and rebellious Iewes,
 To be a Pathique in their Malekind Stewes.
 With the ball of's foot the ground he may not feele,
 But he must tread vpon his toe and heele:
 Dublet, and Cloke, with Plush and Veluet linde,
 Onely his head-peece, that is fill'd with winde;
 Rags, running Horses, Dogs, Drabs, Drinke, and Dice,
 The onely things that he doth hold in price:
 Yet more then these, naught doth him so delight,
 As doth his smooth-chind, plump-thigh'd, Catamite.
 Sodome for her great sinne that burning sanke,
 Which at one draught the pit infernall dranke,
 Which that iust God on earth could not abide,
 Hath she so much the Diuels terifide:
 As from their seate, them well neere to exile,
 Hath Hell new spew'd her vp after this while:
 Is she new risen, and her sinne agen
 Imbrac'd by beastly and outrageous men.
 Nay more he iests at Incest, as therein
 There were no fault, counts sacriledge no sin:
 His blasphemies he vseth for his grace,
 Wherewith, he truth doth often times out-face:
 He termeth vertue madnesse, or meere folly,
 He hates all high things, and prophanes all holy.
 Where is thy thunder god, art thou a sleepe?
 Or to what suffering hand giu'st thou to keepe
 Thy wrath and vengeance; where is now the strength
 Of thy Almighty arme, failes it at length.

*Turne all the Starres to Comets, to out stare
The Sunne at noone-tide, that he shall not dare
To looke but like a Gloworme, for that he
Can without melting these damnations see.*

But this Ile leaue, lest I my pen defile;
Yet to my Moone-Calse keeps I close the while,
Who by some Knaue, perswaded he hath wit,
When like a braue Foole, he to vtter it,
Dare with a desperate boldnesse roughly passe
His censure on those Bookes, which the poore Ass
Can neuer reach to, things from darknesse sought,
That to the light with blood and sweat were brought:
And takes vpon him those things to controle,
Which should the brainelesse Ideot sell his soule;
All his dull race, and he can neuer buy
With their base pelfe, his glorious industry;
Knowledge with him is idle, if it straine
About the compasse of his yestie braine:
Nor knowes mens worthes but by a second hand,
For he himselve doth nothing vnderstand;
He would haue some thing, but what tis he shoves not,
What he would speake, nay what to thinke he knowes not:
He nothing more then truth and knowledge loathes,
And nothing he admires of mans, but cloathes.

*Now for that I thy dotage dare mislike,
And seeme so deepe, into thy soule to strike;
Because I am so paine thou lik'st not me,
Why know, poore Slaue, I no more thinke of thee,
Then of the Ordure that is cast abroad,
I hate thy Vice more then I doe a Toade.
Poore is the spirit that fawnes on thy applause;
Or seekes for suffrage from thy barbarous iawes.
Misfortune light on him, that ought doth way,
Yee sonnes of Beliall, what yee thinke or say:
Who would haue thought, whilst wit sought to aduance,
It selfe so high, damnd beastly ignorance;
Vnder: he cloake of knowledge should creepe in,
And from desert should so much credite win:
But all this poysonous froth Hell hath let flie,
In these last dayes, at noble Poesie,
That which hath had both in all times and places,
For her much worth, so sundry soueraigne graces;
The language, which the Spheares and Angels speake,
In which their minde they to poore Mortalls breake*

By Gods great power, into rich soules infused,
 By every Moone-Calf lately thus abused:
 Should all hells blacke inhabitants conspire,
 And more unheard of mischiefe, to them hyer;
 Such as high Heav'n were able to affright,
 And on the noone-sted bring a double night:
 Then they haue done, they could not more disgrace her,
 As from the earth (even) utterly to race her:
 What Princes lou'd, by Pefants now made hatefull,
 In this our age so damnably ingratefull:
 And to giue open passage to her fall,
 It is deuise'd to blemish her withall;
 That th'hideous braying of each barbarous Ass,
 In Printed Letters freely now must passe.
 In Accents so untuneable and vile,
 With other Nations as might damne our Ile,
 If so our tongue they truly vnderstood,
 And make them thinke our braines were meere mud.
 To make her vile, and vgl; to appeare,
 Whose naturall beauty is Diuinely cleare;
 That on the Stationers Stall, who passing lookes,
 To see the multiplicity of Bookes,
 That pester it, may well belecue the Presse,
 Sicke of a surfet, sp'w'd with the excesse:
 Which breedeth such a dulnesse through the Land,
 Amongst those one tongue which onely vnderstand,
 Which did they reade those sinewie Poems writ,
 That are materiall relishing of wit:
 Wise pollicie, Morallity, or Story,
 Well purtraying the Ancients and their glory.
 These blinded Fooles, on their base Carion feeding,
 Which are (in truth) made ignorant by reading,
 In little time would growe to be asham'd,
 And blush to heare these lowzie Pamphlets nam'd,
 Which now they studie, naught but folly learning,
 Which is the cause that they haue no discerning,
 The good from bad, this ill, that well to know,
 Because in ignorance they are nonrish'd so:
 Who for this hatefull trash should condemne
 They that doe utter, or Authorize them:
 O that the Ancients should so carefull be,
 Of what they did impresse, and onely we
 Loosely at randome, should let all things flie,
 Though gainst the Muses it be blasphemie:

*But yet to happy spirits, and to the wise,
All is but foolish that they can deuise,
For when contempt of Poesie is proudest,
Then haue the Muses euer sung the loudest.*

But to my *Calse*, who to be counted prime,
According to the fashion of the time,
Him to associate some Buffoon doth get,
Whose baines he still, with much expence must whet,
And euer beare about him as his guest,
Who comming out with some ridiculous iest,
Of one (perhaps) a god that well might be,
If but compar'd with such an Ass as he,
His Patron rores with laughter. and doth crye,
Take him away, or presently I dye.
Whilst that Knaue-foole which well himselfe doth knowe,
Smiles at the Coxcombe, which admires him so :
His time and wealth, thus lewdly that doth spend,
As it were lent him to no other end :
Vntill this *Moone-Calse*, this most drunken puffle,
Euen like a Candle burnt into the snuffe :
Fierd with surfet, in his owne greace fries,
Sparkles a little. and then stinking dies.
*The wealth his Father by extortion wonne,
Thus in the spending helps to damne the Sonne,
And so falls out indifferently to either,
Whereby in hell they iustly meete together ;
And yet the World much ioyes in her behalfe,
And takes no little pleasure in her Calse,
Had this declining time the Freedome now,
Which the brane Romane once did it alowe :
With wyer and Whipcord yee should see her payde,
Till the luxurious Whore should be afrayde
Of prostitution, and such lashes giuen,
To make her blood spirt in the face of Heauen;
That men by looking upward as they goe,
Should see the plagues layd on her here belowe.*

But now proceede we with the other Twin
Which is most woman who shall soone begin
To shew her selfe ; no sooner got the Teenes,
But her owne naturall beauty she disdaines,
With Oyles and Broathes most venomous and base,
Shee plaisters ouer her well-fauoured face ;
And those sweet veynes by nature rightly plac'd,
Wherewith she seem'd that white skin to haue lac'd,

Shee soone doth alter ; and with fading blewe,
 Blanching her bolome, she makes others newe ;
 Blotting the curious workmanship of nature ;
 That ere she be arriu'd at her full stature,
 E're she be drest, she seemeth aged growne,
 And to haue nothing on her of her owne :
 Her black, browne, aburne. or her yellow hayre,
 Naturally louely, she doth scorne to weare ;
 It must be white to make it fresh to show,
 And with compounded meale she makes it so :
 With fumes and powdrings raising such a smoke,
 That a whole Region able were to choke :
 Whose stench might fright a Dragon from his den,
 The Sunne yet ne're exhal'd from any Fen ;
 Such pestilencious vapours as arise,
 From their French Powdrings, and their Mercuries.
Ireland, if thou wilt able be alone,
Of thine owne power to drine out thy Tyrone :
By heaping up a masse of Coyne together,
Sheere thy olde Wolues, and send their Fleeces hether.
Tby white Goates hayre, Wales, dearer will be solde
Then silke of Naples, or then T bred of golde.
Our Water-dogs, and Islands here are shorne ;
White haire so much of women here is worne.
Nay more then this, they'll any thing endure,
And with large summes they slick not to procure :
Hayre from the dead, yea and the most vncleane,
To helpe their pride they nothing will disdaine.
 Then in attiring her, and in her sleepe,
 The dayes three parts she exercis'd doth keepe,
 And in ridiculous visits she doth spend
 The other fourth part, to no other end ;
 But to take note how such a Lady lies,
 And to gleane from her some deformities,
 Which for a grace she holds, and till she get,
 She thinks her selfe to be but counterfet.
 Our Merchants from all parts twixt either *Inde*,
 Cannot get Silke to satisfie her minde :
 Nor Natures perfect'st patternes can suffice,
 The curious draughts for her imbroyderies :
 She thinks her honour vtterly is lost,
 Except those things doe infinitely cost
 Which she doth weare ; nor thinke they can her dresse,
 Except she haue them in most strange excesse.

And in her fashion she is likewise thus,
 In euery thing she must be monstrous:
 Her Picadell about her crowne vp-beares;
 Her Fardingale is set about her cares:
 Which like a broad sayle with the winde doth swell,
 To driue this faire Hulke headlong into Hell.
 After againe, note, and you shall her see,
 Shorne like a man, and for that she will be
 Like him in all, her congies she will make,
 With the mans curtsie, and her Hat off take,
 Of the *French* fashion, and weare by her side
 Her sharpe Stillato in a Ryband tide,
 Then gird her selfe close to the paps she shall,
 Shap'd, breast, and buttock, but no waste at all.

But of this she Calfe now, to cease all strife,
 Ile by example lim her to the life:
 Not long agone it was my chance to meete
 With such a Fury, such a female spright;
 As neuer man sawe yet, except twere shee,
 And such a one as I may neuer see
 Againe I pray: but where I will not name,
 For that the place might so pertake her shame:
 But when I sawe her rampant to transcend
 All womenhead, I thought her (sure) a friend,
 And to my selfe my thoughts suggested thus,
 That she was gotten by some *Incubus*,
 And so remembering an olde womans tale,
 As she fate dreaming o'r a pot of Ale,
 That on a time she did the Deuill meete,
 And knew him onely by his clouen feete:
 So did I looke at hers, where she did goe,
 To see if her feete, where not clouen so.
 Ten long-tongu'd Tapsters in a common In,
 When as the Guests to flock apace begin,
 When vp-stayre one, downe-stayre another hies,
 VVith squeaking clamours, and confused cries;
 Neuer did yet make such a noyse as she,
 That I dare boldly iustifie, that he,
 VVho but one houre her lowd clack can endure,
 May vndisturbed, safely, and secure
 Sleepe vnder any Bells, and neuer heare
 Though they were rung, the clappers at his eare,
 And the long'st night with one sweet sleepe beguile,
 As though he dreamt of Musick all the while.

The roring fe-
 male Moore-
 Calfe.

The very sight of her when she doth rore,
 Is able to strike dumbe the boldest Whore
 That euer traded : shee'll not stick to tell,
 All in her life that euer her befell ;
 How she hath layne, with all degrees, and ages,
 Her Plow Boyes, Scullians, Lackies, and some Pages,
 And sweare when we haue said all that we can,
 That there is nothing worth a pin in man,
 And that there's nothing doth so please her minde,
 As to see Mares, and Horses, doe their kinde ;
 And when she's Tipsey, how so e're t'offend,
 Then all her speech to Bawdry doth intend :
 In Womens secrets, and shee'll name yee all
 Red to the Midwiues at the Surgeons Hall.
 Werethe poore Coxcomb, her dull Husband dead,
 He that durst then this female *Moone-Calse* wed,
 Should quite put downe the Roman which once leepe,
 Into the burning Gulfe, thereby tokeepe
 His Country from deuouring with the flame :
 Thus leaue we her, of all her sex the shame.

Amongst the rest, at the Worlds labour there,
 Foure good olde women, most especiall were,
 Which had beene iolly Wenches in their dayes,
 Through all the Parish, and had borne the praise,
 For merry Tales : one Mother *Red-Cap* hight,
 And mother *Howlet*, somewhat ill of sight,
 For she had hurt her eyes with watching late ;
 Then mother *Bumby* a mad iocound Mate
 As euer Gossipt, and with her there came
 Olde Gammer *Gurton*, a right pleasant Dame,
 As the best of them ; being thus together,
 The businesse done for which they had come thither :
 Quoth iolly mother *Red-Cap* at the last,
 I see the night is quickly like to waste ;
 And since the World so kindly now is layde,
 And the childe safe, which made vs all afraide :
 Let's haue a night on't wenches, hang vp sorrow,
 And what sleepe wants now, take it vp to morrow.
 Stirre vp the fire, and let vs haue our Ale,
 And o'r our Cups, let's each one tell her Tale :
 My honest Gossips, and to put you in,
 Ile breake the Ice, and thus doth mine begin.
 There was a certaine Prophecie of olde,
 Which to an Ile had anciently beene tolde,

Mother *Red-Cap*'s Tale.

That

That after many yeares were com'n and gone,
Which then came out, and the set time came on;
Nay, more it told, the very day and howre,
Wherein should fall so violent a showre;
That it new Riwers in the earth should weare,
And Dorps, and Bridges quite away should beare:
But where this Ile is, that I cannot showe,
Let them enquire that haue desire to knowe:
The Story leaues out that, let it alone;
And Gossip with my Tale I will goe on:
Yet what was worse the Prophecie this spake,
(As to warne men defence for it to make)
That vpon whom one drop should chance to light,
They should of reason be depriued quite.
This Prophecie had many an Age beene heard,
But not a man did it one pin regard;
For all to folly did themselues dispose,
(On verier Calues the Sunne yet neuer rose)
And of their laughter made it all the Theame,
By terming it, the drunken Wizards Dreame.
There was one honest man amongst the rest,
That bare more perfe& knowledge in his breast;
And to himselfe his priuate houres had kept,
To talke with God, whilst others drunke or slept,
Who in his mercy to this man reueal'd,
That which in Iustice he had long conceal'd
From the rude Heard, but let them still runne on
The ready way to their destruction.

This honest man the Prophecie that noted,
And things therein more curiously had quoted,
Found all those signes were truly come to passe,
That should fore-showe this raine, and that it was
Neerely at hand; and from his depth of skill,
Had many a time fore-warn'd them of their ill,
And Preach'd to them this Deluge (for their good)
As to th'olde World *Noe* did before the Flood;
But lost his labour, and since t'was in vaine,
To talke more to those Idiots of the raine;
He let them rest and silent sought about,
Where he might finde some place of safety out,
To shroud himselfe in, for right well he knewe,
That from this shower, which then began to brewe,
No roote of Gyle, or Thatch he could come in,
Could serue him from being wet to the bare skin.

At length this man bethought him of a Caue
 In a huge Rock, which likely was to saue
 Him from the'shower, vpon a hill so steepe,
 As vp the same a man could hardly creepe,
 So that except *Noahs* Flood should come againe,
 He neuer could be raught by any raine;
 Thither at length, though with much toyle he clome,
 Listning to heare what would thereof become.

It was not long e're he perceiu'd the skies
 Setled to raine, and a black cloud arise,
 Whole foggy grossefne so oppos'd the light,
 As it would turne the noone-sted into night.
 When the winde came about with all his power,
 Into the tayle of this approaching shower,
 And it to lighten presently began;
 Quicker then thought, from East to West that ran:
 The Thunder following did so fiercely raue,
 And through the thick clouds with such fury draue,
 As Hell had been set open for the nonce,
 And all the Diuels heard to rore at once:
 And soone the Tempest so outrageous grew,
 That it whole hedgerowes by the roots vp threw,
 So wondrously prodigious was the weather,
 As heauen and earth had meant to goe together:
 And downe the shower impetuously doth fall,
 Like that which men the *Harricano* call:
 As the grand Deluge had beene come againe,
 And all the World should perish by the raine.
 And long it lasted, all which time this man
 Hid in the Caue doth in his iudgement scan,
 What of this inundation would ensue,
 For he knew well the Prophecie was true:
 And when the shower was somewhat ouer-past,
 And that the skies began to cleare at last:
 To the Caues mouth he softly put his eare,
 To listen if he any thing could heare:
 What harme this storme had done, and what became
 Of those that had beene sowfed in the same.
 No sooner he that nimble Organ lent
 To the Caues mouth, but that incontinent
 There was a noyse as if the Garden Beares,
 And all the Dogs together by the eares,
 And those of *Bedlam* had enlarged bin,
 And to behold the Bayting had come in:

Which

Which when he heard, he knew too well alasse,
That what had beene fore-told, was come to passe;
Within himselfe good man, he reasoned thus :
Tis for our sinnes, this plague is false on vs.
Of all the rest, though in my wits I be,
(I thanke my Maker) yet it greeueth me,
To see my Country in this piteous case;
Woe's me that euer they so wanted grace :
But when as man once casts off vertue quite,
And doth in sinne and beastlinesse delight,
We see how soone God turnes him to a Sor:
To shewe my selfe yet a true Patriot,
He in amongst them, and if so, that they
Be not accurst of God, yet, yet I may,
By wholesome counsell (if they can but heare)
Make them as perfect as at first they were,
And thus resolu'd. goes this good poore man downe;
When at the entrance of the Neighbouring Towne,
He meetes a woman, with her Buttocks bare,
Got vp a stride vpon a wall-eyde Mare,
To runne a Horse-race, and was like to ride
Ouer the good man : but he stept aside;
And after her, another that bestrode
A Horse of Seruice, with a Lance she rode
Arm'd, and behinde her on a Pillian satt
Her frantique Husband, in a broad-brim'd Hatt,
A Maske and Safeguard; and had in his hand
His mad Wifes Distaffe for a ryding Wand:
Scarfe from these mad folke, had he gone so farre,
As a strong man, will eas'ly pitch a Barre :
But that he found a Youth in Tissue braue,
(A daintier man one would not wish to haue)
Was courting of a loathsome mezzeld Sowe,
And in his iudgement, swore he must alowe
Hers, the prime Beauty, that he euer sawe,
Thus was she sued to (by that prating Dawe)
Who, on a dunghill in the loathsome gore,
Had farrowed ten Pigs scarce an houre before.
At which this man in melancholly deepe,
Burst into laughter, like before to weepe.
Another foole, to fit him for the weather,
Had arm'd his heeles with Cork, his head with feather;
And in more strange and sundry colours clad,
Then in the Raine-bowe euer can be had. :

Stalk'd through the Streets, preparing him to flie, &
 Vp to the Moone vpon an Embassie.
 Another seeing his drunken Wife disgorge
 Her pamperd stomack. got her to a Forge,
 And in her throat the Feuerous heat to quench
 With the Smiths horne, was giuing her a Drench :
 One his next Neighbour haltred had by force,
 So frantique, that he tooke him for a Horse,
 And to a Pond was leading him to drinke ;
 It went beyond the wit of man to thinke,
 The sundry frenzies that he there might see,
 One man would to another married be :
 And for a Curate taking the Towne Bull.
 Would haue him knit the knor : another Gull
 Had found an Ape was chained to a Stall,
 Which he to worship on his knees doth fall ;
 To doe the like and doth his Neighbours get,
 Who in a Chaire this ill-fac'd Munky set,
 And on their shoulders lifting him on hie,
 They in Proceffion beare him with a crie ;
 And him a Lord will haue at least, if not,
 A greater man : another sort had got
 About a Pedlar, who had lately heard,
 How with the mad men of this Ile it far'd :
 And hauing nothing in his Pack but royes,
 Which none except meere mad men, & fond boyes
 VVould euer touch ; thought verily that he
 Amongst these Bedlams, would a gayner be,
 Or else loose all ; scarce had he pitch'd his Pack,
 E're he could scarcely say, what doe yee lack :
 But that they throng'd about him with their mony,
 As thick as Flyes about a Pot of hony ;
 Some of these Lunaticks. these frantique Asses,
 Gaue him Spurryalls for his farthing Glasses :
 There should you see another of these Cattell,
 Giue him a pound of siluer for a Rattle ;
 And there another that would needfly scorse,
 A costly Iewell for a Hobby-Horse :
 For Bells, and Babies, such as children small,
 Are euer vs'd to solace them withall :
 Those they did buy at such a costly rate,
 That it was able to subuert a State ;
 VVhich when this wise and sober man beheld,
 For very grieve his eyes with teares were sweld.

Alas, that ere I sawe this day (quoth he)
That Imy Natiue Country-men should see
In this estate ; when out of very zeale
Both to his natiue earth, and common-weale,
He thrust amongst them, & thus frames his speech.

Deare Country-men, I humbly yee beseech
Heare me a little, and but marke me well.
Alas, it is not long, since first yee fell
Into this frenzie these outrageous fits,
Be not I pray yee so out of your wits:
But call to minde th'ineuitable ill
Must fall on yee, if yee continue still
Thus mad and frantique; therefore be not worse
Then your brute beasts to bring ther by a Curse
Vpon your Nephewes, so to raynt their blood,
That twenty Generations sh all be woo'd;
And this braue Land for wit, that hath been fam'd,
The Ile of Ideors after shall be nam'd;
Your braines are not so craz'd, but leaue this Ryor,
And tis no question, but with temperate Dyet,
And counsaile of wise men, when they shall see
The desperate estate wherein you be:
But with such med'cines as they will apply,
They'll quickly cure your greecuous malady.
And as he would proceed with his Oration,
One of the chiefe of this Bedlam Nation;
Layes hold on him, and askes who he should be.
Thou fellow (quoth this Lord) where had we thee,
Com'st thou to Preach to vs that be so wise,
What wilt thou take vpon thee to aduise
Vs, of whom all now vnderneath the skie,
May well be seene to learne frugality:
Why surely honest fellow thou art mad.
Another standing by, swore that he had
Seene him in Bedlam foureteene yeeres agoe:
O quoth a third this fellow doe I knowe.
This is an arrant Coxcomb, a meere D'zard,
If yee remember, this is the same Wizard,
Which tooke vpon him wisely to fore-tell,
The shower so many yeares before it fell:
Whose strong effects being so strange and rare,
Hath made vs such braue creatures as we are:
When of this Nation all the frantique Route,
Fell into laughter the poore man about.

Some made mouthes at him, others as in scorne
 With their fork't fingers poynted him the horne :
 They call'd him Ass, and Dolt, and bad him goe
 Amongst such Fooles, as he himselfe was, who
 Could not teach them : at which this honest man,
 Finding that naught, but hate and scorne he wan
 Amongst these Ideots, and their beastly kinde,
 The poore small remnant of his life behinde,
 Determineth to solitude to giue,
 And a true Hermite afterward to liue.

The morallity
 of mother
Red-Caps tale.

The tale thus ended, Gossip by your leaue ;
 Quoth mother *Bumby*, I doe well perceiue
 The morrall of your Story, which is this ;
 (Correct me Dame, if I doe iudge amisse)
 But first Ile tell you by this honest Ale,
 In my conceite this is a pretty tale ;
 And if some handsome Players would it take,
 It (sure) a pretty Interlude would make.
 But to the Morrall, this same mighty shower
 Is a plague sent by supernaturall power
 Vpon the wicked, for when God intends
 To lay a curse on mens vngodly ends :
 Of vnderstanding he doth them depriue ;
 Which taken from them, vp themselues they giue
 To beastlinesse, not will he let them see
 The miserable estate wherein they be.
 The Rock to which this man for safety climes,
 The contemplation is of the sad times
 Of the declining World; his counsailes tolde
 To the mad Route, to spoyle and basenesse solde,
 Showes that from such no goodnesse can proceede,
 Who counsailes fooles, shall neuer better speede.
 Quoth mother *Red-Cap*, you haue hit it right :
 (Quoth she) I know it Gossip, and to quite
 Your tale ; another you of me shall haue,
 Therefore a while your patience let me craue.

Mother *Bum-*
byes tale.

Out in the North tow'rds *Groneland* farre away,
 There was a Witch (as ancient Stories say)
 As in those parts there many Witches be :
 Yet in her craft about all other, shee
 Was the most expert, dwelling in an Ile,
 Which was in compasse scarce an *English* mile ;
 Which by her cunning she could make to floate
 Whether she list, as though it were a Boate :

And

And where againe she meant to haue it stay,
 There could she fixe it in the deepest Sea:
 She could tell windes to any one that would,
 Buy them for money, forcing them to hold
 What time she list'd, rye them in a thrud,
 Which euer as the Sea-farer vndid
 They rose or scantle, as his Sayles would driue,
 To the same Port whereas he would arriue:
 She by her Spels could make the Moone to stay,
 And from the East, she could keepe back the day,
 Raise Mists and Fogs that could Eclipse the light:
 And with the noone-sted she could mixe the night.
 Vpon this Ile where as she had aboard,
 Nature (God knowes) but little cost bestow'd:
 Yet in the same, some Bastard creatures were
 Seldome yef seen in any place but there;
 Halfe men, halfe Goats there was a certaine kinde,
 Such as we Seruises pertray'd out doe finde.
 Another sort of a most vely shape;
 A Beare in body, and in face an Ape:
 Other like beasts y^e had the feere of Fowles,
 That Demy-Vrchins weare, and Demy-Owles:
 Besides there were of sundry other sorts,
 But we'll not stand too long on these reports.

Of all the rest that most resembled man,
 Was an o're-worne ill-fauoured *Babian*;
 Which of all other, for that onely he,
 Vvas full of tricks, as they are vs'd to be:
 Him in her Craft, so seriously she taught,
 As that in little time she had him brought,
 That nothing could before this Ape be let,
 That presently he could not counterfet;
 She learnt him med'cines instantly to make;
 Him any thing whose shape he pleas'd to take:
 And when this skill she had on him bestow'd,
 She sent him for intelligence abroad.
 Thus fully furnish'd, and by her sent out,
 Hee went to practis all the World about.
 He like a lippsey oftentimes would goe,
 All kinde of Gibb'sh he had learnt to knowe,
 And with a stick, a short string, and a noose,
 VVould shoue the people tricks at fast and loose:
 Tell folkes their Fortunes for he would finde out
 By slye euquirie, as he went about:

Z

VVhat

What chance this one he, or that she had prou'd
 Whom they most hated, or whom most they lou'd,
 And looking in their hands, as there he knew it,
 Out of his skill would counterfet to shew it:
 Sometimes he for a Mountebanke would passe,
 And shew you in a Crucible, or Glasse:
 Some rare extraction, presently and runne,
 Through all the Cures that he therewith had done,
 An Aspick still he caried in a poke,
 Which he to bite him often would prouoke,
 And with an oyle when it began to swell,
 The deadly poyson quickly could expell:
 And many times a Iugler he would be,
 (A craftier Knaue there neuer was then he;)
 And by a mist deceiuing of the sight,
 (As knauery euer falsifies the light)
 He by his actiue nimbleness of hand,
 Into a Serpent would transforme a Wand
 As those Egyptians, which by Magick thought,
 Farre beyond *Moyes* wonders to haue wrought
 There neuer was a subtilty deuif'd,
 In which this villaine was not exercis'd.

Now from this Region where they dwelt, not far
 There was a wise and learn'd Astronomer,
 Who skilfull in the Planetary howres,
 The working knew of the Celestiall powers,
 And by their ill, or by their good aspect,
 Men in their actions wisely could direct,
 And in the black and gloomy Arts so skild,
 That he (euen) Hell in his subiection hild;
 He could command the Spirits vp from belowe,
 And binde them strongly, till they let him knowe
 All the drad secrets that belong'd them to,
 And what those did, with whom they had to do.

This Wizard in his knowledge most profound,
 Sitting one day the depth of things to sound;
 For that the World was brought to such a passe,
 That it well-neere in a confusion was;
 For things set right, ranne quickly out of frame,
 And those a wry to rare perfection came:
 And matters in such sort about were brought,
 That States were pusled, almost beyond thought,
 Which made him think (as he might very well)
 There were more Diuels then he knew in hell.

And

And thus resolves that he would cast about
 In his best skill, to finde the Engine out
 That wrought all this, and put himselfe therein:
 When in this busnesse long he had not bin,
 But by the Spirits which he had sent abroad,
 And in this worke, had euery way bestow'd;
 He came to know this foule Witch, and her Factor,
 The one the Plotter, and the other th' Actor
 Of all these stirres, which many a State had spoyl'd,
 Whereby the World so long had beene turmoyl'd,
 Wherefore he thought it much did him behoue,
 Out of the way this couple to remoue;
 Or (out of question) halfe the World e're long
 VVould be diuided, hers, and his among.
 VVhen turning ouer his most mistique bookes,
 Into the secrets of his Art he lookes;
 And th'earth and th'ayre doth with such Magiques fill,
 That euery place was troubled by his skill;
 VVhilst in his minde he many a thing reuolues,
 Till at the last, he with himselfe resolves;
 One Spirit of his should take the Witches shape.
 Another in the person of the Ape,
 Should be ioyn'd with him, so to proue by this,
 Whether their power were lesse, or more then his;
 Which he performes, and to their taske them sets,
 When soon that Spirit, the Witch that counterfets,
 Watch'd till he found her farre abroad to be,
 Into the place, then of her home gets he:
 And when the *Babian* came the newes to bring
 VVhat he had done abroad, and eu'ry thing
 Which he had plotted, how their busnesse went,
 And in the rest to know her drad intent,
 Where she was wont to call him her deare sonne,
 Her little Play-seere, and her pretty Bun:
 Hug him, and sweare he was her onely ioy;
 Her very *Hermes*, her most dainty Boy.
 O most strange thing: she chang'd her wonted cheare,
 And doth to him most terrible appeare:
 And in most fearefull shapes she doth him threaten
 With eager looks, as him she would haue eaten,
 That from her presence he was forc'd to flye,
 As from his death, or deadly enemie.
 VVhen now the second which the shape doth take
 Of the Baboon, determining to make

The like sport with him, his best time doth watch,
 When he alone the cursed Witch might catch;
 And when her Factor farthest was remote,
 Then he began to change his former note,
 And where he went to tell her pleasing stories
 Full of their Conquests, Triumphes, and their glories,
 He turnes his Tale, and to the Witch relates
 The strange reuolts of Tributary States,
 Things gotten backe, which late they had for prize,
 With new discoueries of their pollicies;
 Disgusts and dangers that had crost their cunning,
 With sad portents, their ruine still forrunning;
 That thus the Witch and the Baboon deceiu'd
 Of all their hopes, of all their ioyes bereau'd,
 As in dispaire doe bid the world adue.
 When as the Ape which weake and sickely grew,
 On the cold earth his scuruy caryon layes,
 And worne to nothing, endes his wretched dayes:
 The filthy Hagg abhorring of the light,
 Into the North past *Tule* takes her flight,
 And in those deepes, past which no Land is found,
 Her wretched selfe she miserably drownd.

The tale thus ended, mother *Owle* doth take
 Her turne, and thus to mother *Bumby* spake;
 The tale our Gossip *Red-cap* told before
 You so well ridled that there can no more
 Be said of it; and therefore as your due,
 What you haue done for her, Ile doe for you.

The morallity
 of mother
Bumbyes tale.

And thus it is, that same notorious Witch,
 Is the ambition men haue to be rich,
 And Great for which all faith aside they lay,
 And to the Deuill giue themselues away,
 The floating Ile where she is said to wonne,
 The various courses are through which they ronne,
 To get their endes, and by the Ape is ment,
 Those damned Villaines, made the Instrument
 To their disignes, that wondrous man of skill,
 Sound counsell is, or rather if you will,
 The Diuine Iustice, which doth bring to light,
 Their wicked plotts nor raught by common sight,
 For though they neuer haue so closely wrought,
 Yet to confusion lastly they are brought.
 Gossip, indeede, you haue hit it to a haire,
 And surely your Morallitie is rare.

Quoth

Quoth Mother *Bumby*; Mother *Owle* replide,
Come, come, I know I was not very wide,
Where'ore to quit your Tales, and make them three,
My honest Gossips listen now to me.

There was a man, not long since dead, but hee
Rather a Deuill might accounted be :
For Iudgement at her best could hardly scan,
Whether he were more Deuill, or more man ;
And as he was, he did himselfe apply
T'all kind of Witchcraft, and blacke Sorcery :
And for his humor naturally stood,
To Theft, to Rapine, and to shedding blood.
By those damn'd Hags with whom he was in grace,
And vld to meet in many a secret place ;
He learnt an hearb of such a wondrous power,
That were it gather'd at a certaine howre,
(For Nature for the same did so prouide,
As though from knowledge gladly it to hide,
For at Sunset it selfe it did disclose,
And shutt it selfe vp, as the Morning rose)
That with thrice saying a strange Magique spell,
Which but to him, to no man they would tell,
When as so e'r that simple he would take,
It him a war-wolfe instantly would make,
Which put in practise he most certaine prou'd,
When to a Forrest he himselfe remou'd,
Through which there lay a plaine and common Roade,
Which he the place chose for his chiefe abode,
And there this Monster set him downe to thecue,
Nothing but stolne goods might this Fiend releue ;
No silly woman, by that way could passe,
But by this Wolfe she surely rauisht was,
And if he found her flesh were soft and good,
What seru'd for Lust, must also serue for foode.
Into a Village he sometime would gett,
And watching there (as for the purpose sett)
For little Children when they came to play,
The fattist he euer bore with him away ;
And as the people oft were wont to rise,
Following with Hubbubs and confused cries :
Yet was he so well breathed, and so light,
Thar he would still outstrip them by his flight ;
And making straight to the tall Forrest neare,
Of the sweet Flesh would haue his Iunkets there.

And let the Shepheards doe the best they could ;
 Yet would he venter oft vpon the Fold :
 And taking the fatt'st Sheepe he there could finde :
 Beare him away, and leaue the Dogs behinde :
 Nor could men keepe, so much as Pig, or Lamb,
 But it no sooner, could drop from the Dam,
 By hooke or crooke, but he would surely catch,
 Though with their weapons all the Towne should watch.
 Amongst the rest there was a silly Assē,
 That on the way by Fortune chanc'd to passe,
 Yet (it was true) he in his time had bin
 A very perfect man, in shape, and skin :
 But by a Witch enuying (his estate)
 That had borne to him a most deadly hate,
 Into this shape he was transform'd, and so,
 From place to place, he wandred to and fro ;
 And often times was taken for a stray,
 And in the Pinfold many a time he lay ;
 Yet held he still the reason that he had
 When he was man, although he thus was clad
 In a poore Asses shape, wherein he goes,
 And must endure what Fortune will impose.
 Him on his way this cruell Woolfe doth take,
 His present prey, determining to make.
 He bray'd, and ror'd, to make the people heare :
 But it fell out, no creature being neare,
 The silly Assē when he had done his best,
 Must walke the common way amongst the rest :
 When tow'rds his den the cruell Woolfe him rugs,
 And by the eares most terribly him lugs :
 But as God would, he had no list to feed,
 Wherefore to keepe him till he should haue need.
 The silly creature vtterly forlorne,
 He brings into a Brake of Bryers and Thorne,
 And so entangles by the mane and tayle,
 That he might pluck, and struggle there, and hale,
 Till his breath left him, vnlesse by great chance
 Some one might come for his deliuerance.
 At length the people grievously annoy'd
 By this vile Woolfe, so many that destroy'd,
 Determined a Hunting they would make,
 To see if they by any meanes could rake
 This rauenous War-Woolfe : and with them they bring
 Mastiffes, and Mungrells, all that in a string

Could

Could be gort out, or could but lugg a Hogg,
Ball, Eateall, Cuttaile, Blackfoot, Bitch, and Dogg,
Bills, Batts, and Clubs, the Angry men doe beare,
The women eager as their husbands were
With Spits, and Fireforkes, sware if they could catch him,
It should goe hard, but they would soone dispatch him.
This subtil Woolfe by Passengers that heard,
What Forces thus against him were prepar'd,
And by the noyse, that they were neere at hand.
Thinking this Asse did nothing vnderstand,
Goes downe into a Spring that was hard by,
(Which the Asse noted) and immediatly
He came out perfect man, his Wolues shape left,
In which so long he had committed theft.
The silly Asse, so wistly then did view him,
And in his fancie so exactly drew him,
That he was sure to owne this Theefe agen,
If he should see him mongst a thousand men.

This Woolfe turn'd man, him instantly doth shrowd,
In a neere thicket, till the boystrous crowd,
Had somewhat past him, then he in doth fall
Vpon the Reare, not any of them all,
Makes greater stirre, nor seemes to them to be,
More diligent to finde the Woolfe then he:
They beate each brake, and tuft o'r all the ground,
But yet the War-Woolfe was not to be found:
But a poore Asse entangled in the Bryers,
In such strange sort, as euery one desires
To see the manner, and each one doth gather
How he was fastned so, how he came thither.
The silly Asse yet being still in holde,
Makes all the meanes, that possibly he could,
To be let loose, he hummes, he kneeles, and cryes,
Shaketh his head, and turneth vp his eyes,
To moue their pitty: that some said, t'was sure
This Asse had sence of what he did endure:
And at the last amongst themselues decreed
To let him loose; the Asse no sooner freed,
But out he goes the company among,
And where he sawe the people thick'st to throng:
There he thrusts in, and looketh round about:
Here he runnes in, and there he rusheth out;
That he was likely to haue throwne to ground
Those in his way, which when the people found,

Though

Though the poore Asse they seemed to disdain,
 Follow'd him yet, to finde what he should meane,
 Vntill by chance that he this Villaine mett;
 When he vpon him furiously doth sett,
 Fastning his teeth vpon him with such strength
 That he could not be loosed till at the length
 Railing them in, the people make a ring,
 Strooke with the wonder of so strange a thing:
 Whilst they are caged, conuening whether can
 Conquer, the Asse some cry some cry the man;
 Yet the Asse drag'd him, and still forward drue,
 Towards the strange Spring, which yet they neuer knewe:
 Yet to what part the struggling seem'd to sway,
 The people made a lane, and gave them way.
 At length the Asse, had tug'd him neere thereto,
 The people wondring what he meant to doe;
 He seem'd to show them with his foote the Well,
 Then with an Asse-like noise he seem'd to tell
 The Story, now by pointing to the men
 Then to the Thiefe, then to the Spring again;
 At length wext angry growng into passion,
 Because they could not finde his demonstration,
 To expresse it more, he leapes into the Spring,
 When on the suddaine, O most wondrous thing,
 To change his shape he presently began,
 And at an instant became perfect man,
 Recovering speech, and coming forth, accus'd
 The bloody murderer, who had so abus'd
 The honest people, and such harme had done;
 Before them all, and presently begunne
 To shew them, in what danger he had beene,
 And of this Wolfe the crueltie and sinne;
 How he came chang'd again, as he had prou'd:
 Whereat the people being strangely mou'd,
 Some on the head, some on the backe doe clape him,
 And in their armes, with shoutes and kisses hap him:
 Then all at once vpon the Warre-wolfe flue,
 And vp and downe him on the earth they drewe;
 Then from his bones the flesh in Collops cut,
 And on their weapons points in Triumph put;
 Returning backe with a victorious song,
 Bearing the man aloft with them along.

Quoth Gammer Guntion, on my honest word,
 You haue told a Tale doth much conceit afford:

Good neighbour *Howlet*, and as ye haue done,
Each one for other, since our tales begun,
And since our Stand of Ale, so well endures,
As you haue moral'd *Bumbyes*, I will yours.
The fable of the War-woolfe I apply,
To a man, giuen to blood, and cruelty,
And vpon spoile doth only set his rest;
Which by a wolfs shape liuelyest is exprest.
The spring by which he gets his former shape,
Is the euasion after euery rape,
He hath to start by; and the silly *Asse*,
Which vnregarded, euery where doth passe,
Is some iust soule, who though the world disdaine,
Yet he by God is strangely made the meane,
To bring his damned practises to light.

The moone
of the
fable

Gammer
Gurtons tale.

Quoth mother *Howlet* you haue hit the white,
I thought as much quoth *Gammer Gurton*, then,
My turne comes next, haue with you once agen.
A mighty WASTE there in a countrey was,
Yet not so great as it was poore of grasse;
T'was said of old, a Saint once curst the soyle,
So barren, and so hungry, that no toyle,
Could euer make it any thing to beare,
Nor would ought prosper, that was planted there.
Vpon the earth, the spring was seldome seene,
T'was winter there, when each place else was green;
When Summer did, her most abundance yeild,
That still lay browne, as any fallow field,
Vpon the same, some few trees scattering stood,
But it was *Autumne*, ere they vs'd to bud;
And they were crookt, and knotty, and the leaues,
The niggard sap, so vtterly deceiues,
That sprouting forth, they drouping hung the head
And were neere withered, ere yet fully spread,
No mirthfull Birds, the boughes did euer grace
Nor could be wonne to stay vpon that place,
Onely the night-Crow sometimes, you might see,
Croking to sit vpon some Ranpick-tree,
Which was but very seldome too, and then
It boded great mortality to men;
As were the trees, which on that common grew,
So were the Cattell staruelings, and a few,
Asses, and Mules, and they were vs'd to gnaw,
The very earth to fill the hungry mawe;

When they far'd best, they fed on Fearne and brack,
 Their leane shrunke bellyes cleau'd vp to their backe
 Of all the rest, in that great Waste that went,
 Of those quicke caryons, the most eminent,
 Was a poore Mule, vpon that common bred,
 And from his soling further neuer fed
 The Summer well-neare euery yeare was past,
 Ere he his ragged winter coate could cast
 And then the Iade would get him to a tree,
 That had a rough Barke, purposely, where he
 Rubbing his Buttocks, and his either side
 Would get the old hayre, from his starued hyde,
 And though he were as naked as my naile
 Yet he would winny then, and wag the tayle,
 In this short pasture one day as he stood,
 Ready to faint amongst the rest for food;
 Yet the poore Beast according to his kinde,
 Bearing his nostrill vp into the winde,
 A sweet fresh feeding thought that he did vent,
 „(Nothing as hunger sharpeneth so the sent)
 For that not far there was a goodly ground,
 Which with sweet grasle, so greatly did abound,
 That the fat soyle seem'd to be ouer fraught
 Nor could bestow the burthen that it brought
 Besides that bounteous nature did it stick,
 With sundry sorts of fragrant flowers so thick,
 That when the warme, and Baulmy southwinde blew
 The lushyous smells ore all the region flew.
 Led by his fence at length this poore Iade found,
 This pasture, (fenc'd though with a mighty Mound)
 A pale and quicke set, Cercling it about,
 That nothing could get in, nor nothing out)
 And with himsele thus wittily doth caste,
 Well, I haue found good pasture yet at last,
 If by some meanes accomplisht it might be,
 Round with the ditch immediatly walks he;
 (And long though 'twas, good luck nere comes too late,)
 It was his chance to light vpon a gate
 That led into it, (though his hap were good)
 Yet was it made of so sufficient wood,
 And euery barre that did to it belong,
 Was so well ioynted, and so wondrous strong
 Besides a great locke, with a double ward,
 That he thereby of entrance was debar'd

And thereby hard beset, yet thought at length,
„ T'was done by sleight, that was not done by strength;
Fast in the ground his two fore-feete doth get,
Then his hard Buttocks to the gate he set,
And thrust, and shooke, and laboured till at last,
The two great posts, that held the same so fast,
Began to loosen, when againe he takes,
Fresh foot-hould, and a fresh he shakes and shakes,
Till the great Hindges to fly off he feesles;
And heard the Gate, fall clattering at his heeles,
Then naves, and brayes, with such an open throat,
That all the Waste resounded with his note;
The rest that did his language vnderstand,
Knew well there was, some good to them in hand,
And tag, and rag, through thick and thin came running,
Nor dale, nor ditch, nor banke nor bushes shunning;
And so desirous to see their good hap,
That with their thrunging they stucke in the gap.

Now they bestir their teeth, and doe deuoure,
More sweetnesse in the compasse of one hower,
Thentwice so many could in twice the time,
For now the spring was in the very prime,
Till prickt with plenty eas'd of all their lackes
Their Pampred bellies swolne about their backes
They tread and waddle all the goodly grasse,
That in the field there scarce a corner was,
Left free by them, and what they had not swallow'd
There they had dung'd, and layd them down and wallow'd;
One with another they would ly and play,
And in the deepe fog batten all the day,
Thus along while, this mery life they led
Till (euen) like Lard their thickned sides were fed;
But on a time the weather being fayre,
And season fit to take the pleasant ayre,
To view his pasture the rich owner went,
And see what grasse the fruitfull yeare had sent,
Finding, the feeding for which he had toyld,
To haue kept safe, by these vile cattell spoil'd,
He in a rage vpon them sets his Cur,
But for his bawling, not a beast would stir; (he
Then whoots, and shours, and claps his hands but,
Might as well moue the dull earth, or a tree,
As once but stir them, when all would not doe,
Last, with his goad amongst them he doth goe,

And some of them he girdeth in the Hanches;
 Some in the flanks, that prickt their very panches;
 But when they felt that they began to smart,
 Vp on a suddaine they together start,
 And driue at him as fast as they could ding,
 They flirt, they yerke, they backward fluce, and fling,
 As though the Deuill in their heeles had bin,
 That to escape the danger he was in,
 He back, and back, into a quagmire by,
 Though with much perill, forced was to flye:
 But lightly treading there-vpon doth shift,
 Out of the bog his cumbred feete to lift,
 When they the perill that doe not fore-cast,
 In the stiffe mud, are quickly stabled fast:
 When to the Towne he presently doth flie,
 Raising the Neighbours with a suddaine crie:
 With Cords and Halters that came all at once,
 For now the Iades were fitted for the nonce:
 For by that time th'had sunke themselues so deepe,
 That scarce their heads aboue ground they could keepe.
 VVhen presently they by the necks them bound,
 And so they led them to the common pound.
 Quoth mother *Red-Cap*, right well haue you done
 Good Gammer *Gurton*, and as we begun,
 So you conclude: tis time we parted now;
 But first of my morallity alowe.

The morallity
 of Gammer
Gurtons tale.

The common that you speake of here, say I,
 Is nothing else but want, and beggerie;
 In the World common, and the beasts that goe
 Vpon the same, which oft are famish'd so:
 Are the poore bred in scarcitie; the Mule
 The other Cattell that doth seeme to rule.
 Some crafty fellow that hath slyly found
 A way to thriue by; and the fruitfull ground
 Is wealth, which he by subtilty doth win,
 In his possession which not long hath bin;
 But he with Ryot and excesse doth waste,
 "For goods ill gotten doe consume as fast;
 And with the law they lastly doe contend,
 Till at the last the Prison is the end.
 Quoth Gammer *Gurton*, well your selfe you quite,
 By this the dawne vsurpt vpon the night;
 And at the windowe biddeth them good day
 VVhen they departed each their seuerall way

FINIS.

ELEGIES

VPON SVNDRY

OCCASIONS.

Of his Ladies not Comming
to *London*.

THat ten-yeares-trauell'd *Greece* return'd from Sea
Ne'r ioyd so much to see his *Ithaca*,
As I should you, who are alone to me,
More then wide *Greece* could to that wanderer
The winter windes still Easterly doe keepe, (be,
And with keene Frosts haue chained vp the deepe;
The Sunne's to vs a niggard of his Rayes,
But reuellet with our *Antipodes*;
And seldome to vs when he shewes his head,
Muffled in vapours, he straight hies to bed.
In those bleake mountaines can you liue, where snowe
Maketh the vales vp to the hilles to growe;
Whereas mens breathes doe instantly congeale,
And attom'd mists turne instantly to hayle;
Belike you thinke, from this more temperate coast,
My sighes may haue the power to thawe the frost,
Which I from hence should swiftly send youthither,
Yet not so swift, as you come slowly hither.
How many a time, hath *Phebe* from her wayne,
With *Phabus* fires fill'd vp her hornes againe;
Shee through her Orbe, still on her course doth range,
But you keepe yours still, nor for me will change.
The Sunne that mounted the sterne Lions back,
Shall with the Fishes shortly diue the Brack,

But still you keepe your station, which confines
 You, nor regard him traueelling the signes.
 Those ships which when you went, put out to Sea,
 Both to our *Greenland*, and *Virginia*,
 Are now return'd, and Custom'd haue their fraught,
 Yet you arriue not, nor returne me ought.

The *Tames* was not so frozen yet this yeare,
 As is my bosome, with the chilly feare
 Of your not comming, which on me doth light,
 As on those Climes, where halfe the world is night.

Of euery tedious houre you haue made two,
 All this long Winter here, by missing you:
 Minutes are monthes, and when the houre is past,
 A yeare is ended since the Clocke strooke last,
 When your remembrance puts me on the Racke,
 And I should Swound to see an *Almanacke*,
 Toreade what silent weekes away are slid,
 Since the dire Fates you from my sight haue hid.

I hate him who the first Deuisor was
 Of this same foolish thing, the Hower-glasse,
 And of the Watch, whose dribbling sands and Wheele,
 With their slow stroakes, make mee too much to feele
 Your slackenesse hither, O how I doe ban,
 Him that these Dialls against walles began,
 Whose Snayly motion of the moouing hand,
 (Although it goe) yet seeme to me to stand;
 As though at *Adam* it had first set out,
 And had been stealing all this while about,
 And when it backe to the first point should come,
 It shall be then iust at the generall Doome.

The Seas into themselues retract their flowes,
 The changing Winde from euery quarter blowes,
 Declining Winter in the Spring doth call,
 The Stars rise to vs, as from vs they fall,
 Those Birdes we see, that leaue vs in the Prime,
 Again in Autumne re-salute our Clime.
 Sure, either Nature you from kinde hath made,
 Or you delight else to be Retrograde.

But I perceiue by your attractiue powers,
 Like an Inchantresse you haue charm'd the howers
 Into short minutes, and haue drawne them back,
 So that of vs at *London*, you doe lack
 Almost a yeare, the Spring is scarce begonne
 There where you liue, and Autumne almost done.

With vs more Eastward, surely you deuise,
By your strong Magicke, that the Sunne shall rise
Where now it setts, and that in some few yeares
You'l alter quite the Motion of the Spheares.

Yes, and you meane, I shall complaine my loue
To grauell'd Walkes, or to a stupid Groue,
Now your companions; and that you the while
(As you are cruell) will sit by and smile,
To make me write to these, while Passers by,
Slightly looke in your louely face, where I
See Beauties heauen, whilst silly blockheads, they
Like laden Asses, plod vpon their way,
And wonder not, as you should point a Clowne
Vp to the *Guards*, or *Ariadne's* Crowne;
Of Constellations, and his dulnesse tell,
Hee'd thinke your words were certainly a Spell;
Or him some peice from *Creet*, or *Marcus* show,
In all his life which till that time ne'r saw
Painting: except in Alchouse or old Hall
Done by some Druzzler, of the Prodigall.

Nay doe, stay still, whilst time away shall steale
Your youth, and beautie, and your selfe conceale
From me I pray you, you haue now inur'd
Me to your absence, and I haue endur'd
Your want this long, whilst I haue starued bine
For your short Letters, as you helde it sinne
To write to me, that to appease my woe,
I reade ore those, you writ a yeare agoe,
Which are to me, as though they had bin made,
Long time before the first *Olympiad*.

For thanks and curt'sies sell your presence then
To tatling Women, and to things like men,
And be more foolish then the *Indians* are
For Bells, for Kniues, for Glasses, and such ware,
That sell their Pearle and Gold, but here I stay,
So would I not haue you but come away.

TO MASTER GEORGE SANDYS
Treasurer for the English Colony in VIRGINIA.

Friend, if you thinke my Papers may supplie
 You, with some strange omitted Noueltie,
 Which others Letters yet haue left vntould,
 You take me off, before I can take hould
 Of you at all; I put not thus to Sea,
 For two monthes Voyage to *Virginia*,
 With newes which now, a little something here,
 But will be nothing ere it can come there.

I feare, as I doe Stabbing; this word, State,
 I dare not speake of the *Palatinate*,
 Although some men make it their houely theame,
 And talke what's done in *Austria*, and in *Beame*,
 I may not so; what *Spinola* intends,
 Nor with his *Dutch*, which way Prince *Maurice* bends;
 To other men, although these things be free,
 Yet (GEORGE) they must be misteries to mee.

I scarce dare praise a vertuous friend that's dead,
 Left for my lines he should be censured;
 It was my hap before all other men
 To suffer shipwrack by my forward pen:
 When King JAMES entred; at which ioyfull time
 I taught his title to this Ile in rime:
 And to my part did all the Muses win,
 With high-pitch *Paeans* to applaud him in:
 When cowardise had tyed vp euery tongue,
 And all stood silent, yet for him I sung;
 And when before by danger I was dar'd,
 I kick'd her from me, nor a iot I spar'd.
 Yet had not my cleere spirit in Fortunes scorne,
 Me aboue earth and her afflictions borne;
 He next my God on whom I built my trust,
 Had left me troden lower then the dust:
 But let this passe; in the extreamest ill,
Apollo's brood must be courageous still,
 Let Pies, and Dawes, sit dumb before their death,
 Onely the Swan sings at the parting breath.

And

And (worthy *GEORGE*) by industry and vse,
 Let's see what lines *Virginia* will produce;
 Goe on with *OVID*, as you haue begunne,
 With the first five Bookes; let your numbers run
 Glib as the former, so shall it liue long,
 And doe much honour to the *English* tongue:
 Intice the Muses thither to repaire,
 Intreat them gently, trayne them to that ayre,
 For they from hence may thither hap to fly,
 T'wards the sad time which but to fast doth hie,
 For Poesie is followed with such spight,
 By groueling drones that neuer raught her height,
 That she must hence, she may no longer stave:
 The driery fates prefixed haue the day,
 Of her departure, which is now come on,
 And they command her straight wayes to be gon;
 That bestiall heard so hotly her pursue,
 And to her succour, there be very few,
 Nay none at all, her wrongs that will redresse,
 But she must wander in the wildernesse,
 Like to the woman, which that holy *JOHN*
 Beheld in *Pathmos* in his vision.

As th' *English* now, so did the stiff-neckt *Iewes*,
 Their noble Prophets vtterly refuse,
 And of those men such poore opinions had,
 They counted *Esay* and *Ezechiel* mad;
 When *Jeremy* his Lamentations writ,
 They thought the Wizard quite out of his wit,
 Such sots they were, as worthily to ly,
 Lock't in the chaines of their captiuity,
 Knowledge hath still her Eddy in her Flow,
 So it hath beene, and it will still be so.

That famous *Greece* where learning flowrist most,
 Hath of her muses long since left to boast,
 Th' vnletter'd *Turke*, and rude *Barbarian* trades,
 Where *HOMER* sang his losfy *Iliads*;
 And this vaste volume of the world hath taught,
 Much may to passe in little time be brought.

As if to *Symptoms* we may credit giue,
 This very time, wherein we two now liue,
 Shall in the compasse, wound the Muses more,
 Then all the old *English* ignorance before;
 Base Balatry is so beloud and fought,
 And those braue numbers are put by for naught,

Which rarely read, were able to awake,
 Bodyes from graues, and to the ground to shake
 The wandering clouds, and to our men at armes,
 'Gainst pikes and muskets were most powerfull charmes.
 That, but I know, insuing ages shall,
 Raife her againe, who now is in her fall;
 And out of dust reduce our scattered rimes,
 Th'reiected iewels of these slothfull times,
 Who with the Muses would mispend an hower,
 But let blind Gothish Barbarisme deuoure
 These feuerous Dogdays, blest by no record,
 But to be euerlastingly abhord.

If you vouchsafe rescription, stuffe your quill .
 With naturall bountyes, and impart your skill,
 In the description of the place, that I,
 May be come learned in the soyle thereby;
 Of noble *Wyatts* health, and let me heare,
 The Gouvernour; and how our people there,
 Increase and labour, what supplies are sent,
 Which I confesse shall giue me much content;
 But you may saue your labour if you please,
 To write to me ought of your Sauages.
 As sauage slaues be in great *Britaine* here,
 As any one that you can shew me there
 And though for this, Ile say I doe not thirst,
 Yet I should like it well to be the first,
 Whose numbers hence into *Virginia* flew,
 So (noble *Sandis*) for this time adue.

To my noble friend Master *WIL-*
LIAM BROWNE, of the euill time.

DEare friend, be silent and with patience see,
 What this mad times Catastrophe will be;
 The worlds first Wisemen certainly mistooke
 Themselves, and spoke things quite beside the booke,
 And that which they haue said of God, vntrue,
 Or else expect strange iudgement to insue.

This Isle is a meere Bedlam, and therein,
 We all lye rauing, mad in euery sinne,

And

And him the wisest most men vse to call,
 Who doth (alone) the maddest thing of all;
 He whom the master of all wisdom found,
 For a marckt foole, and so did him propound,
 The time, we liue in, to that passe is brought,
 That only he a Censor now is thought,
 And that base villaine, (not an age yet gone,)
 Which a good man would not haue look'd vpon;
 Now like a God, with diuine worship follow'd,
 And all his actions are accounted hollow'd.

This world of ours, thus runneth vpon wheelles,
 Set on the head, bolt vpright with her heeles;
 Which makes me thinke of what the *Ethnicks* told
 Th'opinion, the *Pythagorists* vphold,
 That the immortall soule doth transmigrate;
 Then I suppose by the strong power of fate,
 That those which at confus'd *Babel* were,
 And since that time now many a lingering yeare,
 Through fools, and beasts, and lunatiques haue past,
 Are heere imbodyed in this age at last,
 And though so long we from that time be gone,
 Yet taste we still of that confusion.

For certainly there's scarce one found that now,
 Knowes what to approoue, or what to disallow,
 All askey varsey, nothing is it's owne,
 But to our prouerbe, all turn'd vpside downe;
 To doe in time, is to doe out of season,
 And that speeds best, thats done the farth'st from reason,
 Hee's high'st that's low'st, hee's surest in that's out,
 He hits the next way that goes farth'st about,
 He getteth vp vlike to rise at all,
 He slips to ground as much vnlike to fall;
 Which doth inforce me partly to prefer,
 The opinion of that mad Philosopher,
 Who taught, that those all-framing powers about,
 (As tis suppos'd) made man not out of loue
 To him at all, but only as a thing)
 To make them sport with, which they vse to bring
 As men doe monkeys, puppets, and such tooles
 Of laughter: so men are but the Gods fooles.
 Such are by titles lifted to the sky,
 As wherefore no man knowes, God scarcely why;
 The vertuous man depressed like a stone
 For that dull Sor to raise himselfe vpon;

Wander from
 body to body.

Zeno.

He who ne're thing yet worthy man dur ft doe,
 Neuer durft looke vpon his countreys foe,
 Nor durft attempt that action which might get
 Him fame with men: or higher might him fet
 Then the bafe begger (rightly if compar'd,)
 This Drone yet neuer braue attempt that dar'd,
 Yet dares be knighted, and from thence dares grow
 To any title Empire can beftow;
 For this belecue, that Impudence is now
 A Cardinall vertue, and men it allow
 Reuerence, nay more, men ftudy and inuent
 New wayes, nay, glory to be impudent.

Into the clouds the Deuill lately got,
 And by the moifture doubting much the rot,
 A medicine tooke to make him purge and caft;
 Which in fhort time began to worke fo faft,
 That he fell too'r, and from his backefide flew,
 A rout of rafcall a rude ribauld crew
 Of bafe Plebeians, which no fooner light,
 Vpon the earth, but with a suddaine flight,
 They fspread this Ile, and as *Dencalion* once
 Ouer his foulder backe, by throwing ftones
 They became men, euen fo thefe beafts became,
 Owners of titles from an obfcure name.

He that by riot, of a mighty rent,
 Hath his late goodly Patrimony fpent,
 And into bafe and wilfull beggery run
 This man as he fome glorious act had done,
 With fome great penfion, or rich gift releu'd,
 When he that hath by induftry atchieu'd
 Some noble thing, contemned and disgrac'd,
 In the forlorne hope of the times is plac'd,
 As though that God had careleffely left all
 That being hath on this terreftriall ball,
 To fortunes guiding, nor would haue to doe
 With man, nor ought that doth belong him to,
 Or at the leaft God hauing giuen more
 Power to the Deuill, then he did of yore,
 Ouer this world: the feind as he dorth hate
 The vertuous man; maligning his eftate,
 All noble things, and would haue by his will,
 To be damn'd with him, yfing all his fkill,
 By his blacke hellifh minifters to vex
 All worthy men, and ftrangely to perplexe

Their

Their constancie, there by them so to frigt,
That they should yeeld them wholly to his might.
But of these things I vainely doe but tell,
Where hell is heauen, and heau'n is now turn'd hell;
Where that which lately blasphemy hath bin,
Now godlinesse, much lesse accounted sin;
And a long while I greatly meruail'd why
Buffoons and Bawdes should hourly multiply,
Till that of late I construed it, that they
To present thrift had got the perfect way,
When I concluded by their odious crimes,
It was for vs no thriving in these times.

As men oft laugh at little Babes, when they
Hap to behold some strange thing in their play,
To see them on the suddaine stricken sad,
As in their fancie some strange formes they had,
VVhich they by pointing with their fingers shoue,
Angry at our capacities so slowe,
That by their countenance we no sooner learne
To see the wonder which they so discern:
So the celestiall powers doe sit and smile
At innocent and vertuous men the while,
They stand amazed at the world ore-gone,
So farre beyond imagination,
VVith slavish basenesse, that the silent sit
Pointing like children in describing it.

Then noble friend the next way to controule
These worldly crosses, is to arme thy soule
VVith constant patience: and with thoughts as high
As these belowe, and poore, winged to flye
To that exalted stand, whether yet they
Are got with paine, that sit out of the way
Of this ignoble age, which raiseth none
But such as thinke their black damnation
To be a trifle; such, so ill, that when
They are aduanc'd, those fewe poore honest men
That yet are liuing, into search doe runne
To finde what mischiefe they haue lately done,
Which so preferres them, say thou he doth rise,
That maketh vertue his chiefe exercise.
And in this base world come what euer shall,
Hees worth lamenting, that for her doth fall.

Vpon the three Sonnes of the Lord
SHEFFIELD, drowned
in HYMBER.

Light Sonnets hence, and to loose Louers flie,
And mournfull May dens sing an Elegie (waues,
On those three SHEFFIELDS, ouer-whelm'd with
Whose losse the teares of all the Muses craues;
A thing so full of pittie as this was,
Me thinks for nothing should not slightly passe.
Treble this losse was, why should it not borrowe,
Through this Iles treble parts, a treble sorrowe:
But Fate did this, to let the world to knowe,
That sorrowes which from common causes growe,
Are not worth mourning for, the losse to beare,
But of one onely sonne, 's not worth one teare.
Some tender hearted man, as I, may spend
Some drops (perhaps) for a deceas'd friend.
Some men (perhaps) their Wifes late death may rue;
Or Wifes their Husbands, but such be but fewe.
Cares that haue vs'd the hearts of men to tuch
So oft, and deeply, will not now be such;
Who'll care for losse of maintenance, or place,
Fame, liberty, or of the Princes grace;
Or sutes in law, by base corruption crost,
When he shall finde, that this which he hath lost;
Alas, is nothing to his, which did lose,
Three sonnes at once so excellent as those:
Nay, it is feard that this in time may breed
Hard hearts in men to their owne naturall seed;
That in respect of this great losse of theirs,
Men will scarce mourne the death of their owne heire.

Through all this Ile their losse so publike is,
That euery man doth take them to be his,
And as a plague which had beginning there,
So catching is, and raining euery where,
That those the farthest off as much doe rue them,
As those the most familiarly that knew them;
Children with this disaster are wext sage,
And like to men that stricken are in age;

Talke what it is, three children at one time
 Thus to haue drown'd, and in their very prime;
 Yea, and doe learne to act the same so well,
 That then olde folke, they better can it tell.

Inuention, oft that Passion vs'd to faine,
 In sorrowes of themselues but slight, and meane,
 To make them seeme great, here it shall not need,
 For that this Subiect doth so farre exceed
 All forc'd Expression, that what Poesie shall
 Happily thinke to grace it selfe withall,
 Falls so belowe it, that it rather borrowes
 Grace from their griefe, then addeth to their sorrow.
 For sad mischance thus in the losse of three,
 To shewe it selfe the vtmost it could bee:
 Exacting also by the selfe same lawe,
 The vtmost teares that sorrowe had to drawe
 All future times hath vtterly preuented
 Of a more losse, or more to be lamented.

Whilst in faire youth they liuely flourish'd here,
 To their kinde Parents they were onely deere:
 But being dead, now euery one doth take
 Them for their owne, and doe like sorrowe make:
 As for their owne begot, as they pretended
 Hope in the issue, which should haue discended
 From them againe; nor here doth end our sorrow,
 But those of vs, that shall be borne to morrowe
 Still shall lament them, and when time shall count,
 To what vast number passed yeares shall mount,
 They from their death shall duly reckon so,
 As from the Deluge, former vs'd to doe.

O cruell *Humber* guilty of their gore,
 I now beleeeue more then I did before.
 The *Brittish* Story, whence thy name begun
 Of Kingly *Humber*, an inuading *Hun*,
 By thee deuoured, for't is likely thou
 With blood wert Christned, blood-thirsty till now
 The *Ouse*, the *Done*. And thou farre clearer *Trent*,
 To drowne these *SHEFFIELDS* as you gaue consent,
 Shall curse the time, that ere you were infus'd,
 Which haue your waters basely thus abus'd.
 The groueling Boore yee hinder not to goe,
 And at his pleasure Ferry to and fro.
 The very best part of whose soule, and blood,
 Compared with theirs, is viler then your mud.

But

But wherefore paper, doe I idely spend,
 On those deafe waters to so little end,
 And vp to starry heauen doe I not looke,
 In which, as in an euerlasting booke.
 Our ends are written, O let times rehearse
 Their fatall losse, in their sad Aniuerse.

To the noble Lady, the Lady
I.S. of worldly crosses.

MAdame, to shew the smoothnesse of my vaine,
 Neither that I would haue you entertaine
 The time in reading me, which you would spend
 In faire discourse with some knowne honest friend,
 I write not to you. Nay, and which is more,
 My powerfull verses strue not to restore,
 What time and sicknesse haue in you impair'd,
 To other ends my Elegie is squar'd.

Your beauty, sweetnesse, and your gracefull parts
 That haue drawne many eyes, wonne many hearts.
 Of me get little, I am so much man,
 That let them doe their utmost that they can,
 I will resist their forces: and they be
 Though great to others, yet not so to me.
 The first time I beheld you, I then sawe
 That (in it selfe) which had the power to drawe
 My stay'd affection, and thought to allowe
 You some deale of my heart; but you haue now
 Got farre into it, and you haue the skill
 (For ought I see) to winne vpon me still.

When I doe thinke how brauely you haue borne
 Your many crosses, as in Fortunes scorne,
 And how neglectfull you haue seem'd to be,
 Of that which hath seem'd terrible to me.
 I thought you stupid, nor that you had felt
 Those griefes which (often) I haue seene to melt.
 Another woman into sighes and teares,
 A thing but seldome in your sexe and yeares,
 But when in you I haue perceiu'd agen,
 (Noted by me, more then by other men)

How feeling and how sensible you are
 Of your friends sorrowes, and with how much care
 You seeke to cure them, then my selfe I blame,
 That I your patience should so much misname,
 Which to my vnderstanding maketh knowne
 "Who feeles anothers grieve, can feele their owne,
 When straight me thinks, I heare your patience say,
 Are you the man that studied *Seneca* :
Plinies most learned letters; and must I
 Read you a Lecture in Philosophie,
 T'auoid the afflictions that haue vs'd to reach you;
 I'll learne you more, Sir, then your bookes can teach you.

Of all your sex, yet neuer did I knowe,
 Any that yet so actually could showe
 Such rules for patience, such an easie way,
 That who so sees it, shall be forc'd to say,
 Loe what before seem'd hard to be discern'd,
 Is of this Lady, in an instant learn'd.
 It is heauens will that you should wrong'd be
 By the malicious, that the world might see
 Your Doue-like meekenesse; for had the base scumme,
 The spawne of Fiends, beene in your slander dumbe,
 Your vertue then had perish'd, neuer priz'd,
 For that the same you had not exercis'd;
 And you had lost the Crowne you haue, and glory,
 Nor had you beene the subject of my Story.
 Whilst they feele Hell, being damned in their hate
 Their thoughts, like Devils them exerceate,
 Which by your noble sufferings doe torment
 Them with new paines, and giues you this content
 To see your soule an Innocent, hath suffred,
 And vp to heauen before your eyes be offred:
 Your like we in a burning Glasse may see,
 When the Sunnes rayes therein contracted be
 Bent on some object, which is purely white,
 We finde that colour doth dispierce the light,
 And stands vntainted: but if it hath got
 Some little sully; or the least small spot,
 Then it soone fiers it; so you still remaine
 Free, because in you they can finde no staine.

God doth not loue them least, on whom he layes
 The grea't afflictions; but that he will praise
 Himselfe most in them, and will make them fit,
 Near'st to himselfe who is the Lambe to sit:

For by that touch, like perfect gold he tries them,
 Who are not his, vntill the world denies them.
 And your example may worke such effect,
 That it may be the beginning of a Sect
 Of patient women; and that many a day
 All Husbands may for you their Founder pray.

Nor is to me your Innocence the lesse,
 In that I see you strue not to suppress
 Their barbarous malice; but your noble heart
 Prepar'd to act so difficult a part,
 With vnremoued constancie is still
 The same it was, that of your proper ill,
 The effect proceeds from your owne selfe the cause,
 Like some iust Prince, who to establish lawes,
 Suffers the breach at his best lou'd to strike,
 To learne the vulgar to endure the like.
 You are a Martir thus, nor can you be
 Lesse to the world so valued by me:
 If as you haue begun, you still perseuer,
 Be euer good, that I may loue you euer.

An Elegie vpon the death of the Lady
 PENELOPE CLIFTON.

MVst I needes write, who's he that can refuse,
 He wants a minde, for her that hath no Muse,
 The thought of her doth heau'nly rage inspire,
 Next powerfull, to those clouen tongues of fire.

Since I knew ought time neuer did allowe
 Me stuffe fit for an Elegie, till now;
 When *France* and *England's* HENRIE'S dy'd, my quill,
 Why, I know not, but it that time lay still.
 'Tis more then greatnesse that my spirit must raise,
 To obserue custome I vse not to praise;
 Nor the least thought of mine yet ere depended,
 On any one from whom she was descended;
 That for their fauour I this way should wooe,
 As some poore wretched things (perhaps) may doe;
 I gaine the end, whereat I onely ayme,
 If by my freedome I may giue her fame.

Walking then forth being newly vp from bed,
 O Sir (quoth one) the Lady CLIFTON'S dead.

When,

When, but that reason my sterne rage withstood,
My hand had sure beene guilty of his blood.
If shee be so, must thy rude tongue confesse it
(Quoth I) and com'st so coldly to expresse it.
Thou shouldst haue giuen a shreeke, to make me feare thee;
That might haue slaine what euer had beene neere thee.
Thou shouldst haue com'n like Time with thy scalpe bare,
And in thy hands thou shouldst haue brought thy haire,
Casting vpon me such a dreadfull looke,
As seene a spirit, or th'adst beene thunder strooke,
And gazing on me so a little space,
Thou shouldst haue shot thine eye balls in my face,
Then falling at my feet, thou shouldst haue said,
O she is gone, and Nature with her dead.

With this ill newes amaz'd by chance I past,
By that neere Groue, whereas both first and last,
I saw her, not three moneths before shee di'd.
When (though full Summer gan to vaile her pride,
And that I sawe men leade home ripened Corne,
Besides adnif'd me well.) I durst haue sworne
The lingring yeare, the Autumne had adiourn'd,
And the fresh Spring had beene againe return'd,
Her delicacie, lovelinesse, and grace,
With such a Summer brauery deckt the place:
But now alas, it lookt forlorne and dead;
And where she stood, the fading leaues were shed,
Presenting onely sorrowe to my sight,
O God (thought I) this is her Embleme right.

And sure I thinke it cannot but be thought,
That I to her by prouidence was brought.
For that the Fates fore-dooming, shee should die,
Shewed me this wondrous Master peece that I
Should sing her Funerall, that the world should know it,
That heauen did thinke her worthy of a Poet;
My hand is fatall, nor doth fortune doubt,
For what it writes, not fire shall ere race out.
A thousand silken Puppets should haue died,
And in their fulsome Coffins putrified,
Ere in my lines, you of their names should heare
To tell the world that such there euer were,
Whose memory shall from the earth decay,
Before those Rags be worn they gaue away:
Had I her god-like features neuer seene,
Poore sleight Report had tolde me she had beene

A handsome Lady, comely, very well,
 And so might I haue died an Infidell,
 As many doe which neuer did her see,
 Or cannot credit, what she was, by mee.

Nature, her selfe, that before Art prefers
 To goe beyond all our Cosmographers,
 By Charts and Maps exactly that haue showne,
 All of this earth that euer can be knowne,
 For that she would beyond them all descrie
 What Art could not, by any mortall eye;
 A Map of heauen in her rare features drue,
 And that she did so liuely and so true,
 That any soule but seeing it, might sweare
 That all was perfect heaueuly that was there.
 If euer any Painter were so blest,
 To drawe that face, which so much heau'n exprest,
 If in his best of skill he did her right,
 I wish it neuer may come in my sight,
 I greatly doubt my faith (weake man) lest I
 Should to that face commit Idolatry.

Death might haue tyth'd her sex, but for this one,
 Nay, haue ta'n halfe to haue let her alone;
 Such as their wrinkled temples to supply,
 Cyment them vp with sluttish *Mercury*,
 Such as vndrest were able to affright,
 A valiant man approaching him by night;
 Death might haue taken such, her end deferd,
 Vntill the time she had bene climaterd;
 When she would haue bin at threescore yeares and three,
 Such as our best at three and twenty be,
 With enuie then, he might haue ouerthrowne her,
 When age nor time had power to sease vpon her.

But when the vn pittying Fates her end decreed,
 They to the same did instantly proceed,
 For well they knew (if she had languish'd so)
 As those which hence by naturall causes goe,
 So many prayers, and teares for her had spoken,
 As certainly their Iron lawes had broken,
 And had wak'd heau'n, who clearely would haue shew'd
 That change of Kingdomes to her death it ow'd;
 And that the world still of her end might thinke,
 It would haue let some Neighbouring mountaine sinke,
 Or the vast Sea it in on vs to cast,
 As *Seuerne* did about some five yeares past:

Of some sterne Comer his cild to reare,
 Woofe length should measure halfe our Hemisphere.
 Holding this night, to say some will not sticke,
 That now I raue, and am growne lunatique:
 You of what sexe so ere you be youlye,
 'Tis thou thy selfe is lunatique, not I.

I charge you in her name that now is gone,
 That may coniure you, if you be not stone,
 That you no harsh, nor shallow rimes decline,
 Vpon that day wherein you shall read mine.
 Such as indeed are falsely termed verse,
 And will but sit like mothes vpon her herse;
 Nor that no child, nor chambermaide, nor page,
 Disturbe the Ryme, the whilst my sacred rage,
 In reading is; but whilst you heare it read,
 Suppose, before you, that you see her dead,
 The walls about you hung with mournfull blacke,
 And nothing of her funerall to lacke,
 And when this period giues you leaue to pause,
 Cast vp your eyes, and sigh for my applaule.

Vpon the noble Lady ASTONS
departure for Spaine.

I Many a time haue greatly marueil'd, why
 Men say, their friends depart when as they die,
 How well that word, a dying, doth expresse,
 I did not know (I truly must confesse,
 Till her departure for whose missed sight,
 I am enforced this Elegy to write:
 But since resistlesse fate will haue it so,
 That she from hence must to *Iberia* goe,
 And my weake wishes can her not detaine,
 I will of heauen in policy complaine,
 That it so long her trauell should adiourne,
 Hoping thereby to hasten her returne.

Can those of *Norway* for their wage procure,
 By their blacke spells a winde that shall endure
 Till from aboard the wished land men see,
 And fetch the harbour, where they long to be,

The witches
 of the Nor-
 therly legions
 sell windes to
 passengers.

Can

Can they by charmes doe this, and cannot I
 Who am the Priest of *Phabus*, and so hie,
 sit in his fauour, winne the Poets god,
 To send swift *Hermes* with his snaky rod,
 To *Aeolus* Caue, commanding him with care,
 His prosperous winds, that he for her prepare,
 And from that howre, wherein she takes the seas,
 Nature bring on the quiet *Halcion* dayes,
 And in that hower that bird begin her nest,
 Nay at that very instant, that long rest
 May seize on *Neptune*, who may still repose,
 And let that bird nere till that hower disclose,
 Wherein she landerth, and for all that space
 Be not a wrinkle scene on *Thetis* face,
 Onely so much breath with a gentle gale,
 As by the easy swelling of her saile,
 May at * *Sebastians* safely set her downe

The nearest
 Harbour of
Spainne.

Where, with her goodnes she may blesse the towne
 If heauen in iustice would haue plagu'd by thee
 Some Pirate, and grimme *Neptune* thou shouldst be
 His Executioner, or what is his worse,
 The gripple Merchant, borne to be the curse
 Of this braue Iland, let them for her sake,
 Who to thy safeguard doth her selfe betake,
 Escape vndrown'd, vnwrackt, nay rather let
 Them be at ease in some safe harbour set,
 Where with much profit they may vent their wealth
 That they haue got by villany and stealth,
 Rather great *Neptune*, then when thou dost raue,
 Thou once shouldst wet her saile but with a waue.

Or if some proling Rouer shall but dare,
 To seize the ship wherein she is to fare,
 Let the fell fishes of the Maine appeare,
 And tell those Sea-thiefes, that once such they were
 As they are now, till they assaid to rape,
 Grape-crowned *Bacchus* in a striplings shape,
 That came aboard them, and would faine haue saild,
 To vine-spread * *Naxus*, but that him they saild,
 Which he perceiuing, them so monstrous made,
 And warne them how, they passengers inuade.

An Ile for the
 abundance of
 wine supposed
 to be the habi-
 tation of
Bacchus

Ye South and Westerne winds now cease to blow
 Autumne is come, there be no flowers to grow,
 Yea from that place respire, to which she goes,
 And to her sailes should show your selfe but foes,

But *Boreas* and yee *Esterne* windes arise,
To send her soon to *Spaine*, but be precise,
That in your aide you seeme not still so sterne,
As we a Summer should no more discern,
For till that here againe, I may her see,
It will be winter all the yeare with me.

Yee swanne-begotten louely brother stars,
So oft auspicious to poore Mariners,
Yee twin-bred lights of louely *Leda's* brood,
Ioues egge-borne issue smile vpon the flood,
And in your mild'st aspect doe ye appeare
To be her warrant from all future feare.

And if thou ship that bear' st her, doe proue good,
May neuer time by wormes, consume thy wood
Nor rust thy iron, may thy tacklings last,
Till they for reliques be in temples plac't;
Maist thou be ranged with that mighty *Arke*,
Wherein iust *Noah* did all the world imbarque,
With that which after *Troyes* so famous wracke,
From ten yeares trauell brought *Vlisses* backe,
That *Argo* which to *Colchos* went from *Greece*,
And in her botome brought the goulden fleece
Vnder braue *Iason*; or that same of *Drake*,
Wherein he did his famous voyage make
About the world; or *Candishes* that went
As far as his, about the Continent.

And yee milde winds that now I doe implore,
Not once to raise the least sand on the shore,
Nor once on forfeit of your selues respire:
When once the time is come of her retire,
If then it please you, but to doe your due,
What for those windes I did, Ile doe for you;
Ile wooe you then, and if that not suffice,
My pen shall prooue you to haue dieryes,
Ile sing your loues in verses that shall flow,
And tell the storyes of your weale and woe,
Ile prooue what profit to the earth you bring,
And how t'is you that welcome in the spring;
Ile raise vp altars to you, as to show,
The time shall be kept holy, when you blow.
O blessed winds! your will that it may be,
To send health to her, and her home to me.

*Caster and Pol-
lox* begot by
Ioue on *Leda*
in the forme
of a Swanne.
A constellati-
on ominous to
Mariners,

To

To my most dearely-loued friend
 HENERY REYNOLDS Esquire, of
Poets and Poesie.

MY dearely loued friend how oft haue we,
 In winter euenings (meaning to be free,)
 To some well chosen place vs'd to retire;
 And there with moderate meate, and wine, and fire,
 Haue past the howres contentedly with chat,
 Now talk'd of this, and then discours'd of that,
 Spoke our owne verses 'twixt our selues if not
 Other mens lines, which we by chance had got,
 Or some Stage pieces famous long before,
 Of which your happy memory had store;
 And I remember you much pleased were,
 Of those who liued long agoe to heare,
 As well as of those, of these latter times,
 Who haue inricht our language with their rimes,
 And in succession, how still vp they grew,
 Which is the subiect, that I now pursue;
 For from my cradle (you must know that) I,
 Was still inclin'd to noble Poesie,
 And when that once *Pueriles* I had read,
 And newly had my *Cato* construed,
 In my small selfe I greatly marueil'd then,
 Amonst all other, what strange kinde of men
 These Poets were; And pleased with the name,
 To my milde Tutor merrily I came,
 (For I was then a proper goodly page,
 Much like a Pigmy, scarce ten yeares of age)
 Clasping my slender armes about his thigh.
 O my deare master! cannot you (quoth I)
 Make me a Poet, doe it; if you can,
 And you shall see, Ile quickly be a man,
 Who me thus answered smiling, boy quoth he,
 If you'le not play the wag, but I may see
 You ply your learning, I will shortly read
 Some Poets to you; *Phabus* be my speed,
 Too't hard went I, when shortly he began,
 And first read to me honest *Maninan*,

Then

Then *Virgils Eglogues*, being entred thus,
 Me thought I straight had mounted *Pegasus*,
 And in his full Carcere could make him stop,
 And bound vpon *Parnassus* by-clift top.
 I scorn'd your ballet then though it were done
 And had for Finis, *William Elderton*.
 But soft, in sporting with this childish iest,
 I from my subiect haue too long digrest,
 Then to the matter that we tooke in hand,
Ioue and *Apollo* for the *Muses* stand.

That noble *Chancer*, in those former times,
 The first inrich'd our *English* with his rimes,
 And was the first of ours, that euer brake,
 Into the *Muses* treasure, and first spake
 In weighty numbers, deluing in the Mine
 Of perfect knowledge, which he could refine,
 And coyne for currant, and asmuch as then
 The *English* language could expresse to men,
 He made it doe; and by his wondrous skill,
 Gaue vs much light from his abundant quill.

And honest *Gower*, who in respect of him,
 Had only sipt at *Aganippas* brimme,
 And though in yeares this last was him before,
 Yet tell he far short of the others store.

When after those, foure ages very neare,
 They with the *Muses* which conuersed, were
 That Princely *Surrey*, early in the time
 Of the Eight *Henry*, who was then the prime
 Of *Englands* noble youth; with him there came
Wyat; with reuerence whom we still doe name
 Amongst our Poets, *Brian* had a share
 With the two former, which accompted are
 That times best makers, and the authors were
 Of those small poems, which the title beare,
 Of songs and sonnets, wherein oft they hit
 On many dainty passages of wit.

Gascoine and *Churchyard* after them againe
 In the beginning of *Eliza's* raine,
 Accompted were great Meterers many a day,
 But not inspired with braue fier, had they
 Liu'd but a little longer, they had scene,
 Their workes before them to haue buried beene.

Graue morrall *Spencer* after these came on
 Then whom I am perswaded there was none

Since the blind *Bard* his *Iliads* vp did make,
Fitter a tal kellike that to vndertake,
To set downe boldly, brauely to inuent,
In all high knowledge, surely excellent.

The noble *Sidney*, with this last arose,
That *Heroe* for numbers, and for Prose.
That throughly pac'd our language as to show,
The plenteous *English* hand in hand might goe
With *Greeke* and *Latine*, and did first reduce
Our tongue from *Lillies* writing then in vse,
Talking of Stones, Stars, Plants, of fishes, Flyes,
Playing with words, and idle Similies,
As th' *English*, Apes and very Zanies be
Of euery thing, that they doe heare and see,
So imitating his ridiculous tricks,
They spake and writ, all like meere lunatiques.

Then *Warner* though his lines were not so trim'd,
Nor yet his Poem so exactly lim'd
And neatly ioynted, but the Criticke may
Easily reprocue him, yet thus let me say;
For my old friend, some passages there be
In him, which I protest haue taken me,
With almost wonder, so fine, cleere, and new
As yet they haue bin equall'd by few.

Neat *Marlow* bathed in the *Thespian* springs
Had in him those braue transunary things,
That the first Poets had, his raptures were,
All ayre, and fire, which made his verses cleere,
For that fine madnes still he did retaine,
Which rightly should possesse a Poets braine.

And surely *Nashe*, though he a Proser were
A branch of *Lawrell* yet deserues to beare,
Sharply *Satirick* was he, and that way
He went, since that his being, to this day
Few haue attempted, and I surely thinke
Those words shall hardly be set downe with inke,
Shall scorch and blast, so as his could, where he,
Would inflict vengeance, and be it said of thee,
Shakespeare thou hadst as smooth a Comicke vaine,
Fitting the socke, and in thy naturall braine,
As strong conception, and as Cleere a rage,
As any one that trafiqu'd with the stage.

Amongst these *Samuel Daniel*, whom if I
May spake of, but to sensure doe denie,

Onely haue heard some wisemen him rehearse,
 To be too much *Historian* in verse;
 His rimes were smooth, his meeters well did close
 But yet his maner better fitted prose:
 Next these, learn'd *Iohnson*, in this List I bring,
 Who had drunke deepe of the *Pierian* spring,
 Whose knowledge did him worthily prefer,
 And long was Lord here of the Theater,
 Who in opinion made our learn'ft to sticke,
 Whether in Poems rightly dramatique,
 Strong *Seneca* or *Plautus*, he or they,
 Should beare the Buskin, or the Socke away.
 Others againe here liued in my dayes,
 That haue of vs deserued no lesse praise
 For their translations, then the daintiest wit
 That on *Parnassus* thinks, he highst doth sit,
 And for a chaunc may mongst the Muses call,
 As the most curious maker of them all.
 As reuerent *Chapman*, who hath brought to vs,
Museus, *Homer*, and *Hesiodus*
 Out of the Greeke; and by his skill hath reard
 Them to that height, and to our tongue endeard,
 That were those Poets at this day aliue,
 To see their bookes thus with vs to suruiue,
 They would think, hauing neglected them so long,
 They had bin written in the *English* tongue.

And *Siluester* who from the *French* more weake,
 Made *Bartas* of his fixe dayes labour speake
 In naturall *English*, who, had he there stayd,
 He had done well, and neuer had bewraid,
 His owne inuention, to haue bin so poore
 Who still wrote lesse, in struiuing to write more.

Then dainty *Sands* that hath to *English* done,
 Smooth sliding *Ouid*, and hath made him run
 With so much sweetnesse and vnusuall grace,
 As though the neatnesse of the *English* pace,
 Should tell the setting *Lattine* that it came
 But slowly after, as though stiffe and lame.

So *Scotland* sent vs hither, for our owne
 That man, whose name I euer would haue knowne,
 To stand by mine, that most ingenious knight,
 My *Alexander*, to whom in his right,
 I want extreemely, yet in speaking thus
 I doe but shew the loue, that was twixt vs,

And not his numbers which were braue and hie,
 So like his mind, was his cleare Poesie,
 And my deare *Drummond* to whom much I owe
 For his much loue, and proud I was to know,
 His poesie, for which two worthy men,
 I *Mensury* still shall loue, and *Hawthorne den*,
 Then the two *Beaumonts* and my *Browne* arose,
 My deare companions whom I freely chose
 My bosome friends; and in their seuerall wayes,
 Rightly borne Poets, and in these last dayes,
 Men of much note, and no lesse nobler parts,
 Such as haue freely tould to me their hearts,
 As I haue mine to them; but if you shall
 Say in your knowledge, that these be not all
 Haue writ in numbers, be inform'd that I
 Only my selfe, to these few men doe tye,
 Whose workes oft printed, set on euery post,
 To publike censure subiect haue bin most;
 For such whose poems, be they nere so rare,
 In priuate chambers, that incloistered are,
 And by transcription daintily must goe;
 As though the world vnworthy were to know,
 Their rich composures, let those men that keepe
 These wonderous reliques in their iudgement deepe,
 And cry them vp so, let such Peeces bee
 Spoke of by those that shall come after me,
 I passe not for them: nor doe meane to run,
 In quest of these, that them applause haue wonne,
 Vpon our Stages in these latter dayes,
 That are so many, let them haue ther bayes
 That doe deserue it; let those wits that haunt
 Those publike circuits, let them freely chaunt
 Their fine Composures, and their praise pursue
 And so my deare friend, for this time adue.

Vpon

Vpon the death of his incomparable
friend, Sir HENRY RAYNSFORD
 of CLIFFORD.

Could there be words found to expresse my losse,
 There were some hope, that this my heauy crosse
 Might be sustained, and that wretched I
 Might once finde comfort : but to haue him die
 Past all degrees that was so deare to me ;
 As but comparing him with others, hee
 Was such a thing, as if some Power should say
 I'll take Man on me, to shew men the way
 What a friend should be. But words come so short
 Of him, that when I thus would him report,
 I am vndone, and hauing nought to say,
 Mad at my selfe, I throwe my penne away,
 And beate my breast, that there should be a woe
 So high, that words cannot attaine thereto.
 T'is strange that I from my abundant breast,
 Who others sorrowes haue so well exprest :
 Yet I by this in little time am growne
 So poore, that I want to expresse my owne.

I thinke the Fates perceiuing me to beare
 My worldly crosses without wit or feare :
 Nay, with what scorne I euer haue derided,
 Those plagues that for me they haue oft provided,
 Drew them to counsaile ; nay, conspired rather,
 And in this businesse laid their heads together
 To finde some one plague, that might me subuert,
 And at an instant breake my stubborne heart ;
 They did indeede, and onely to this end
 They tooke from me this more then man, or friend.

Hard-hearted Fates, your worst thus haue you done,
 Then let vs see what lastly you haue wonne
 By this your rigour, in a course so strict,
 Why see, I beare all that you can inflict :
 And hee from heauen your poore reuenge to view ;
 Laments my losse of him, but laughes at you,
 Whilst I against you execrations breath ;
 Thus are you scorn'd aboue, and curst beneath.

Me thinks that man (vnhappy though he be)
 Is now thrice happy in respect of me,

Who hath no friend; for that in hauing none
 He is not stirr'd as I am, to bemoane
 My miserable losse, who but in vaine,
 May euer looke to finde the like againe.
 This more then mine owne selfe; that who had scene
 His care of me where euer I haue beene,
 And had not kuowne his actiue spirit before,
 Vpon some braue thing working euermore:
 He would haue sworne that to no other end;
 He had beene borne: but onely for my friend.

I had beene happy, if nice Nature had
 (Since now my lucke falls out to be so bad)
 Made me vnperfect, either of so soft
 And yeelding temper, that lamenting oft,
 I into teares my mournefull selfe might melt;
 Or else so dull, my losse not to haue felt,
 I haue by my too deere experience bought,
 That fooles and mad men, whom I euer thought
 The most vnhappy, are in deede not so:
 And therefore I lesse pittie can bestowe
 (Since that my sence, my sorrowe so can found)
 On those I see in Bedlam that are bound,
 And scarce feele scourging; and when as I meete
 A foole by Children followed in the Streete.
 Thinke I (poore wretch) thou from my grieve art free,
 Nor couldst thou feele it, should it light on thee;
 But that I am a *Christian*, and am taught
 By him who with his precious blood me bought,
 Meekly like him my crosses to endure,
 Else would they please me well, that for their cure,
 When as they feele their conscience doth them brand,
 Vpon themselues dare lay a violent hand;
 Not suffering Fortune with her murdering knife,
 Stand like a Surgeon working on the life,
 Defecting this part, that ioynt off to cut,
 Shewing that Artire, ripping then that gut,
 Whilst the dull beastly World with her squint eye,
 Is to behold the strange Anatomic.

I am perswaded that those which we read
 To be man-haters, were not so indeed
 The Athenian *Timon*, and beside him more
 Of which the *Latines*, as the *Greekes* haue store;
 Nor not they did all humane manners hate,
 Nor yet maligne mans dignity and state.

But

But finding our fraile life how euery day,
It like a bubble vanisheth away :
For this condition did mankinde detest,
Farre more incertaine then that of the beast.

Sure heauen doth hate this world and deadly too,
Else as it hath done it would neuer doe ;
For if it did not, it would ne're permit
A man of so much vertue, knowledge, wit,
Of naturall goodnesse, supernaturall grace,
Whose courses when considerately I trace
Into their ends, and diligently looke,
They serue me for Oeconomike booke.
By which this rough world I not onely stemme,
In goodnesse but growe learn'd by reading them.

O pardon me, it my much sorrow is,
Which makes me vse this long Parenthesis ;
Had heauen this world not hated as I say,
In height of life it had not, tane away
A spirit so braue, so actiue, and so free,
That such a one who would not wish to bee,
Rather then weare a Crowne, by Armes though got,
So fast a friend, so true a Patriot.

In things concerning both the worlds so wise,
Besides so liberall of his faculties,
That where he would his industrie bestowe,
He would haue done e're one could think to doe.
No more talke of the working of the Starres,
For plenty, scarcenesse, or for peace, or Warres.
They are impostures, therefore get you hence
With all your Planets, and their influence.

No more doe I care into them to looke,
Then in some idle Chiromantick booke,
Shewing the line of life, and *Venus* mount,
Nor yet no more would I of them account,
Then what that tells me, since that what so ere
Might promise man long life : of care and feare,
By nature freed, a conscience cleere, and quiet,
His health, his constitution, and his diet ;
Counting a hundred, fourescore at the least,
Propt vp by prayers, yet more to be encreast,
All these should faile, and in his fiftieth yeare
He should expire, henceforth let none be deare,
To me at all, lest for my haplesse sake,

Before their time heauen from the world them take,
Before

And leaue me wretched to lament their ends
As I doe his, who was a thousand friends.

Vpon the death of the Lady
OLIVE STANHOPE.

Canst thou depart and be forgotten so, (no:
STANHOPE thou canst not, no deare STANHOPE,
But in despight of death the world shall see,
That Muse which so much graced was by thee;
Can black Obluion vterly out-braue,
And set thee vp about thy silent Graue.
I meruail'd much the *Derbian* Nymphes were dumbe,
Or of those Muses, what should be become,
That of all those, the mountaines there among,
Not one this while thy *Epicedium* sung;
But so it is, when they of thee were rest,
They all those hills, and all those Rivers left,
And sullen growne, their former seates remoue,
Both from cleare *Darwin*, and from siluer *Doue*,
And for thy losse, they greued are so sore,
That they haue vow'd they will come there no more;
But leaue thy losse to me, that I should rue thee,
Vnhappy man, and yet I neuer knew thee:
Me thou didst loue vnseene, so did I thee,
It was our spirits that lou'd then and not wee;
Therefore without profanenesse I may call
The loue betwixt vs, loue spirituall:
But that which thou affectedst was so true,
As that thereby thee perfectly I knew;
And now that spirit, which thou so lou'dst, still mine,
Shall offer this a Sacrifice to thine,
And reare this Trophe, which for thee shall last,
When this most beastly Iron age is past;
I am perswaded, whilst we two haue slept,
Our soules haue met, and to each other wept;
That destenie so strongly should forbid,
Our bodies to conuerse as oft they did:
For certainly refined spirits doe know,
As doe the Angels, and doe here belowe
Take the fruition of that endlesse blisse,
As those about doe, and what each one is.

They

They see diuinely, and as those there doe,
They know each others wills, so soules can too.
About that dismall time, thy spirit hence flew,
Mine much was troubled, but why, I not knew,
In dull and sleepey sounds, it often left me,
As of it selfe it ment to haue bereft me,
I ask'd it what the cause was, of such woe,
Or what it might be, that might vex it so,
But it was deafe, nor my demand would here,
But when that ill newes came, to touch mine eare,
I straightwayes found this watchfull spirit of mine,
Troubled had bin to take it leaue of thine,
For when fate found, what nature late had done,
How much from heauen, she for the earth had won
By thy deare birth; said, that it could not be
In so yong yeares, what it percein'd in thee,
But nature sure, had fram'd thee long before;
And as Rich Misers of their mighty store,
Keepe the most precious longest, so from times past,
She onely had reserud thee till the last;
So did thy wisdome, not thy youth behold,
And tooke thee hence, in thinking thou wast old.
Thy shape and beauty often haue to me
Bin highly prayfed, which I thought might be,
Truely reported, for a spirit so braue,
Which heauen to thee so bountifully gaue;
Nature could not in recompence againe,
In some rich lodging but to entertaine.
Let not the world report then, that the Peake;
Is but a rude place only vast and bleake;
And nothing hath to boast of, but her Lead,
When she can say that happily she bred
Thee, and when she shall of her wonders tell
Wherein she doth all other Tracts excell,
Let her account thee greatst, and still to time
Of all the rest, record thee for the prime.

EeTo

To Master WILLIAM IEFFREYS,
Chapliane to the Lord Ambassa-
dour in Spaine.

MY noble friend, you challenge me to write
To you in verse, and often you recite,
My promise to you, and to send you newes;
As 'tis a thing I very seldome vse,
And I must write of State, if to *Madrid*,
A thing our Proclamations here forbid,
And that word State such Latitude doth beare,
As it may make me very well to feare
To write, nay speake at all, these let you know
Your power on me, yet not that I will shoue
The loue I beare you, in that lofty height,
So cleere expression, or such words of weight,
As into *Spanish* if they were translated,
Might make the Poets of that Realme amated;
Yet these my least were, but that you extort
These numbers from me, when I should report
In home-spunne prose, in good plaine honest words
The newes our wofull *England* vs affords.

The Muses here sit sad, and mute the while
A sort of swine vnseasonably defile
Those sacred springs, which from the by clift-hill
Dropt their pure *Nectar* into euery quill;
In this with State, I hope I doe not deale,
This onely tends the Muses common-weale.

What canst thou hope, or looke for from his pen,
Who liues with beasts, though in the shapes of men,
And what a poore few are we honest still,
And dare to be so, when all the world is ill.

I finde this age of oure markt with this fate,
That honest men are still precipitate
Vnder base villaines, which till th'earth can vent
This her last brood, and wholly hath them spent,
Shall be so, then in reuolution shall;
Vertue againe arise by vices fall;
But that shall I not see, neither will I
Maintaine this, as one doth a Prophecie,

That

That our King *James* to *Rome* shall surely goe,
 And from his chaire the *Pope* shall ouerthrow.
 But ô this world is so giuen vp to hell,
 That as the old Giants, which did once rebell,
 Against the Gods, so this now-liuing race
 Dare sin, yet stand, and leere heauen in the face,

But soft my Muse, and make a little stay,
 Surely thou art not rightly in thy way,
 To my good *leffrayes* was not I about
 To write, and see, I suddainely am out,
 This is pure *Satire*, that thou speak'st, and I
 Was first in hand to write an Elegie.
 To tell my countreys shame I not delight.
 But doe bemoane't I am no *Democrite* :
 O God, though Vertue mightily doe grieue
 For all this world, yet will I not belecue
 But that shees faire and louely, and that she
 So to the period of the world shall be;
 Else had she beene forsaken (sure) of all,
 For that so many sundry mischiefes fall
 Vpon her dayly, and so many take
 Armes vp against her, as it well might make
 Her to forsake her nature, and behind,
 To leaue no step for future time to find,
 As she had neuer beene, for he that now
 Can doe her most disgrace, him they allow
 The times chiefe Champion, and he is the man,
 The prize, and Palme that absolutely wanne,
 For where Kings Cloffets her free seat hath bin
 She neere the Lodge, not suffered is to Inne,
 For ignorance against her stands in state,
 Like some great porter at a Pallace gate;
 So dull and barbarous lately are we growne,
 And there are some this slavery that haue sowne,
 That for mans knowledge it enough doth make,
 If he can learne, to read an Almanacke;
 By whom that trash of *Amadis de Gaule*,
 Is held an author most authenticall,
 And things we haue like Noblemen that be
 In little time, which I haue hope to see
 Vpon their foot-clothes, as the streets they ride
 To haue their hornebookes at their girdles t'ide
 But all their superfluity of spight
 On vertues handmaid Poesy doth light,

And to extirpe her all their plots they lay,
 But to her ruine they shall misse the way,
 For tis alone the Monuments of wit,
 Above the rage of Tyrants that doe sit,
 And from their strength, not one himselfe can saue,
 But they shall triumph o'r his hated graue.

In my conceipt, friend, thou didst neuer see
 A righter Madman then thou hast of me,
 For now as *Elegiack* I bewaile
 These poore base times; then suddainely I raile
 And am *Satirick*, not that I inforce
 My selfe to be so, but euen as remorse,
 Or hate, in the proud fulnesse of their hight
 Master my fancy, iust so doe I write.

But gentle friend as soone shall I behold
 That stone of which so many haue vsould,
 (Yet neuer any to this day could make)
 The great *Elixir*, or to vndertake
 The *Rose-crosse* knowledge which is much like that
 A Tarrying-iron for fooles to labour at,
 As euer after I may hope to see,
 (A plague vpon this beastly world for me,)
 Wit so respected as it was of yore,
 And if hereafter any it restore,
 It must be those that yet for many a yeare,
 Shall be vnborne that must inhabit here,
 And such in vertue as shall be asham'd
 Almost to heare their ignorant Grandfires nam'd,
 With whom so many noble spirits then liu'd,
 That were by them of all reward depriu'd.

My noble friend, I would I might haue quit
 This age of these, and that I might haue writ,
 Before all other, how much the braue pen,
 Had here bin honoured of the *English* men;
 Goodnesse and knowledge, held by them in prise,
 How hatefull to them Ignorance and vice,
 But it falls out the contrary is true,
 And so my *Jefferes* for this time adue.

Vpon

Vpon the death of Mistris ELIANOR,
FALLOVVFIELD.

A Ccurfed Death, what neede was there at all
Of thee, or who to counsell did thee call;
The subiect whereupon these lines I spend
For thee was most vnfit, her timelesse end
Too soone thou wroughtst, too neere her thou didst stand,
Thou shouldst haue lent thy leane and meager hand
To those who oft the help thereof beseech,
And can be cured by no other Leech.

In this wide world how many thousands be,
That hauing past fourescore, doe call for thee.
The wretched debtor in the layle that lies,
Yet cannot this his Creditor suffice,
Doth woe thee oft with many a sigh and teare,
Yet thou art coy, and him thou wilt not heare.
The Captiue slaue that tuggeth at the Oares,
And vnderneath the Bulls tough sinewes rores,
Begg at thy hand, in lieu of all his paines,
That thou wouldst but release him of his chaines;
Yet thou a niggard listenest not thereto,
With one short gaspe which thou mightst easily do,
But thou couldst come to her ere there was neede,
And euen at once destroy both flowre and seede.

But cruell Death if thou so barbarous be,
To those so goodly, and so young as shee;
That in their teeming thou wilt shew thy spight;
Either from marriage thou wilt Maides affright,
Or in their wedlock, Widowes liues to chuse
Their Husbands bed, and vtterly refuse,
Fearing conception; so shalt thou thereby
Extirpate mankind by thy cruelty.

If after direfull Tragedy thou thirst,
Extinguish *Himens* Torches at the first;
Build Funerall pyles, and the sad pauement strewe,
With mournfull Cypresse, & the pale-leau'd Yewe.
Away with Roses, Myrrle, and with Bayes;
Ensignes of mirth, and iollity, as these;
Neuer at Nuptials vsed be againe,
But from the Church the new Bride entertaine

With weeping *Nenias*, euer and among,
As at departings be sad *Requiems* song.

Lucina by th'olde Poets that wert sayd,
Women in Childe-birth euermore to ayde,
Because thine Altars, long haue layne neglected:
Nor as they should, thy holy fiers reflected
Vpon thy Temples, therefore thou doest flye,
And wilt not helpe them in necessitie.

Thinking vpon thee, I doe often muse,
Whether for thy deare sake I should accuse
Nature or Fortune, Fortune then I blame,
And doe impute it as her greatest shame,
To hast thy timelesse end, and soone agen
I vexe at Nature, nay I curse her then,
That at the time of need she was no stronger,
That we by her might haue enioy'd thee longer.

But whilst of these I with my selfe debate,
I call to minde how flinty-hearted Fate
Seaseth the olde, the young, the faire, the foule,
No thing of earth can Destinie controule:
But yet that Fate which hath of life bereft thee,
Still to eternall memory hath left thee,
Which thou enioy'st by the deserued breath,
That many a great one hath not after death.

FINIS.



THE
BATTLE
OF
AGINCOURT.

FOUGHT BY HENRY THE
fift of that name, King of *England*, a-
gainst the whole power of the *French*:
vnder the Raigne of their CHARLES
the sixt, *Anno Dom.* 1415.

The Miseries of QUEENE MARGARITE,
the infortunate VVife, of that most in-
fortunate King HENRY the sixt.

NIMPHIDIA, the Court of *Fayrie*.

The Quest of CINTHIA.

The Shepheards SIRENA.

The *Moone-Calse*.

Elegies vpon sundry occasions.

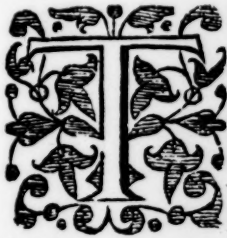
By MICHAELL DRAYTON
Esquire.

LONDON,
Printed for WILLIAM LEE, at the Turkes Head
in Fleete-Streete, next to the Miter and Phanix.

1627.

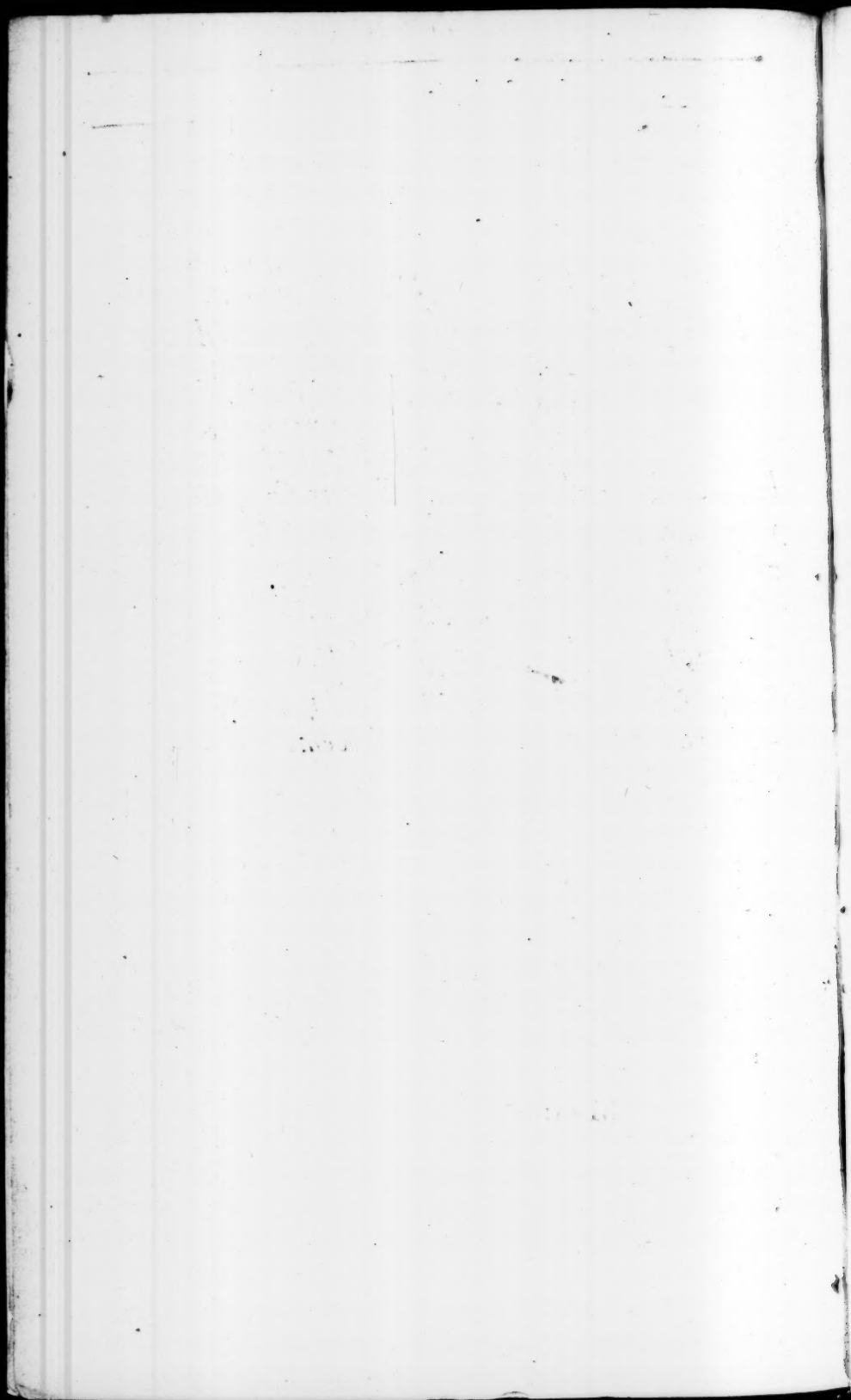
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 O you those *N*oblest of Gentlemen, of these Renowned Kingdomes of Great Britaine: who in these declining times, haue yet in your braue bosomes the sparkes of that sprightly fire, of your couragious Ancestors; and to this houre retaine the seedes of their magnanimitie and Greatnesse, who out of the vertue of your mindes, loue and cherish neglected Poesie, the delight of Blessed soules, and the language of Angels. To you are these my Poems dedicated,

By your truly affectioned
Seruant,

MICHAELL DRAYTON.



THE VISION OF

BEN. IONSON, ON THE

MUSES OF HIS FRIEND

M. DRAYTON.

IT hath beene question'd, MICHAEL, if I bee
A Friend at all; or, if at all, to thee:
Because, who make the question, haue not seene
Those ambling visits, passe in verse, betweene
Thy *Muse*, and mine, as they expect. 'Tis true:
You haue not writ to me, nor I to you;
And, though I now begin, 'tis not to rub
Hanch against Hanch, or raise a riming *Club*
About the towne: this reck'ning I will pay,
Without conferring symboles. This's my day.

It was no Dreame! I was awake, and saw!
Lend me thy voyce, O FAME, that I may draw
Wonder to truth! and haue my Vision hoord,
Hot from thy trumpet, round, about the world.

I saw a Beauty from the Sea to rise,
That all Earth look'd on; and that earth, all Eyes!
It cast a beame as when the chear-full Sun
Is sayre got vp, and day some houres begun!
And fill'd an Orbe as circular, as heauen!
The Orbe was cut forth into Regions seauen.
And those so sweet, and well proportion'd parts,
As it had beene the circle of the Arts!
When, by thy bright *Ideas* standing by,
I found it pure and perfect *Poesy*,
There read I, streight, thy learned *Legends* three,
Heard the soft ayres, between our Swaynes & thee,
Which made me thinke, the old *Theocritus*,
Or Rurall *Virgil* come, to pipe to vs!

But then, thy epistolar *Heroick* Songs,
Their loues, their quarrels, ieaiousies, and wrongs,
Did all so strike me, as I cry'd, who can
With vs be call'd, the *Naso*, but this man?
And looking vp, I saw *Mineruas* fowle,
Pearch'd ouer head, the wise *Athenian* Owle:
I thought thee then our *Orpheus*, that wouldst try
Like him, to make the ayre, one volary:
And I had stil'd thee, *Orpheus*, but before
My lippes could forme the voyce, I heard that Rore,
And Rouze, the Marching of a mighty force,
Drums against Drums, the neighing of the Horse,
The Fights, the Cryes, and wondering at the Iarres
I saw, and read, it was thy *Barons Warres*!
O, how in those, dost thou instruct these times,
That Rebels actions, are but valiant crimes!
And caried, though with shoute, and noyse, confesse
A wild, and an authoriz'd wickednesse!
Sayst thou so, *Lucan*? But thou scornst to stay
Vnder one title. Thou hast made thy way
And flight about the Ile, well neare, by this,
In thy admired *Periégesis*,
Or vniuersall circumduction
Of all that reade thy *Poly-Olbyon*.
That reade it? that are rauish'd! such was I
With euery song, I sweare, and so would dye:
But that I heare, againe, thy Drum to beate
A better cause, and strike the brauest heate
That euer yet did fire the *English* blood!
Our right in *France*! if ritely vnderstood.
There, thou art *Homer*! Pray thee, vse the stile
Thou hast deseru'd: And let me reade the while
Thy Catalogue of Ships, exceeding his,
Thy list of aydes, and force, for so it is:

The Poets act ! and for his Country's sake
Braue are the Musters, that the Muse will make.
And when he ships them where to vse their Armes,
How do his trumpets breath ! What loud alarms !
Looke, how we read the Spartans were inflam'd
With bold *Tyrtæus* verse, when thou art nam'd,
So sha'll our *English* Youth vrge on, and cry
An *Agincourt*, an *Agincourt*, or dye.
This booke ! it is a *Catechisme* to fight,
And will be bought of euery Lord, and Knight,
That can but reade ; who cannot, may in prose
Get broken peeces, and fight well by those.
The miseries of *Margaret* the *Queene*
Of tender eyes will more be wept, then seene :
I feele it by mine owne, that ouer flow,
And stop my sight, in euery line I goe
But then refreshed, with thy *Fayerie Court*,
I looke on *Cynthia*, and *Sirenas* sport,
As, on two flowry Carpets, that did rise,
And with their grasie greene restor'd mine eyes.
Yet giue mee leaue, to wonder at the birth
Of thy strange *Moon-Calfe*, both thy straine of mirth,
And Gossip got acquaintance, as, to vs
Thou hadst brought *Lapland*, or old *Cobalus*,
Empusa, *Lamia*, or some Monster, more
Then *Affricke* knew, or the full *Grecian* store !
I grate late it to thee, and thy *Ends*,
To all thy vertuous, and well chosen Friends,
Onely my losse is, that I am not there :
And, till I worthy am to wish I were,
I call the world, that enuies mee, to see
If I can be a Friend, and Friend to thee.



VPON
THE BATTAILE
OF AGINCOURT, VVRITTEN
BY HIS DEARE FRIEND
MICHAELL DRAYTON
Esquire.

HAd Henryes name beene onely met in Prose,
Recorded by the humble wit of those,
Who write of lesse then Kings: who victory,
As calmelly mention, as a Pedigree,
The French, alike with vs, might view his name
His actions too, and not confesse a shame:
Nay, grow at length, so boldly troublesome,
As, to dispute if they were ouercome.
But thou hast wakke their feares: thy fiercer hand
Hath made their shame as lasting, as their land.
By thee againe they are compeld to knowe
How much of Fate is in an English foe.
They bleede afresh by thee, and thinke the harme
Such; they could rather wish, t'were Henryes arme:
Who thanks thy painfull quill, and holds it more
To be thy Subiect now, then King before.
By thee he conquers yet; when eu'ry word
Yields him a fuller honour, then his sword.
Strengthens his action against time: by thee,
Hee victory, and France, doth hold in fee.
So well obseru'd he is, that eu'ry thing
Speakes him not onely English, but a King.

*And France, in this, may boast her fortunate
That shee was worthy of so braue a hate.
Her suffering is her gayne. How well we see
The Battaile labourd worthy him, and thee,
Where, wee may Death discover with delight,
And entertaine a pleasure from a fight.
Where wee may see how well it doth become
The brau'ry of a Prince to ouercome.
What Power is a Poet : that can add
A life to Kings, more glorious, then they had.
For what of Henry, is vsung by shee,
Henry doth want of his Eternity.*

I. Vaughan.

TO

TO
MY VVORTHY FRIEND
Mr. MICHAELL DRAYTON vpon
these his Poems.

SONNET.

WHat lofty Trophies of eternall Fame,
England may vaunt thou do'st erect to her,
Yet forced to confesse, (yea blush for shame,) *That she no Honour doth on thee confer*
How it would become her, would she learne to knowe
Once to requite thy Heauen-borne Art and Zeale,
Or at the least her selfe but thankfull shoue
Her ancient Glories that do'st still reueale:
Sing thou of Loue, thy straines (like powerfull Charmes)
Enrage the bosome with an amorous fire,
And when againe thou lik'st to sing of Armes
The Coward thou with Courage do'st inspire:
But when thou com'st to touch our Sinfull Times,
Then Heauen far more then Earth speakes in thy Rimes.

John Reynolds.



THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.



Eas'd was the Thunder, of those Drummes
which wak'd,
Th' affrighted *French* their miseries to view,
At EDWARDS name, which to that houre
still quak'd,

Their * *Salique* Tables to the ground that threw,
Yet were the *English* courages nor slak'd,
But the same Bowes, and the same Blades they drew,
With the same Armes, those weapons to aduance,
Which lately lopt the *Flower de liz* of *France*.

HENRY the fift, that man made out of fire,
Th' imperiall Wreath plac'd on his Princely browe;
His Lyons courage stands not to enquire
Which way elde HENRY came by it; or howe
At *Pomfret* Castell RICHARD should expire:
What's that to him? he hath the Garland now;

Let * BULLINGBROOK beware how he it wan,
For * MUMMOUTH meanes to keepe it, if he can.

That glorious day, which his great Father got,
Vpon the PERCYES; calling to their ayde
Th' valiant DOUGLAS, that Herculan Scot,
VWhen for his Crowne at *Shrewsbury* they playde,
Had quite dishartned eu'ry other plot,
And all those Tempests quietly had layde,
That not a cloud did to this Prince appeare,
No former King had seene a skye so cleere.

B

The law *Salique* was, that
women should
not inherite;
which law,
Edward the
third, by his
right to the
Crown by
his mother,
cancelled with
his sword: for
so much as
at that time
made way to
his clayme,
though in
France that
law bee in-
violable.

* Henry the 4.
so named of a
T. wn. in *Lin-
colne* Shiere,
where he was
borne

* Henry the
fift bore eat
Mummouth in
Wales.

Douglas in
that battaile
slew three in
the Kings
co. t *Armoir*.

Yet

Wickliffe a
learned Di-
uine, and the
greatest Pro-
testant of
those times,

Yet the rich Clergy felt a fearefull Rent,
In the full Bosome of their Church (whilst she
A Monarchesse, immeasurably spent,
Lesse then she was, and thought she might not be :)
By WICKCLIF and his followers ; to preuent
The growth of whose opinions, and to free
That foule Asperision, which on her they layde,
She her strongest witts must stirre vp to her ayde.

A Parliament
at Leicester.

When presently a Parliament is calld
To sett things steddy, that stood not so right,
But that thereby the poore might be inthral'd,
Should they be vrg'd by those that were of might,
That in his Empire, equitie enstauld,
It should continue in that perfect plight ;
Wherefore to *Lester*, he th' Assembly diawes,
There to Inact those necessary Lawes.

In which one Bill (mongst many) there was red,
Against the generall, and superfluous waste
Of temporall Lands, (the Laity that had fed)
Vpon the Houses of Religion caste,
Which for defence might stand the Realme in sted,
VVhere it most needed were it rightly plac't ;
VVhich made those Church-men generally to feare,
For all this calme, some tempest might be neare.

And being right skilfull, quickly they forsaue,
No shallow braines this bus'nesse went about :
Therefore with cunning they must cure this flawe ;
For of the King they greatly stood in doubt,
Lest him to them, their opposites should drawe,
Some thing must be thrust in, to thrust that out :
And to this end they wisely must prouide,
One, this great Engine, Clearly that could guide.

*Henry Chich-
ley* succeeding
Arundell (late
deceased) in
that See.

CHICHLEY, that sate on *Canterburies* See,
A man well spoken, grauely stout, and wise,
The most select, (then thought of that could be,)
To act what all the Prelacie diuise ;
(For well they knew, that in this bus'nesse, he
Would to the vtmost straine his faculties ;)

So they ter-
med it as not
worthy of a
better tytle.

Him list they vp, with their maine strength, to proue
By some cleane flight this * Lybell to remoue.

His

His braine in labour, gladly foorth would bring
Somewhat, that at this needfull time might fit,
The spirghtly humor of this youthfull King,
If his inuention could but light of it;
His working soule proiecteth many a thing,
Vntill at length out of the strength of wit,
He found a warre with *France*, must be the way
To dash this Bill, else threatning their decay.

Whilst vacant mindes sate in their breasts at ease,
And the remembrance of their Conquests past,
Vpon their fanfies doth so strongly sease,
As in their teeth, their Cowardise it cast
Rehearsing to them those victorious daies,
The deeds of which, beyond their names should last,
That after ages, reading what was theirs,
Shall hardly thinke, those men had any Heires.

And to this point, premeditating well,
A speech, (which chanc'd, the very pinnet to cleaue)
Aym'd, whatsoeuer the successe befell
That it no roomth should for a second leaue,
More of this Title then in hand to tell,
If so his skill him did not much deceaue,
And gainst the King in publike should appeare;
Thus frames his speech to the Assembly there.

Pardon my boldnesse, my Liedge Soueraigne Lord,
Nor your Dread presence let my speech offend,
Your miide attention, fauourably affoord,
Which, such cleere vigour to my spirit shall lend,
That it shall set an edge vpon your Sword,
To my demand, and make you to attend,
Asking you, why, men train'd to Armes you keepe,
Your right in *France* yet suffering still to sleepe.

The Archbis-
shop of Can-
terburies Ora-
tion, to the
King & Par-
liament at
Lecester, in
the Eleuen
following
Stauas.

Can such a Prince be in an Island pent,
And poorely thus shutt vp within a Sea.
When as your right includes that large extent,
To th'either *Alpes* your Empire forth to lay,
Can he be *English* borne, and is not bent
To follow you, appoint you but the way,
Weele wade if we want ships, the waues or climme,
In one hand hold our swords, with th'other swim.

The Crowne
of France de-
scended vpon
Edward the
third, from I-
sabel his Mo-
ther, Dangh-
ter and surui-
uing heyre, to
King Phillippe
of France na-
med the fayre.

What time controules, your braue great Grandfires claim,
To th' Realme of France, from PHILIP nam'd the faire,
Which to King EDVVARD by his mother came,
Queene ISABEL; that PHILIPS onely heire,
Which this short intermission doth not maim,
But if it did, as he, so yours repaire;
That where his Right in bloud preuailed not,
In spight of hell, yet by his Sword he got.

What set that Conqueror, by their *Salique Lawes*,
Those poore decrees their Parliaments could make,
He entred on the iustnesse of his Cause,
To make good, what he dar'd to vndertake,
And once in Action, he stood not to pause,
But in vpon them like a Tempest brake,
And downe their buildings with such fury bare,
That they from mists dissolued were to ayre.

As those braue EDVVARDS, Father, and the Sonne,
At Conquer'd *Cressy*, with successefull lucke,
Where first all France (as at one game) they wonne,
Neuer two Warriours, such a Battaille stricke,
That when the bloody dismall fight was done,
Here in one heape, there in another Rucke
Princes and Peasants lay together mixt,
The *English* Swords, no difference knew betwixt.

James, Daul-
phine of Vien-
noies.

The Dukes of
Lorraine, and
Burbon.

The Earles of
Aumerle, Sa-
uoye, Mount-
billion, Floun-
ders, Nevers &
Harcourt.

King John of
France and
Philip his Son
taken by the
Blacke Prince
at the Battaille
of Poyteers,
brought Pri-
soners to Eng-
land.

* John of Clew-
mount.

* Peter of
Burbon.

There LEWES King of Beame was ouerthrowne,
With valient CHARLES, of France the younger Brother,
* A Daulphine, and two Dukes, in pieces hewen;
To them sixe Earles lay slaine by one another;
There the grand Prior of France, fetcht his last groane,
Two Archbishops the boystrous Croud doth smother,
There fiftene thousand of their Gentrie dy'de
With each two Souldiers, slaughtered by his side.

Nor the BLACKE PRINCE, at Poyteers battaille fought,
Short of his Father, and himselfe before,
Her King and Prince, that prisoners hither brought
From forty thousand weltring in their gore,
That in the Worlds opinion it was thought,
France from that instant could subsist no more,
The * Marshall, and the * Constable, there slaine
Vnder the Standard, in that Battaille ra'ne.

Nor

Nor is this clayme for women to succcede,
 (Gainst which they would your right to *France* debarre)
 A thing so new, that it so much should neede
 Such opposition, as though fetcht from farre,
 By *PEPIN* this is prou'd, as by a deede,
 Deposing *CHELDRIK*, by a fatall warre,
 By *BLYTHILD* dar'd his title to aduance,
 Daughter to *CLOTHAR*, first so nam'd of *France*.

Examples of
 such as haue
 aduanc'd the-
 selues to the
 Crowne of
France, a-
 gainst the
 strict letter
 of the lawe
 Salique, in
 the two fol-
 lowing Stan-
 zacs.

HUGH *CAPET*, who from *CHARLES* of *Lorayne* tooke
 The Crowne of *France*, that he in peace might raigne,
 As heire to *LINGARD* to her title stooke,
 Who was the daughter of King *CHARLEMAINE*,
 So holy *LEWES* poring on his booke,
 Whom that *HUGH* *CAPET* made his heire againe,
 From *ERMINGARD* his Grandame, claim'd the Crowne,
 Duke *CHARLES* his daughter, wrongfully put downe.

Nor thinke my *Leege* a fitter time then this,
 You could haue found your Title to aduance,
 At the full height when now the faction is,
 Twixt *BURGOYNE*, and the house of *ORLANCE*,
 Your purpose you not possibly can misse,
 It for my Lord so luckily doth chance,
 That whilst these two in opposition stand,
 You may haue time, your Army there to land.

And if my fancy doe not ouerpresse,
 My visuall fence, me thinkes in euery eye
 Hee such cheere, as of our good successe
 In *France* hereafter seemes to Prophecie;
 Thinke not my Soueraigne, my Alegeance lesse
 Quoth he; my Lords nor doe you misaply
 My words: thus long vpon this subiect spent;
 Who humbly here submit to your assent.

His speech of his, that powerfull Engine prou'd,
 Then e'r our Fathers got, which rais'd vs hier,
 The Clergies feare that quietly remou'd,
 And into *France* transferd our Hostile fier,
 It made the English through the world belou'd,
 That durst to those so mighty things aspire,
 And gaue so cleere a luster to our fame,
 That neighbouring Nations trembled at our name!

When through the house, this rumor scarcely ran,
 That warre with *France* propounded was againe,
 In all th' Assembly there was not a man,
 But put the proiect on with might and maine,
 So great applause it generally wan,
 That else no bus'nesse they would entertaine,
 As though their honour vterly were lost,
 If this designe should any way be crost.

So much mens mindes, now vpon *France* where set
 That every one dorth with himselfe forecast,
 What might fall out this enterprize to let,
 As what againe might giue it wings of hast,
 And for they knew, the *French* did still abet
 The *Scot* against vs, (which we vsde to tast)
 It question'd was if it were fit or no,
 To Conquer them, ere we to *France* should goe.

Ralph Neuill
 then Warden
 of the *Mar-*
ches betwixt
England and
Scotland,
 An old adage,
 He that will
 France winne:
 must with
 Scotland first
 beginne

Which *RALPH* then Earle of *Westmorland* propos'd,
 Quoth he, with *Scotland* let vs first begin,
 By which we are vpon the North inclos'd,
 And lockt with vs, one Continent within,
 Then first let *Scotland* be by vs dispos'd,
 And with more ease, yee spacious *France* may winne,
 Else of our selues, ere we our Ships can cleere,
 To land in *France*; they will inuade vs here.

The Duke of
Excester the
 Kings owne
 vncle,

Not so braue *NEVILL*, *EXCESTER* replies,
 For that of one two labours were to make,
 For *Scotland* wholly vpon *France* relies;
 First, Conquer *France*, and *Scotland* yee may take,
 Tis the *French* pay, the *Scot* to them that tyes,
 That stopt, asunder quickly yee shall shake
 The *French* and *Scots*; to *France* then first say I,
 First, first, to *France*, then all the Commons cry.

The first
 breach with
France.

And instantly an *Embassy* is sent,
 To *CHARLES* of *France*, to will him to restore
 Those Territories, of whose large extent,
 The *English* Kings were owners of before;
 Which if he did not, and incontinent,
 The King would set those *English* on his Shore,
 That in despite of him, and all his might,
 Should leaue there liues their, or redeeme his right.

First,

First *Normandy*, in his demand he makes,
 With *Aquitane*, a Dutchyn no lesse great,
Aniou, and *Mayne*, with *Gascoyne* which he takes,
 Cleerely his owne, as any English seat :
 With these proud *France*, he first of all awakes,
 For their deliuey, giuing power to treat ;
 For well he knew, if CHARLES should these restore,
 No King of *France* was euer left so poore.

The Count-
 ries deman-
 ded by the
 King of Eng-
 land.

The King, and Dauphin, to his proud demand,
 That he might see they no such matter ment,
 As a thing fitter for his youthfull hand ;
 A Tunne of *Paris* Tennis Balls him sent,
 Better himselfe to make him vnderstand,
 Deriding his ridiculous intent :

The King and
 Dauphine of
France, deri-
 ding the King
 of England.

And that was all the answer he could get,
 Which more, the King doth to this Conquest whet.

That answering the Ambassadour, quoth he,
 Thanks for my Balls, to CHARLES your Soueraigne giue,
 And thus assure him, and his sonne from me,
 Ple tend him Balls and Rackets if I liue,
 That they such Racket shall in *Paris* see,
 When ouer lyne with Bandies I shall driue,
 As that before the Set be fully done,
France may (perhaps) into the Hazard runne.

Henry the fift
 answered for
 the Tennis
 Balls.

The language
 of Tennis.

So little doth luxurious *France* fore-see
 By her disdaine, what shee vpon her drew :
 In her most brauery seeming then to be,
 The punishment that shortly should ensue,
 Which so incenst the English King, that he
 For full reuenge into that fury grew :

That those three horrors, Famine, Sword, and Fire,
 Could not suffice to satisfie his ire.

In all mens mouthes now was no word but warre,
 As though no thing had any other name ;
 And folke would aske of them ariu'd from farre,
 What forces were preparing whence they came :
 'Gainst any bus'nesse 'twas a lawfull barre
 To say for *France* they were ; and 'twas a shame
 For any man to take in hand to doe
 Ought, but something that did belong thereto.

* Blades accounted of the best temper.

Olde Armourers are drest vp, and new are made;
 Jacks are in working, and strong shirts of Male,
 He scowers an * olde Fox, he a * Bilbowe blade
 Now Shields and Targets onely are for sale;
 Who works for warre, now thriue by his Trade,
 The browne Bill, and the Battell-Axe preuaile:
 The curious Fletcher fits his well-strung Bowe,
 And his barb'd Arrow which he sets to shoue.

Tents and Pauillions in the fields are pitcht,
 (E'r full wrought vp their Roomthynesse to try)
 Windowes, and Towers, with Ensignes are inricht,
 With ruffling Banners, that doe braue the sky,
 Wherewith the wearied Labourer bewicht
 To see them thus hang waung in his eye:
 His toylsome burthen from his back doth throwe,
 And bids them worke that will, to *France* hee'll goe.

* Armed at all points.

* Armings for the thigh and legge.

* Armings for the arme and shoulder.

Rich Saddles for the Light-horse and the Bard
 For to be brau't there's not a man but plyes,
 Plumes, Bandroules, and Caparizons prepar'd;
 Whether of two, and men at Armes diuise
 The * Greaves, or * Guyfes were the surer guard,
 The * Vambrasse, or the Pouldron, they should prize;
 And where a stand of Pykes plac't close, or large,
 Which way to take aduantage in the Charge.

One traynes his Horse, another trayles his Pyke,
 He with his Pole-Axe, practiseth the fight,
 The Bowe-man (which no Country hath the like)
 With his sheafe Arrow, proueth by his might,
 How many score off, he his Foe can strike,
 Yet not to draw about his bosomes hight:
 The Trumpets sound the Charge and the Retreat,
 The bellowing Drumme, the Martch againe doth beat.

Cannons vpon their Caridge mounted are,
 Whose Battery *France* must feele vpon her Walls,
 The Engineer prouiding the Petar,
 To breake the strong Percullice, and the Balls,
 Of Wild-fire deuise'd to throw from farre,
 To burne to ground their Pallaces and Halls:
 Some studying are, the scale which they had got,
 Thereby to take the Leuell of their Shot.

Great Ordnance then but newly in v're.

The

The man in yeares preacht to his youthfull sonne
 Prest to this Warre, as they sate by the fire,
 What deedes in *France* were by his Father done,
 To this attempt to worke him to aspire,
 And told him, there how he an Ensigne wonne,
 Which many a yeare was hung vp in the Quire :
 And in the Battell, where he made his way,
 How many French men he struck downe that day.

The good old man, with teares of ioy would tell,
 In *Cressy* field what prizes EDVVARD play'd,
 As what at *Poyteers* the BLACK PRINCE besell,
 How like a Lyon, he about him layd :
 In deedes of Armes how AVVDLEY did excell,
 For their olde sinnes, how they the French men payd :
 How brauely BASSET did behaue him there :
 How OXFORD charg'd the Van, WARVVICK the Rere.

And Boy, quoth he, I haue heard thy Grandfire say,
 That once he did an English Archer see,
 Who shooting at a French twelue score away,
 Quite through the body, stuck him to a Tree ;
 Vpon their strengths a King his Crowne might lay :
 Such were the men of that braue age, quoth he,
 When with his Axe he at his Foe let driue,
 Murrion and scalpe downe to the teeth could rive :

The scarlet Iudge might now set vp his Mule,
 With neighing Steeds the Streetes so pestred are ;
 For where he wont in *westminster* to rule,
 On his Tribunall sate the man of VVarre,
 The Lawyer to his Chamber doth recule,
 For he hath now no bus'nesse at the Barre :
 But to make VVills and Testaments for those
 That were for *France*, their substance to dispose.

By this, the Counsell of this VVarre had met,
 And had at large of eu'ry thing discust ;
 And the graue Clergie had with them beene set :
 To warrant what they vndertooke was iust,
 And as for monies that to be no let,
 They bad the King for that to them to trust :
 The Church to pawne, would see her Challice layde,
 E'r shee would leaue one Pyoner vnpayde.

From

Halfe the circuit of the Island, from the Spanish to the German Ocean.

From *Milford Hauen*, to the mouth of *Tweed*,
Ships of all burthen to *Southampton* brought,
For there the King the Rendeuous decreed.
To beare aboard his most victorious fraught :
The place from whence he with the greatest speed
Might land in *France*, (of any that was thought)
And with successe vpon that lucky shore,
Where his great Grandfire landed had before.

Edward the third.

But, for he found those vessels were to fewe,
That into *France* his Army should conuay :
He sent to *Belgia*, whose great store he knewe,
Might now at neede supply him euery way.
His bounty ample, as the winde that blew,
Such Barks for *Portage* out of eu'ry bay
In *Holland*, *Zealand*, and in *Flanders*, brings ;
As spred the wide * fleecue with their canuase wings.

The Sea betwixt *France* and *England*, so called.
A Catalogue of the Ships in 12 Stanzas.

But first seauen Ships from *Rocheſter* are sent,
The narrow Seas, of all the French to sweepe :
All men of Warre with scrips of Mart that went,
And had command, the Coast of *France* to keepe :
The comming of a Navie to preuent,
And view what strength, was in the Bay of *Deepe* :
And if they found it like to come abroad,
To doe their best to fire it in the Road.

The names of the Kings 7. Ships of War.

An Indian Bird so great, that she is able to carry an Eleph nt.

The *Bonaventure*, *George*, and the *Expence*,
Three as tall Ships, as e'r did Cable rewe,
The *Henry Royall*, at her parting thence,
Like the huge *Ruck* from *Gillingham* that flew :
The *Antilop*, the *Elephant*, *Defence*,
Bottoms as good as euer spred a clue :
All hauing charge, their voyage hauing bin,
Before *Southampton* to take Souldiers in.

Twelue Merchants Ships, of mighty burthen all,
New off the Stock, that had beene rig'd for *Stoad*,
Riding in *Thames* by *Lymchouse* and *Blackwall*
That ready were their Merchandize to load,
Straitly commanded by the Admirall,
At the same Port to settle their abroad :
And each of these a Pinnis at command,
To put her fraught conueniently to land.

Eight goodly Ships, so *Bristow* ready made,
Which to the King they bountifully lent,
With Spanish Wines which they for Ballast lade,
In happy speed of his braue Voyage ment,
Hoping his Conquest should enlarge their Trade,
And there-withall a rich and spacious Tent :
And as this Fleet the *Seuerne* Seas doth stem,
Fieue more from *Padstowe* came along with them.

The *Hare of Loo*, a right good Ship well knowne,
The yeare before that twice the Strayts had past,
Two wealthy Spanish Merchants did her owne,
Who then but lately had repair'd her wast;
For from her Deck a Pyrate she had blowne,
After a long Fight, and him tooke at last :
And from *Mounes Bay* fixe more, that still in fight,
Wayted with her before the *Ile of Wight*.

From *Plymmouth* next came in the *Blazing Starre*,
And fiery *Dragon* to take in their fraught ;
With other foure, especiall men of Warre,
That in the Bay of *Portugall* had fought ;
And though returning from a Voyage farre,
Stem'd that rough Sea, when at the high't it wrought :
With these, of *Derimouth* seau'n good Ships there were,
The golden Cressant in their tops that beare.

The Bay of
Portugall one
of the highest
working Seas
that is known

So *Lyme*, three Ships into the Nauy sent,
Of which the *Sampson* scarce a mon'th before,
Had sprung a Planke, and her mayne Mast had spent,
With extreame perill that she got to shore ;
With them fixe other out of *Waymouth* went,
Which by *Southampton*, were made vp a score :
With those that rode (at pleasure) in the Bay,
And that at Anchor before *Portsmouth* lay.

Next these, *Newcastle* furnisheth the Fleet
With nine good Hoyes of necessary vse ;
The Danish Pyrats, valiantly that beet,
Offering to Sack them as they sayl'd for *Sluce* :
Six Hulks from *Hull* at *Humbers* mouth them meet,
Which had them oft accompanied to * *Pruce*.
Fieue more from * *Yarmouth* falling them among,
That had for Fishing beene prepared long.

* A Country
lying vpon
the east Sea
bordering vpon
Poland.
* Famous for
Herring fish-
ing.

The

The *Cove* of *Harwich*, neuer put to flight,
 For Hides, and Furres, late to *Musconia* bound,
 Of the same Port, another nam'd the *Spight*,
 That in her comming lately through the Sound,
 After a two-dayes still continued fight,
 Had made three *Flemings* runne themselues a ground;
 With three neat Flee-boats which with them doe take,
 Six Ships of *Sandwich* vp the Fleet to make.

Aydes to the
 King by the
 Nobility.

Nine Ships for the Nobility there went,
 Of able men, the enterprize to ayde,
 Which to the King most liberally they lent,
 At their owne charge, and bountifullly payde,
 NORTHUMBERLAND, and WESTMERLAND in sent
 Fourescore at Armes a peece, themselues and layde
 At six score Archers each, as *SUFFOLKE* shoves,
 Twenty tall men at Armes, with forty Bowes.

WARVVICK and STAFFORD leauied at no lesse
 Then noble *SUFFOLKE*, for doe offer more
 Of men at Armes, and Archers which they presse,
 Of their owne Tenants, Arm'd with their owne store:
 Their forwardnesse fore shoves their good successe
 In such a Warre, as had not beene before:
 And other Barrons vnder Earles that were,
 Yet dar'd with them an equall charge to beare.

DARCY and CAMOIS, zealous for the King,
 LOVELL, FITZVATER, WILLOUGHBY, and ROSS
 BERCKLEY, POWVIS, BYRRELL, last together cling;
 SEYMER, and SAINT IOHN for the bus'nesse close,
 Each twenty Horse, and forty foote doe bring
 More, to nine hundred mounting in the gresse
 In those nine Ships, and fitly them bestow'd,
 Which with the other fall into the Road.

From *Holland*, *Zeland*, and from *Flanders* wonne
 By weekly pay, threescore twelue Bottoms came,
 From fifty vpward, to five hundred Tunne;
 For eu'ry vse a Marriner could name,
 Whose glittering Flags against the Radiant Sunne,
 Show'd as the Sea had all beene of a flame;
 For Skiffes, Crayes, Scallops, and the like, why these
 From eu'ry small Creeke, cou'red all the Seas.

The man whose way from *London* hap'd to lye,
By those he met might guesse the generall force,
Daily encountred as he passed by,
Now with a Troupe of Foote, and then of Horse,
To whom the people still themselues apply,
Bringing them victuals as in meere remorce :
And still the acclamation of the presse,
Saint GEORGE for *England*, to your good successe.

There might a man haue scene in eu'ry Streete,
The Father bidding farewell to his Sonne :
Small Children kneeling at their Fathers feete :
The Wife with her deare Husband ne'r had done :
Brother, his Brother, with adieu to greete :
One Friend to take leaue of another runne :
The Mayden with her best beloud to part,
Gauē him her hand, who tooke away her heart.

The nobler Youth the common ranke aboue,
On their couruetting Coursers mounted faire,
One ware his Mistris Garter, one her Gloue ;
And he a lock of his deare Ladies haire ;
And he her Colours, whom he most did loue ;
There was not one but did some Fauour weare :
And each one tooke it, on his happy speede,
To make it famous by some Knightly deede.

The cloudes of dust, that from the wayes arose,
Which in their march, the trampling Troupes doe reare ;
VVhen as the Sunne their thicknesse doth oppose
In his descending, shining wondrous cleare,
To the beholder farre off standing, shoves
Like some besieged Towne, that were on fire :
As though fore-telling e'r they should returne,
That many a Citie yet secure must burne.

The well-rig'd Nauie false into the Road,
For this short Cut with victuall fully stor'd,
The King impatient of their long aboard,
Commands his Army instantly aboard,
Casting to haue each Company bestow'd,
As then the time conuenience could afford ;
The Ships appointed wherein they should goe,
And Boats prepar'd for waftage to and fro,

Shee soone doth alter; and with fading blewe,
 Blanching her bosome, she makes others newe;
 Blotting the curious workmanship of nature;
 That ere she be arriv'd at her full stature,
 E're she be drest, she seemeth aged growne,
 And to haue nothing on her of her owne:
 Her black, browne, aburne or her yellow hayre,
 Naturally louely, she doth scorne to weare;
 It must be white to make it fresh to show,
 And with compounded meale she makes it so:
 With fumes and powdrings raising such a smoke,
 That a whole Region able were to choke:
 Whose stench might fright a Dragon from his den,
 The Sunne yet ne're exhal'd from any Fen;
 Such pestilencious vapours as arise,
 From their French Powdrings, and their Mercuries.
 Ireland, if thou wilt able be alone,
 Of thine owne power to drive out thy Tyrone:
 By heaping up a masse of Coyne together,
 Shere thy olde Wolues, and send their Fleeces hether.
 Thy white Coates hayre, Wales, dearer will be solde
 Then silke of Naples, or then Thred of golde.
 Our Water-dogs, and Islands here are shorne;
 White haire so much of women here is worne.
 Nay more then this, they'll any thing endure,
 And with large summes they stick not to procure:
 Hayre from the dead, yea and the most uncleane,
 To helpe their pride they nothing will disdain.
 Then in attiring her, and in her sleepe,
 The dayes three parts she exercis'd doth keepe,
 And in ridiculous visits she doth spend
 The other fourth part, to no other end;
 But to take note how such a Lady lies,
 And to gleane from her some deformities,
 Which for a grace she holds, and till she get,
 She thinks her selfe to be but counterfet.
 Our Merchants from all parts twixt either Inde,
 Cannot get Silke to satisfie her minde:
 Nor Natures perfect'st patternes can suffice,
 The curious draughts for her imbroyderies:
 She thinks her honour vterly is lost,
 Except those things doe infinitely cost
 Which she doth weare; nor thinke they can her dresse,
 Except she haue them in most strange excesse.

And in her fashion she is likewise thus,
In euery thing she must be monstrous :
Her Picadell about her crowne vp-beares;
Her Fardingale is set about her eares :
Which like a broad sayle with the winde doth swell,
To driue this faire Hulke headlong into Hell.
After againe, note, and you shall her see,
Shorne like a man, and for that she will be
Like him in all, her congies she will make,
With the mans curtsie, and her Hat off take,
Of the *French* fashion, and weare by her side
Her sharpe Stillato in a Ryband tide,
Then gird her selfe close to the paps she shall,
Shap'd, breast, and buttock, but no waste at all.

But of this she Calfe now, to cease all strife;
He by example lim her to the life :
Not long agoe it was my chance to meete
With such a Fury, such a female spright,
As neuer man sawe yet, except twere shee,
And such a one as I may neuer see
Again I pray : but where I will not name,
For that the place might so pertake her shame :
But when I sawe her rampant to transcend
All womenhead, I thought her (sure) a friend,
And to my selfe my thoughts suggested thus,
That she was gotten by some *Incubus*,
And so remembring an olde womans tale,
As she fate dreaming o'r a pot of Ale,
That on a time she did the Deuill meete,
And knew him onely by his clouen feete :
So did I looke at hers, where she did goe,
To see if her feete, where not clouen so.
Ten long-tongu'd Tapsters in a common In,
When as the Guests to flock apace begin,
When vp-stayre one, downe-stayre another hies,
VVith squeaking clamours, and confused cries;
Neuer did yet make such a noyse as she,
That I dare boldly iustifie, that he,
VVho but one houre her lowd clack can endure,
May vndisturbed, safely, and secure
Sleepe vnder any Bells, and neuer heare
Though they were rung, the clappers at his eare,
And the long'st night with one sweet sleepe beguile,
As though he dreamt of Musick all the while.

The roring fe
male Moone-
Calfe.

The very sight of her when she doth rore,
 Is able to strike dumbe the boldest Whore
 That euer traded : shee'll not stick to tell,
 All in her life that euer her befell;
 How she hath layne, with all degrees, and ages,
 Her Plow-Boyes, Scullians, Lackies, and some Pages,
 And sweare when we haue said all that we can,
 That there is nothing worth a pin in man,
 And that there's nothing doth so please her minde,
 As to see Mares, and Horses, doe their kinde;
 And when she's Tipsey, how so e'ret'offend,
 Then all her speech to Bawdry doth intend:
 In Womens secrets, and shee'll name yee all
 Red to the Midwiues at the Surgeons Hall.
 Werethe poore Coxcomb, her dull Husband dead,
 He that durst then this female *Moore-Calse* wed,
 Should quite put downe the Roman which once leepe,
 Into the burning Gulfe, thereby tokeepe
 His Country from deuouring with the flame:
 Thus leaue we her, of all her sex the shame.

Amongst the rest, at the Worlds labour there,
 Foure good olde women, most especiall were,
 Which had beene iolly Wenches in their dayes,
 Through all the Parish, and had borne the praise,
 For merry Tales: one Mother *Red-Cap* hight,
 And mother *Howlet*, somewhat ill of sight,
 For she had hurt her eyes with watching late;
 Then mother *Bumby* a mad iocound Mate
 As euer Gossipt, and with her there came
 Olde Gammer *Gurion*, a right pleasant Dame,
 As the best of them; being thus together,
 The businesse done for which they had come thither:
 Quoth iolly mother *Red-Cap* at the last,
 I see the night is quickly like to waste;
 And since the World so kindly now is layde,
 And the childe safe, which made vs all afraide:
 Let's haue a night on't wenches, hang vp sorrow,
 And what sleepe wants now, take it vp to morrow.
 Stirre vp the fire, and let vs haue our Ale,
 And o'r our Cups, let's each one tell her Tale:
 My honest Gossips, and to put you in,
 Ile breake the Ice, and thus doth mine begin.
 There was a certaine Prophecie of olde,
 Which to an Ile had anciently beene tolde,

Mother *Red-Cap*
 Caps Tale.

That

That after many yeares were com'n and gone,
Which then came out, and the set time came on;
Nay, more it told, the very day and howre,
Wherein should fall so violent a showre;
That it new Riuer in the earth should weare,
And Dorps, and Bridges quite away should beare :
But where this Ile is, that I cannot showe,
Let them enquire that haue desire to knowe :
The Story leaues out that, let it alone ;
And Gossip with my Tale I will goe on :
Yet what was worse the Prophecie this spake,
(As to warne men defence for it to make)
That vpon whom one drop should chance to light,
They should of reason be depriued quite.
This Prophecie had many an Age beene heard,
But not a man did it one pin regard ;
For all to folly did themselves dispose,
(On verger Calues the Sunne yet neuer rose)
And of their laughter made it all the Theame,
By terming it, the drunken Wizards Dreame.
There was one honest man amongst the rest,
That bare more perfect knowledge in his breast ;
And to himselfe his priuate houres had kept,
To talke with God, whilst others drunke or slept,
Who in his mercy to this man reueal'd,
That which in Iustice he had long conceal'd
From the rude Heard, but let them still runne on
The ready way to their destruction.

This honest man the Prophecie that noted,
And things therein more curiously had quoted,
Found all those signes were truly come to passe,
That should fore-showe this raine, and that it was
Neerely at hand ; and from his depth of skill,
Had many a time fore-warn'd them of their ill,
And Preach'd to them this Deluge (for their good)
As to th' whole World *Noe* did before the Flood ;
But lost his labour, and since t'was in vaine,
To talke more to those Idiots of the raine ;
He let them rest and silent sought about,
Where he might finde some place of safety out,
To shroud himselfe in, for right well he knewe,
That from this shower, which then began to brewe ;
No rooff of Gyle, or Thatch he could come in,
Could serue him from being wet to the bare skin.

At length this man bethought him of a Caue
 In a huge Rock, which likely was to faue
 Him from the shower, vpon a hill so steepe,
 As vp the same a man could hardly creepe,
 So that except *Noahs* Flood should come againe,
 He neuer could be raught by any raine;
 Thither at length, though with much toyle he clome,
 Listning to heare what would thereof become.

It was not long e're he perceiu'd the skies
 Setled to raine, and a black cloud arise,
 Whose foggy grosnelle so oppos'd the light,
 As it would turne the noone-sted into night.
 When the winde came about with all his power,
 Into the tayle of this approaching shower,
 And it to lighten presently began;
 Quicker then thought, from East to West that ran:
 The Thunder following die so fiercely raue,
 And through the thick clouds with such fury draue,
 As Hell had been set open for the nonce,
 And all the Diuels heard to rore at once:
 And soone the Tempest so outrageous grew,
 That it whole hedgerowes by the roots vp threw,
 So wondrously prodigious was the weather,
 As heauen and earth had meant to goe together:
 And downe the shower impetuously doth fall,
 Like that which men the *Hurricane* call:
 As the grand Deluge had beene come againe,
 And all the World should perish by the raine.
 And long it lasted, all which time this man
 Hid in the Caue doth in his iudgement scan,
 What of this inundation would ensue,
 For he knew well the Prophecie was true:
 And when the shower was somewhat ouer-past,
 And that the skies began to cleare at last:
 To the Caues mouth he softly put his eare,
 To liſten if he any thing could heare:
 What harme this storme had done and what became
 Of those that had beene sowled in the same.
 No sooner he that nimble Organ lent
 To the Caues mouth, but that incontinent
 There was a noyse as if the Garden Beares,
 And all the Dogs together by the eares,
 And those of *Bedlam* had enlarged bin,
 And to behold the Bayting had come in:

Which

Which when he heard, he knew too well alasse,
That what had beene fore-told, was come to passe;
Within himselfe good man, he reasoned thus :
Tis for our sinnes, this plague is false on vs.
Of all the rest, though in my wits I be,
(I thanke my Maker) yet it grieueth me;
To see my Country in this piteous case;
Woe's me that euer they so wanted grace .
But when as man once casts off vertue quite,
And doth in sinne and beastlinesse delight,
We see how soone God turnes him to a Sor:
To shewe my selfe yet a true Patriot,
Ile in amongst them, and if so, that they
Be not accurst of God, yet, yet I may,
By wholefome counsell (if they can but heare)
Make them as perfect as at first they were,
And thus resolu'd goes this good poore man downe;
When at the entrance of the Neighbouring Towne,
He meetes a woman with her Buttocks bare,
Got vp a stride vpon a wall-eyde Mare,
To runne a Horse-race, and was like to ride
Ouer the good man : but he stept aside;
And after her, another that bestrode
A Horse of Seruice, with a Lance she rode
Arm'd, and behinde her on a Pillian satt
Her frantique Husband, in a broad-brim'd Hatt,
A Maske and Safeguard; and had in his hand
His mad Wifes Distaffe for a ryding Wand:
Scarfe from these mad folke, had he gone so farre,
As a strong man, will eas'ly pitch a Barre :
But that he found a Youth in Tissue braue,
(A daintier man one would not wish to haue)
Was courting of a loathsome mezzeld Sowe,
And in his iudgement, swore he must alowe
Hers, the prime Beauty, that he euer sawe,
Thus was she sued to (by that prating Dawe)
Who, on a dunghill in the loathsome gore,
Had farrowed ten Pigs scarce an houre before.
At which this man in melancholly deepe,
Burst into laughter, like before to weepe.
Another foole, to fit him for the weather,
Had arm'd his heeles with Cork, his head with feather;
And in more strange and sundry colours clad,
Then in the Raine-bowe euer can be had. :

Stalk'd through the Streets, preparing him to flie, &
 Vp to the Moone vpon an Embalsie.
 Another seeing his drunken Wife disgorge
 Her pamperd stomack, got her to a Forge,
 And in her throat the Feuorous heat to quench
 With the Smiths horne, was giuing her a Drench :
 One his next Neighbour haltred had by force,
 So frantique, that he tooke him for a Horse,
 And to a Pond was leading him to drinke ;
 It went beyond the wit of man to thinke,
 The sundry frenzies that he there might see,
 One man would to another married be :
 And for a Curate taking the Towne Bull.
 Would haue him knit the knot : another Gull
 Had found an Ape was chained to a Stall,
 Which he to worship on his knees doth fall ;
 To doe the like and dorth his Neighbours get,
 Who in a Chaire this ill-fac'd Munky set,
 And on their shoulders lifting him on hie,
 They in Procession beare him with a crie ;
 And him a Lord will haue at least, if not,
 A greater man : another sort had got
 About a Pedlar, who had lately heard,
 How with the mad men of this Ile it far'd :
 And hauing nothing in his Pack but toys,
 Which none except meere mad men, & fond boyes
 VVould euer touch ; thought verily that he
 Amongst these Bedlams, would a gayner be,
 Or else loose all ; scarce had he pitch'd his Pack,
 E're he could scarcely say, what doe yee lack :
 But that they throng'd about him with their mony,
 As thick as Flyes about a Pot of hony ;
 Some of these Lunaticks these frantique Asses,
 Gaue him Spurryalls for his farthing Glasses :
 There should you see another of these Cattell,
 Giue him a pound of siluer for a Rattle ;
 And there another that would needesly scorse,
 A costly Iewell for a Hobby-Horse :
 For Bells, and Babies, such as children small,
 Are euer vs'd to solace them withall :
 Those they did buy at such a costly rate,
 That it was able to subuert a State ;
 VVhich when this wise and sober man beheld,
 For very grieve his eyes with teares were sweld.

Alas, that ere I sawe this day (quoth he)
That I my Natiue Country-men should see
In this estate; when out of very zeale
Both to his natiue earth, and common-weale,
He thrust amongst them, & thus frames his speech.

Deare Country-men, I humbly yee beseech
Heare me a little, and but marke me well.
Alas, it is not long, since first yee fell
Into this frenzie, these outrageous fits,
Be not I pray yee so out of your wits:
But call to minde th'inevitable ill
Must fall on yee, if yee continue still
Thus mad and frantique; therefore be not worse
Then your brute beasts to bring there by a Curse
Vpon your Nephewes, so to taynt their blood,
That twenty Generations sh all be woo'd;
And this braue Land for wit, that hath been fam'd,
The Ile of Ideots after shall be nam'd:
Your braines are not so craz'd, but leaue this Ryor,
And tis no question, but with temperate Dyer,
And counsaile of wise men, when they shall see
The desperate estate wherein you be:
But with such med'cines as they will apply,
They'll quickly cure your greuous malady.
And as he would proceed with his Oration,
One of the chiefest of this Bedlam Nation;
Layes hold on him, and asks who he should be.
Thou fellow (quoth this Lord) where had we thee,
Com'st thou to Preach to vs that be so wise,
What wilt thou take vpon thee to aduise
Vs, of whom all now vnderneath the skie,
May well be seene to learne frugality:
Why surely honest fellow thou art mad.
Another standing by, swore that he had
Seene him in Bedlam, foureteene yecres agoe:
O quoth a third this fellow doe I knowe.
This is an arrant Coxcomb, a meere Dizard,
If yee remember, this is the same Wizard,
Which tooke vpon him wisely to fore-tell,
The shower so many yeares before it fell:
Whose strong effects being so strange and rare,
Hath made vs such braue creatures as we are:
When of this Nation all the frantique Route,
Fell into laughter the poore man about.

Some made mowthes at him, others as in scorne
 With their fork't fingers poynted him the horne :
 They call'd him Ass, and Dolt, and bad him goe
 Amongst such Fooles, as he himselfe was, who
 Could not teach them : at which this honest man,
 Finding that naught, but hate and scorne he wan
 Amongst these Ideots, and their beastly kinde,
 The poore small remnant of his life behinde,
 Determineth to solitude to giue,
 And a true Hermite afterward to liue.

The morallity
 of mother
Red-Caps tale.

The tale thus ended, Gossip by your leaue ;
 Quoth mother *Bumby*, I doe well perceiue
 The morrall of your Story, which is this ;
 (Correct me Dame, if I doe iudge amisse)
 But first Ile tell you by this honest Ale,
 In my conceite this is a pretty tale ;
 And if some handsome Players would it take,
 It (sure) a pretty Interlude would make.
 But to the Morrall, this same mighty shower
 Is a plague sent by supernaturall power
 Vpon the wicked, for when God intends
 To lay a curse on mens vngodly ends :
 Of vnderstanding he doth them deprive ;
 Which taken from them, vp themselues they giue
 To beastlinesse, not will he let them see
 The miserable estate wherein they be.
 The Rock to which this man for safety climes,
 The contemplation is of the sad times
 Of the declining World, his counsailes tolde
 To the mad Route, to spoyle and basenesse solde,
 Showes that from such no goodnesse can proceede,
 Who counsailes fooles, shall neuer better speede.
 Quoth mother *Red-Cap*, you haue hit it right :
 (Quoth she) I know it Gossip, and to quite
 Your tale ; another you of me shall haue,
 Therefore a while your patience let me craue.

Mother *Bum-*
bys tale.

Out in the North tow'rds *Groneland* farre away,
 There was a Witch (as ancient Stories say)
 As in those parts there many Witches be :
 Yet in her craft about all other, shee
 Was the most expert, dwelling in an Ile,
 Which was in compasse scarce an *English* mile ;
 Which by her cunning she could make to floate
 Whether she list, as though it were a Boate :

And

And where againe she meant to haue it stay,
 There could she fixe it in the deepest Sea :
 She could sell windes to any one that would ;
 Buy them for money, forcing them to hold
 What time she listed, tye them in a thrid,
 Which euer as the Sea-farer vndid ;
 They rose or scantled, as his Sayles would driue,
 To the same Port whereas he would ariue :
 She by her Spels could make the Moone to stay,
 And from the East, she could keepe back the day,
 Raife Mists and Fogs that could Ecclipse the light :
 And with the noone-sted she could mixe the night.
 Vpon this Ile whereas she had aboard,
 Nature (God knowes) but little cost bestow'd :
 Yet in the same, some Bastard creatures were
 Seldome yet scene in any place but there ;
 Halfe men, halfe Goare there was a certaine kinde,
 Such as we Satyres purtray'd out doe finde.
 Another sort of a most vgly shape ;
 A Beare in body, and in face an Ape :
 Other like Beasts yet had the feete of Fowles,
 That Demy-Vrchins weare, and Demy-Owles :
 Besides there were of sundry other sorts,
 But wee'll not stand too long on these reports.
 Of all the rest that most resembled man,
 Was an o'r-worne ill-fauoured *Babian* ;
 Which of all other, for that onely he,
 Vvas full of tricks, as they are vs'd to be :
 Him in her Craft, so seriously she taught, !
 As that in litle time she had him brought,
 That nothing could before this Ape be set,
 That presently he could not counterfet ;
 She learnt him med'cines instantly to make ;
 Him any thing whole shape he pleas'd to take :
 And when this skill she had on him bestow'd,
 She sent him for intelligence abroad.
 Thus fully furnish'd, and by her sent out,
 Hee went to practise all the World about.
 He like a lipsey oftentimes would goe,
 All kinde of Gibb'rish he had learnt to knowe,
 And with a stick, a short string, and a noose,
 VWould showe the people tricks at fast and loose :
 Tell folkes their Fortunes for he would finde out
 By slye euquirie, as he went about :

What chance this one he, or that she had prou'd
 Whom they most hated, or whom most they lou'd,
 And looking in their hands, as there he knew it,
 Out of his skill would counterfet to shew it :
 Sometimes he for a Mountebanke would passe,
 And shew you in a Crucible or Glasse :
 Some rare extraction, presently and runne,
 Through all the Cures that he therewith had done,
 An Aspick still he caried in a poke.
 Which he to bite him often would prouoke,
 And with an oyle when it began to swell,
 The deadly poyson quickly could expell :
 And many times a Iugler he would be,
 (A craftier Knaue there neuer was then he ;)
 And by a mist deceiuing of the sight,
 (As knauey euer falsifies the light)
 He by his actiue nimblenesse of hand,
 Into a Serpent would transforme a Wand
 As those Egyptians, which by Magick thought,
 Farre beyond *Moyes* wonders to haue wrought
 There neuer was a subtilty deuisd,
 In which this villaine was not exercisd.

Now from this Region where they dwelt, not far
 There was a wife and learn'd Astrologer,
 Who skilfull in the Planetary howres,
 The working knew of the Celestiall powers.
 And by their ill, or by their good aspect,
 Men in their actions wisely could direct,
 And in the black and gloomy Arts so skild,
 That he (euen) Hell in his subiection hild ;
 He could command the Spirits vp from belowe,
 And binde them strongly, till they let him knowe
 All the drad secrets that belong'd them to,
 And what those did, with whom they had to do.

This Wizard in his knowledge most profound,
 Sitting one day the depth of things to found ;
 For that the World was brought to such a passe,
 That it well-need in a confusion was ;
 For things set right, ranne quickly out of frame,
 And those a wry to rare perfection came :
 And matters in such sort about were brought,
 That States were pulled, almost beyond thought,
 Which made him think (as he might very well)
 There were more Diuels then he knew in hell.

And thus resolves that he would cast about
 In his best skill, to finde the Engine out
 That wrought all this, and put himselfe therein:
 When in this busnesse long he had not bin,
 But by the Spirits which he had sent abroad,
 And in this worke, had euery way bestow'd;
 He came to know this foule Witch, and her Factor,
 The one the Plotter, and the other th' Actor
 Of all these stirres, which many a State had spoyl'd,
 Whereby the World so long had beene turmoyl'd,
 Wherefore he thought it much did him behoue,
 Out of the way this couple to remoue;
 Or (out of question) halfe the World e're long
 VVould be diuided, hers, and his among.
 VVhen turning ouer his most mistique bookes,
 Into the secrets of his Art he lookes;
 And th'earth and th'ayre doth with such Magiques fill,
 That euery place was troubled by his skill;
 VVhilst in his minde he many a thing reuolues,
 Till at the last, he with himselfe resolves;
 One Spirit of his should take the Witches shape.
 Another in the person of the Ape,
 Should be ioynd with him, so to proue by this,
 Whether their power were lesse, or more then his;
 Which he performes, and to their taske them sets,
 When soon that Spirit, the Witch that counterfets,
 Watch'd till he found her farre abroad to be,
 Into the place, then of her home gets he:
 And when the *Babian* came the newes to bring
 VVhat he had done abroad, and eu'ry thing
 Which he had plotted, how their busnesse went,
 And in the rest to know her drad intent,
 Where she was wont to call him her deare sonne,
 Her little Play-feere, and her pretty Bun:
 Hug him, and sweare he was her onely ioy;
 Her very *Hermes*, her most dainty Boy.
 O most strange thing: she chang'd her wonted cheare,
 And doth to him most terrible appeare:
 And in most fearefull shapes she doth him threaten
 With eager lookes, as him she would haue eaten,
 That from her presence he was forc'd to flye,
 As from his death, or deadly enemy.
 VVhen now the second which the shape doth take
 Of the Baboon, determining to make

The like sport with him, his best time doth watch,
 When he alone the curfed Witch might catch,
 And when her Factor farthest was remote,
 Then he began to change his former note,
 And where he went to tell her pleasing stories
 Full of their Conquests, Triumphes, and their glories,
 He turnes his Tale, and to the Witch relates
 The strange reuolts of Tributary States,
 Things gotten backe, which late they had for prize,
 With new discoueries of their pollicies;
 Disgusts and dangers that had crost their cunning,
 With sad portents, their ruine still forrunning;
 That thus the Witch and the Baboon deceiu'd
 Of all their hopes, of all their ioy, sbereau'd,
 As in dispaire doe bid the world adue.
 When as the Ape which weake and sickely grew,
 On the cold earth his scuruy caryon layes,
 And worne to nothing, endes his wretched dayes:
 The filthy Hagg abhorring of the light,
 Into the North past *T hule* takes her flight,
 And in those deepes, past which no Land is found,
 Her wretched selfe she miserably drownd.

The tale thus ended, mother *Owle* doth take
 Her turne, and thus to mother *Bumby* spake;
 The tale our Gossip *Red-cap* told before
 You so well ridled that there can no more
 Be said of it; and therefore as your due,
 What you haue done for her, Ile doe for you.

The morallity
 of mother
Bumbyes tale.

And thus it is, that same notorious Witch,
 Is the ambition men haue to be rich,
 And Great for which all faith aside they lay,
 And to the Deuill giue themselues away,
 The floating Ile where she is said to wonne,
 The various courses are through which they ronne,
 To get their endes, and by the Ape is ment,
 Those damned Villaines, made the Instrument
 To their disignes, that wondrous man of skill,
 Sound counsell is, or rather if you will,
 The Diuine Iustice, which doth bring to light,
 Their wicked plotts nor raught by common sight,
 For though they neuer haue so closely wrought,
 Yet to confusion lastly they are brought.
 Gossip, indeede, you haue hit it to a haire,
 And surely your Morallitie is rare.

Quoth

Quoth Mother *Bumby*; Mother *Owle* replide,
Come, come, I know I was not very wide,
Wherefore to quit your Tales, and make them three,
My honest Golsips listen now to me.

There was a man, not long since dead, but hee
Rather a Deuill might accounted be :
For Iudgement at her best could hardly scan,
Whether he were more Deuill, or more man ;
And as he was, he did himselfe apply
T'all kind of Witchcraft, and blacke Sorcery :
And for his humor naturally stood,
To Theft, to Rapine, and to shedding blood.
By those damn'd Hags with whom he was in grace,
And vsd to meet in many a secret place ;
He learnt an hearb of such a wondrous power,
That were it gather'd at a certaine howre,
(For Nature for the same did so prouide,
As though from knowledge gladly it to hide,
For at Sunset it selfe it did disclose,
And shutt it selfe vp, as the Morning rose)
That with thrice saying a strange Magique spell,
Which but to him, to no man they would tell,
When as so e'r that simple he would take,
It him a war-wolfe instantly would make,
Which put in practise he most certaine prou'd,
When to a Forrest he himselfe remou'd,
Through which there lay a plaine and common Roade,
Which he the place chose for his chiefe abode,
And there this Monster set him downe to thecue,
Nothing but stolne goods might this Fiend releue ;
No silly woman, by that way could passe,
But by this Woolfe she surely rauisht was,
And if he found her flesh were soft and good,
What seru'd for Lust, must also serue for foode.
Into a Village he sometime would gett,
And watching there (as for the purpose sett)
For little Children when they came to play,
The fattst he euer bore with him away ;
And as the people oft were wont to rife,
Following with Hubbubs and confused cries :
Yet was he so well breathed, and so light,
That he would still outstrip them by his flight ;
And making straight to the tall Forrest neare,
Of the sweet Flesh would haue his Iunkets there.

And let the Shepheards doe the best they could ;
 Yet would he venter oft vpon the Fold :
 And taking the fatt'st Sheepe he there could finde :
 Beare him away, and leaue the Dogs behinde :
 Nor could men keepe, so much as Pig, or Lamb,
 But it no sooner, could drop from the Dam,
 By hooke or crooke, but he would surely catch,
 Though with their weapons all the Towne should watch.
 Amongst the rest there was a silly Assē,
 That on the way by Fortune chanc'd to passe,
 Yet (it was true) he in his time had bin
 A very perfect man, in shape, and skin :
 But by a Witch enuying (his estate)
 That had borne to him a most deadly hate,
 Into this shape he was transform'd, and so,
 From place to place, he wandred to and fro ;
 And often times was taken for a stray,
 And in the Pinfold many a time he lay ;
 Yet held he still the reason that he had
 When he was man, although he thus was clad
 In a poore Asses shape, wherein he goes,
 And must endure what Fortune will impose.
 Him on his way this cruell Woolfe doth take,
 His present prey, determining to make.
 He bray'd, and ror'd, to make the people heare :
 But it fell out, no creature being neare,
 The silly Assē when he had done his best,
 Must walke the common way amongst the rest :
 When tow'rds his den the cruell Woolfe him tugs,
 And by the cares most terribly him lugs :
 But as God would, he had no list to feed,
 Wherefore to keepe him till he should haue need.
 The silly creature vtterly forlorne,
 He brings into a Brake of Bryers and Thorne,
 And so entrangles by the mane and tayle,
 That he might pluck, and struggle there, and hale,
 Till his breath left him, vnlesse by great chance
 Some one might come for his deliuerance.
 At length the people grieuously annoy'd
 By this vile Woolfe, so many that destroy'd,
 Determined a Hunting they would make,
 To see if they by any meanes could take
 This rauenous War-Woolfe : and with them they bring
 Mastiffes, and Mungrells, all that in a string

Could

Could be gott out, or could but lugg a Hogg,
Ball, Eareall, Cuttaile, Blackfoot, Bitch, and Dogg,
Bill, Batts, and Clubs, the Angry men doe beare,
The women eager as their husbands were
With Spits, and Fireforkes, sware if they could catch him,
It should goe hard, but they would soone dispatch him.
This subtile Woolfe by Passengers that heard,
What Forces thus against him were prepar'd,
And by the noyse, that they were neere at hand.
Thinking this Assé did nothing vnderstand,
Goes downe into a Spring that was hard by,
(Which the Assé noted) and immediatly
He came out perfect man, his Wolues shape left,
In which so long he had committed theft.
The silly Assé, so wistly then did view him,
And in his fancie so exactly drew him,
That he was sure to owne this Theefe agen,
If he should see him mongst a thousand men.

This Woolfe turn'd man, him instantly doth shrowd,
In a neere thicket, till the boystrous crowd,
Had somewhat past him, then he in doth fall
Vpon the Reare, not any of them all,
Makes greater stirre, nor seemes to them to be,
More diligent to finde the Woolfe then he :
They beate each brake, and rust o'r all the ground,
But yet the War Woolfe was not to be found :
But a poore Assé entangled in the Bryers,
In such strange sort, as euery one desires
To see the manner, and each one doth gather
How he was fastned so, how he came thither.
The silly Assé yet being still in holde,
Makes all the meanes, that possibly he could,
To be let loose, he hummes, he kneeles, and cries,
Shaketh his head, and turneth vp his eyes,
To moue their pittie : that some said, t'was sure
This Assé had sence of what he did endure :
And at the last amongst themselues decreed
To let him loose ; the Assé no sooner freed,
But out he goes the company among,
And where he sawe the people thick't to throng :
There he thrusts in, and looketh round about :
Here he runnes in, and there he rusheth out ;
That he was likely to haue throwne to ground
Those in his way, which when the people found,

Though

Though the poore Asse they seemed to disdain,
 Follow'd him yet, to finde what he should meane,
 Vntill by chance that he this Villaine mett;
 When he vpon him furiously doth sett,
 Fastning his teeth vpon him with such strength
 That he could not be loosed, till at the length
 Railing them in, the people make a ring,
 Strooke with the wonder of so strange a thing;
 Whilst they are cadg'd, contending whether can
 Conquer, the Asse some cry, some cry the man;
 Yet the Asse drag'd him, and still forward drue,
 Towards the strange Spring, which yet they neuer knewe:
 Yet to what part the strugling seem'd to sway,
 The people made a lane, and gaue them way.
 At length the Asse, had tug'd him neere thereto,
 The people wondring what he meant to doe;
 He seem'd to show them with his foote the Well,
 Then with an Asse-like noise he seem'd to tell
 The Story, now by pointing to the men,
 Then to the Theefe, then to the Spring agen;
 At length wext angry, growing into passion,
 Because they could not finde his demonstration,
 T'expresse it more, he leapes into the Spring,
 When on the suddaine, O most wondrous thing,
 To change his shape he presently began,
 And at an instant became perfect man,
 Recovering speech; and comming forth, accus'd
 The bloody murtherer, who had so abus'd
 The honest people, and such harme had done;
 Before them all, and presently begunne
 To shew them, in what danger he had beene,
 And of this Woolfe the cruelty and sinne;
 How he came chang'd agen, as he had prou'd:
 Whereat the people being strangely mou'd,
 Some on the head, some one the backe doe clape him,
 And in their armes, with shoutes and kisses hap him:
 Then all at once, vpon the Warre-woolfe flue,
 And vp and downe him on the earth they drewe;
 Then from his bones the flesh in Collops cut,
 And on their weapons points in Triumph put;
 Returning backe with a victorious song,
 Bearing the man aloft with them along.

Quoth Gammer *Gurton*, on my honest word,
 You haue told a Tale doth much conceit afford:

The Moone=Calse.

Good neighbour *Howlet*, and as ye haue done,
Each one for other, since our tales begun,
And since our Stand of Ale, so well endures,
As you haue moral'd *Bumbyes*, I will yours.
The fable of the War-woolfe I apply,
To a man, giuen to blood, and cruelty,
And vpon spoile doth only set his rest;
Which by a wolfes shape liuelyest is exprest.
The spring by which he gets his former shape,
Is the euasion after euery rape,
He hath to start by; and the silly Asse,
Which vnregarded, euery where doth passe,
Is some iust soule, who though the world disdaine,
Yet he by God is strangely made the meane,
To bring his damned practises to light.

Quoth mother *Howlet* you haue hit the white,
I thought as much quoth Gammer *Gurton* then,
My turne comes next, haue with you once agen.
A mighty Waste there in a countrey was,
Yet not so great as it was poore of grasle;
T'was said of old, a Saint once curst the soyle,
So barren, and so hungry, that no toyle,
Could euer make it any thing to beare;
Nor would ought prosper, that was planted there.
Vpon the earth, the spring was seldome seene,
T'was winter there, when each place else was green;
When Summer did, her most aboundance yeild,
That still lay browne, as any fallow field,
Vpon the same, some few trees scattering stood,
but it was *Autumne*, ere they vs'd to bud;
And they were crookt, and knotty, and the leaues,
The niggard sap, so vtterly deceiues,
That sprouting forth, they drouping hung the head
And were neere withered, ere yet fully spread,
No mirthfull Birds, the boughes did euer grace
Nor could be wonne to stay vpon that place,
Onely the night-Crow sometimes, you might see,
Croking to sit vpon some Ranpick-tree,
Which was but very seldome too, and then
It boded great mortality to men;
As were the trees, which on that common grew,
So were the Cattell staruelings, and a few,
Asses, and Mules, and they were vs'd to gnaw,
The very earth to fill the hungry mawe;

A a

The
O
How

Gammer
Gurtonstale.

When

When they fard best, they fed on Fearne and brack,
 Their leane shrunk bellyes cleau'd vp to their backe
 Of all the rest, in that great Waste that went,
 Of those quicke caryons, the most eminent,
 Was a poore Mule, vpon that common bred,
 And from his soling further neuer fed
 The Summer well-neare euery yeare was past,
 Ere he his ragged winter coate could cast
 And then the Iade would get him to a tree,
 That had a rough Barke, purposely, where he
 Rubbing his Buttocks, and his either side
 Would get the old hayre, from his starued hyde,
 And though he were as naked as my naile
 Yet he would whinny then, and wag the tayle,
 In this short pasture one day as he stood,
 Ready to faint amongst the rest for food,
 Yet the poore Beast according to his kinde,
 Bearing his nostrill vp into the winde,
 A sweet fresh feeding thought that he did vent,
 „(Nothing as hunger sharpeneth so the sent)
 For that not far there was a goodly ground,
 Which with sweet grasle, so greatly did abound,
 That the fat soyle seem'd to be ouer fraught
 Nor could bestow the Burthen that it brought
 Besides that bounteous nature did it stick,
 With sundry sorts of fragrant flowers so thick,
 That when the warme, and Baulmy southwinde blew
 The lushyous smells ore all the region flew.
 Led by his sence at length this poore Iade found,
 This pasture, (fenc'd though with a mighty Mound)
 A pale and quickset, Cercling it about,
 That nothing could get in, nor nothing out)
 And with himselfe thus wittily doth caste,
 Well, I haue found good pasture yet at last,
 If by some meanes accomplisht it might be,
 Round with the ditch immediatly walks he;
 (And long though 'twas, good luck nere comes too late,)
 It was his chance to light vpon a gate
 That led into it, (though his hap were good)
 Yet was it made of so sufficient wood,
 And euery barre that did to it belong,
 Was so well ioyned, and so wondrous strong
 Besides a great locke, with a double ward,
 That he thereby of entrance was acbar'd

And

And thereby hard beset, yet thought at length,
„ T'was done by sleight, that was not done by strength;
Fast in the ground his two fore-feete doth get,
Then his hard Buttookes to the gate he set,
And thrust, and shooke, and laboured till at last,
The two great posts, that held the same so fast,
Began to loosen, when againe he takes,
Fresh foot-hould, and a fresh he shakes and shakes,
Till the great Hindges to fly off he feesles;
And heard the Gate, fall clattering at his heeles,
Then naves, and brayes, with such an open throat,
That all the Wasse resounded with his note,
The rest that did his language vnderstand,
Knew well there was, some good to them in hand,
And tag, and rag, through thick and thin came running,
Nor dale, nor ditch nor banke nor bushes shunning;
And so desirous to see their good hap,
That with their thrunging they stucke in the gap.

Now they bestir their teeth, and doe deuoure,
More sweetnesse in the compasse of one hower,
Then twice so many could in twice the time,
For now the spring was in the very prime,
Till prickt with plenty eas'd of all their lacks
Their Pampred bellies swolne about their backs
They tread and waddle all the goodly grasse,
That in the field there scarce a corner was,
Left free by them, and what they had not swallowed
There they had dung'd, and layd them down and wallow'd;
One with another they would ly and play,
And in the deepe fog batten all the day,
Thus along while, this mery life they led
Till (euen) like Lard their thickned sides were fed;
But on a time the weather being fayre,
And season fit to take the pleasant ayre,
To view his pasture the rich owner went,
And see what grasse the fruitfull yeare had sent,
Finding, the feeding for which he had toyld,
To haue kept safe, by these vile cattell spoil'd,
He in a rage vpon them sets his Cur,
But for his bawling, not a beast would stir; (he
Then whoots, and shouts, and claps his hands but,
Might as well moue the dull earth, or a tree,
As once but stir them, when all would not doe,
Last, with his goad amongst them he doth goe,

And some of them he girdeth in the Hanches ;
 Some in the flanks, that prickt their very panches ;
 But when they felt that they began to smart,
 Vp on a suddaine they together start,
 And driue at him as fast as they could ding,
 They flirt, they yerk, they backward fluce, and sling,
 As though the Deuill in their heeles had bin,
 That to escape the danger he was in,
 He back and back, into a quagmire by,
 Though with much perill, forced was to flye :
 But lightly treading there-vpon doth shift,
 Out of the bog his cumbred feete to lift,
 When they the perill that doe not fore cast,
 In the stiffe mud, are quickly stabled fast :
 When to the Towne he presently dorth flie,
 Raising the Neighbours with a suddaine crye :
 With Cords and Halters that came all at once,
 For now the Iades were fitted for the nonce,
 For by that time th'had sunke themselves so deepe,
 That scarce their heads aboue ground they could keepe.
 VVhen presently they by the necks them bound,
 And so the y led them to the common pound.
 Quoth mother *Red-Cap*, right well haue you done
 Good Gammer *Gurton*, and as we begun,
 So you conclude : tis time we parted now ;
 But first of my morallity alowe.
 The com mon that you speake of here, say I,
 Is nothing else but want and beggerie ;
 In the World common, and the beasts that goe
 Vpon the same, which oft are famish'd so :
 Are the poore bred in scarcitie ; the Mule
 The other Cattell that doth seeme to rule.
 Some crafty fellow that hath slyly found
 A way to thrue by ; and the fruitfull ground
 Is weal th, which he by subtilty doth win,
 In his possession which not long hath bin ;
 But he with Ryot and excesse doth waste,
 " For goodsill gotten doe consume as fast ;
 And with the law they lastly doe contend,
 Till at the last the Prison is the end.
 Quoth Gammer *Gurton*, well your selfe you quite,
 By this the daw ne vsurpt vpon the night ;
 And at the windowe biaderth them good day
 VVhen they departed each th eir leuer all way.

The morallity
 of Gammer
Gurton's tale.

ELEGIES

VPON SVNDRY

OCCASIONS.

Of his Ladies not Comming
to London.

Hat ten-yeares-trauell'd *Greece* return'd from Sea
Ne'r ioyd so much to see his *Ishaga*,
As I should you, who are alone to me,
More then wide *Greece* could to that wanderer
The winter windes still Easterly doe keepe, (be,
And with keene Frosts haue chained vp the deepe;
The Sunne's to vs a niggard of his Rayes,
But reuelketh with our *Antipodes*;
And seldome to vs when he shewes his head,
Muffled in vapours, he straight hies to bed
In those bleake mountaines can you liue where snowe
Maketh the vales vp to the hilles to growe;
Whereas mine beathes doe instantly congeale,
And attom'd mitts turne instantly to hayle;
Belike you thinke, from this more temperate coast,
My sighes may haue the power to thawe the frost,
Which I from hence should swiftly send you thither,
Yet not so swift, as you come slowly hither.
How many a time, hath *Phebe* from her way'ce,
With *Phabus* fires fill'd vp her hornes againe;
Shee through her Orbe, still on her course doth range,
But you keepe yours still, nor for me will change.
The Sunne that mount'd the sterne Lions back,
Shall with the Fishes shortly diue the Brack,

But still you keepe your station, which confines
 You, nor regard him traueelling the signes.
 Those ships which when you went, put out to Sea,
 Both to our *Greenland*, and *Virginia*,
 Are now return'd, and Custom'd haue their fraught,
 Yet you arrive not, nor returne me ought.

The *Thames* was not so frozen yet this yeare,
 As is my bosome, with the chilly feare
 Of your not comming, which on me doth light,
 As on those Climes, where halfe the world is night.

Of euery tedious houre you haue made two,
 All this long Winter here, by missing you:
 Minutes are monthes, and when the houre is past,
 A yeare is ended since the Clocke strooke last,
 When your remembrance puts me on the Racke,
 And I should Swound to see an *Almanacke*,
 To reade what silent weekes away are slid,
 Since the dire Fates you from my sight haue hid.

I hate him who the first Deuisor was
 Of this same foolish thing, the Hower-glasse,
 And of the Watch, whose dribbling sands and Wheele,
 With their slow stroakes, make mee too much to feele
 Your slackenesse hither, O how I doe ban,
 Him that these Dialls against walles began,
 Whose Snayly motion of the moouing hand,
 (Although it goe) yet seeme to me to stand;
 As though at *Adam* it had first set out,
 And had been stealing all this while about,
 And when it backe to the first point should come,
 It shall be then iust at the generall Doome.

The Seas into themselues retract their flowes,
 The changing Winde from euery quarter blowes,
 Declining Winter in the Spring doth call,
 The Starrs rise to vs, as from vs they fall;
 Those Birdes we see, that leaue vs in the Prime,
 Again in Autumne re-salute our Clime.
 Sure, either Nature you from kinde hath made,
 Or you delight else to be Retrograde.

But I perceiue by your attractive powers,
 Like an Inchantresse you haue charm'd the howers
 Into short minutes, and haue drawne them back,
 So that of vs at *London*, you doe lack
 Almost a yeare, the Spring is scarce begonne
 There where you liue, and Autumne almost done.

With vs more Eastward, surely you deuise,
By your strong Magicke, that the Sunne shall rise
Where now it setts, and that in some few yeares
You'l alter quite the Motion of the Spheares.

Yes, and you meane, I shall complaine my loue
To grauell'd Walkes, or to a stupid Groue,
Now your companions; and that you the while
(As you are cruell) will sit by and smile,
To make me write to these, while Passers by,
Sleightly looke in your lonely face, where I
See Beauties heauen, whilst silly blockheads, they
Like laden Asles, plod vpon their way,
And wonder not, as you should point a Clowne
Vp to the *Guards*, or *Ariadne* Crowne;
Of Constellations, and his dulnesse tell,
Hee'd thinke your words were certainly a Spell;
Or him some peice from *Creet*, or *Marcus* show,
In all his life which till that time ner saw
Painting: except in Alehouse or old Hall
Done by some Druzzler, of the Prodigall.

Nay doe, stay still, whilst time away shall steale
Your youth, and beautie, and your selfe conceale
From me I pray you, you haue now inur'd
Me to your absence, and I haue endur'd
Your want this long, whilst I haue starued bine
For your short Letters, as you helde it sinne
To write to me, that to appease my woe,
I reade ore those, you writ a yeare agoe,
Which are to me, as though they had bin made,
Long time before the first *Olympiad*.

For thanks and currt'sies sell your presence then
To tatling Women, and to things like men,
And be more foolish then the *Indians* are
For Bells, for Kniues, for Glasses, and such ware,
That sell their Pearle and Gold, but here I stay,
So would I not haue you but come away.

TO MASTER GEORGE SANDYS
*Treasurer for the English Co-
 lony in VIRGINIA.*

Friend, if you thinke my Papers may supplie
 You, with some strange omitted Noueltie,
 Which others Letters yet haue left vntould,
 You take me off, before I can take hold
 Of you at all; I put not thus to Sea,
 For two monthes Voyage to *Virginia*,
 With newes which now, a little something here,
 But will be nothing ere it can come there.
 I feare, as I doe Stabbing, this word, State,
 I dare not speake of the *Palatinate*,
 Although some men make it their houely theame,
 And take what's done in *Austria*, and in *Beame*,
 I may not so; what *Spinola* intends,
 Nor with his *Dutch*, which way Prince *Maurice* bends;
 To other men, although these things be free,
 Yet (*GEORGE*) they must be misteries to mee.

I scarce dare praise a vertuous friend that's dead,
 Left for my lines he should be censured;
 It was my hap before all other men
 To suffer shipwrack by my forward pen:
 When King *JAMES* entred; at which ioyfull time
 I taught his title to this Ile in rime:
 And to my part did all the Muses win,
 With high-pitch *Paeans* to applaud him in:
 When cowardise had tyed vp every tongue,
 And all stood silent yet for him I sung;
 And when before by danger I was dar'd,
 I kick'd her from me, nor a jot I spar'd.
 Yet had not my cleere spirit in Fortunes scorne,
 Me aboue earth and her afflictions borne;
 He next my God on whom I built my trust,
 Had left me troden lower then the dust:
 But let this passe; in the extreamest ill,
Apello's brood must be courageous still,
 Let Pies, and Dawes sit dumb before their death,
 Onely the Swan sings at the parting breath.

And

And (worthy *GEORGE*) by industry and vse,
 Let's see what lines *Virginia* will produce;
 Go on with *OVID*, as you have begunne,
 With the first five Bookes; let your numbers run
 Glib as the former, so shall it live long,
 And doe much honour to the *English* tongue:
 Intice the Muses thither to repaire,
 Intreat them gently, trayne them to that ayre,
 For they from hence may thither hap to fly,
 T'wards the sad time which but to fast doth bie,
 For Poesie is followed with such spight,
 By groueling drones that neuer raught her height,
 That she must hence, she may no longer staye:
 The driery fates prefixed haue the day,
 Of her departure, which is now come on,
 And they command her straight wayes to be gon;
 That bestiall heard so hotly her pursue,
 And to her succour, there be very few,
 Nay none at all, her wrongs that will redresse,
 But she must wander in the wildernesse,
 Like to the woman, which that holy *JOHN*
 Beheld in *Pathmos* in his vision.

As th' *English* now, so did the stiff-neckt *Jewes*,
 Their noble Prophets vterly refuse,
 And of those men such poore opinions had,
 They counted *Esay* and *Ezechiel* mad;
 When *Jeremy* his Lamentations writ,
 They thought the Wizard quite out of his wit,
 Such sots they were, as worthily to ly,
 Lock't in the chaines of their captiuity,
 Knowledge hath still her Eddy in her Flow,
 So it hath beene, and it will still be so.

That famous *Greece* where learning flowrist most,
 Hath of her muses long since left to boast,
 Th' vnletter'd *Turke*, and rude *Barbarian* trades,
 Where *HOMER* sang his lofty *Iliads*;
 And this vaste volume of the world hath taught,
 Much may to passe in little time be brought.

As if to *Symptoms* we may credit giue,
 This very time, wherein we two now liue,
 Shall in the compasse, wound the Muses more,
 Then all the old *English* ignorance before;
 Base Balatry is so belourd and fought,
 And those braue numbers are put by for naught,